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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

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CUBA'S COMMENCEMENT DAY

After a four years' course in the science of government at Uncle Sam's training school, the most advanced of his pupils received on May 20 from the hands of General Wood her diploma in civil liberty and her certificate of graduation in sanitary science, and entered upon her difficult career as a self-governing republic. As she takes into her hands the reins of her own destiny Cuba carries with her the hearty good will of our whole people, and her post-graduate course in the school of experience will be watched with friendly eyes and an ever ready hand to assist, save only—and the exception is important—when to render assistance would conflict with the selfish demands of some protected interest. In dismissing our protégé to the pursuit of her own devices the nation felicitates itself on its own faithfulness to a pledge, made in a spasm of virtue and repented of overnight, but which proved on close acquaintance to be one of those happy inspirations of wisdom that sometimes prevail in the councils of children, fools, and republics. As an unwilling colony Cuba would have been a source of weakness and danger to our country; as a member of our sisterhood of States she would have brought with her difficulties we have not yet measured and problems we might never solve. The unbounded joy she has shown in her liberty is evidence enough of that national feeling, which, whether or not it carries with it the capacity of self-government, must command the respect of free-born men. There is a tendency in the press to over boastfulness of our gifts to free Cuba, but this recital from Harper's Weekly will bear repetition:

The United States government of intervention may felicitate itself upon the facts that it found Cuba unhealthy and it leaves her healthy; it found her without an adequate system of charities and hospitals and it leaves her a well-established one; it found her without schools and it leaves her with a good school law and a good school system established. It found the island filled with beggars and with an empty treasury; it leaves it without beggars, its people with enough to eat, and

with a reserve of about a million and a half dollars in the treasury. It found her without any knowledge of popular elections and without an electoral law; it has given her both. It found the insane without any systematic treatment whatever, caged up like animals; it leaves them assembled in one large hospital under the best available treatment. It found her prisons indescribably bad, and leaves them as good as the average prisons of the United States. It has built up a good system of sanitary supervision throughout the island. It has built and put into commission a small fleet of coast-guard launches, or revenue-cutters. It has collected the revenues at a figure which compares favorably with the cost of collection in the United States. It has buoyed the harbors, and has added very largely to the lighthouses and lights of the island. An immense amount of road and bridge building has been done. It has organized a system of civil service for the municipal police throughout the island in order to protect them in their rights and secure them from arbitrary dismissal. It has enlisted, equipped, trained, and thoroughly established a Rural Guard which will compare favorably with any similar force, and not over one per cent. of those employed to help in this work has come from beyond the borders of Cuba herself. For the first time in history the carpet-bagger in a situation of this kind has been held in subjection, and every penny of the trust has been administered for the benefit of the ward.

We are reminded, however, by Mr. Albert G. Robinson, writing in the Forum, that there are some "doubtful blessings" in our legacy to the Cubans, and among these the attempted reformation of Cuba's legal codes he regards as "wholly beyond our province as a government of intervention." After the cession of Louisiana:

It was very many years before radical changes were introduced into the established code of that section, which was distinctly a part of the United States, although the laws were Spanish and basically the same as those of Cuba. Yet in Cuba, declared by our courts to be foreign territory, and in spite of our declaration against exercising "sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control," men having little or no knowledge of Spanish or any other law, and wholly unable even to read the laws of Cuba, have annulled, repealed and amended at their own sweet will.

Of practical reform in methods of procedure there has been little enough, and the courts of the island are not greatly different from what they were when we went there three years ago. It

would appear that all sight has been lost of the fact that Cuban laws are for Cubans and not for Americans. * * * *

But our most serious fault is one which will fall with perhaps overpowering weight upon our successors. It lies in the fact that we have ignored all of Cuba's past history, and have essayed political and administrative reform when what was imperatively needed was industrial rehabilitation and economic prosperity. Few laws or orders have been issued looking toward the correction of that unsatisfactory and unwholesome economic condition which has been the fundamental cause of all Cuban revolutions. And only a minimum amount of money has been appropriated for the purpose. Our first duty to the Cuban people directly, and to our own best interests only less directly, has been woefully ignored. After three years of absolute control, arbitrarily exercised by American officials, Cuba is poorer than she has been at any other time within the last eighty years, when again and again revolt and insurrection have sounded the Cuban protest against oppressive and distressing economic conditions.

The new government of Cuba may succeed in struggling painfully through its infancy until new conditions of its own creation shall give it a fuller measure of vitality. It may find itself early stifled by the burdensome conditions imposed upon it by its guardian. Should disaster come, should failure be its lot, honest Americans should not cavil at Cuban mishap and lay the blame at the door of Cuban incapacity. Heed should be given to the debit as well as to the credit side of America's bequests to her ward; and if failure comes, a due measure of responsibility for that failure should be laid where it properly belongs—to the debit entries in the account of our legacy to the Cuban Republic.

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

The world may be expected to share the satisfaction with which Pope Leo exclaimed the other day, "I hope to close my eyes on a world-wide peace." King Edward's share in this satisfaction must be especially keen, since peace is the brightest jewel in the crown he takes on Coronation Day. In pathetic contrast with the Pope's exclamation was that other, reported from the lips of Paul Kruger, "My God, it is impossible!"—although only through peace could his age-dimmed eyes see again the land of his birth. That was an illuminating reminiscence of Cecil Rhodes which Mr. Sidney Low gave to the public through the Nineteenth Century recently. From it we learned that it was not the grievances of the Outlanders, but rather the fear of their supremacy in an independent Transvaal that inspired the Jameson Raid. It was the genius of the empire-builder that directed the affairs of Boer and Briton into the "impasse" from which the pride of Kruger and the tactlessness of Chamberlain could find no exit but by the bloody path of war. The dream of the em-

pire-builder has come to pass—for whatever else may come to South Africa its retention within the Empire is assured—but at what a cost!

Says the New York Evening Post: "South Africa is practically a waste. A large part of its only true farmer population is now imprisoned in Bermuda and St. Helena, in Ceylon and in India."

And a correspondent of the London Times writes from Pretoria: "The British people have, I dare assert, not a full knowledge of how we have already practically captured, killed, or wounded a whole nation. True, there remains a remnant, calculated by the best authorities not to exceed 9,000, who still blindly follow fanatical leaders. But the heart of the Boer nation is crushed out of them, and they know, every man of them, that they have been beaten utterly and thoroughly."

On the other hand the London Statist estimates the cost of the Boer War to Great Britain at £219,117,000 or in round numbers, about \$1,200,000,000, one-third the cost of our Civil War.

Of the terms of peace it has been said that they "constitute the greatest of the Boer victories." A truer statement would be that England has gained a victory over herself, for, though pride and selfishness might have dictated harsher terms, the true interests of England in South Africa demanded the most liberal terms that could be granted to a vanquished foe who is to be incorporated in the Empire. They are in brief:

The oath of allegiance; the return of prisoners to their homes; personal liberty and protection of private property; re-stocking the farms at the cost of the Government; immunity for acts committed during the war; the use of the Dutch language in schools and courts; possession of rifles; representative institutions and self-government; and freedom from taxation on account of the war. The Cape rebels escape with the loss of the franchise.

Great as must be the peace rejoicings in England and throughout the world there yet remain many anxious hours for English and South African statesmen. As the N. Y. Evening Post has said, "The problems of peace may well be found greater than the problems of war." For the heritage of evil, of misunderstanding, of the hatred which war always imposes, aggravated in this instance by differences of sentiment, customs, and language between two antipathetic races doomed to dwell in the same land under the protection, or, as one race will believe, the oppression, of the

same flag, will remain a grave burden to the State for at least a generation. Yet peace brings with it time's healing and the opportunity of mutual acquaintance—let us hope of mutual esteem!

THE COAL STRIKE. While no adequate statement of both sides of the strike in the anthracite coal region has been made, the testimony of the mine owners given to the Labor Commissioner states very plainly their side of the question, from which it appears that the body known as the United Mine Workers was originally an organization of workmen from the bituminous coal fields. Having sent emissaries among the anthracite miners in 1899, they brought about a strike in 1900, after which the workmen received an advance of 10 per cent. in wages. In 1901 this advance was given for another year, and in 1902 the union sent an invitation to the mine operators to meet them with a view to establishing a wage scale throughout the anthracite region. This the various presidents of the mining companies refused to do, giving as their reasons that the mining of anthracite coal varied in every colliery, and such a thing as a universal wage scale was impracticable. They further cited the fact that they would pay their miners the best wages, but that their experience thus far had been that the operation of the union in the anthracite region had made nothing but disturbance, not alone unsettling their business, but causing losses to both employees and employer. As a result of union interference, President Baer, of the Reading Company, made the statement that:

A careful analysis of the results of last year's operations shows that the efficiency of our own mines has decreased 1,000,000 tons, because the contract miners have worked only four and a half to six hours a day. The number of tons produced by each miner has decreased from 11 to 17 per cent. The average shows a decrease of about 12½ per cent. This has added an increased burden on the company, and a loss of wages to the workers.

The President of the Erie road gave similar testimony, backed by statistics, and added that, in his reply to the miners, he had said:

This company prefers to deal with its own employees. It is prepared to pay them the highest wages in force for similar work; to accord them fair, considerate and liberal treatment; to listen patiently and to endeavor to the utmost extent to remedy any injustice of which they may complain, and in every manner within our power to make pleasant, profitable and permanent the relations between us. Such is the course that for over fifty years it has pursued in dealing with its employees, and the experiences of the past have demonstrated the correctness of this

position. There would seem to be no good reason for now departing from this course and proceeding on new and untried lines, especially in view of the experiences of the past year, which, to our mind, demonstrated the impracticability of what you propose.

This does not sound unreasonable, but in spite of it, and of similar letters from other owners, President Mitchell, of the union, ordered the men on a strike, which has entailed the loss of millions of dollars to employees, who can ill afford the loss.

The fact that the strike was called by a small majority of the mine workers, and without an adequate statement of grievances, is enough to condemn the movement as a needless resort to extreme measures; but the manner in which the strike has been conducted, and the hardship it has already worked at the expense of wholly innocent classes, must arouse the indignation of every friend of justice and humanity. At the end of four weeks the cost of the strike was stated by the New York Tribune as follows:

Loss to mine workers in wages	\$5,185,000
Loss to operators in price of coal "B normal"	10,408,000
Loss to employees, other than miners . .	1,206,000
Loss to business men in coal regions . . .	3,200,000
Loss to business men outside coal fields .	2,000,000
Total	\$21,999,000

While the indirect loss to consumers and to the business interests of that large section of the country dependent on the anthracite mines for its fuel was too great to be estimated. That the chief reason for the strike was a clash of interests between different classes of the mine workers themselves and a feeling that something must be done to keep up the interest of the laborers in the union, is the opinion expressed by a well-informed writer in the Yale Review, Dr. Roberts, of Scranton, Pa. With such motives for striking, it is needful only to compare the Tribune's account of the strike methods employed to form a just conception of the moral position of the strike leaders:

Non-union workers who are keeping the water from the anthracite coal mines are now compelled to join the strikers to prevent their families from starving. A boycott more terrible than the abuse to which they have been previously subjected has been begun in many of the small towns, and is successful, after other methods of getting out the workmen have failed. To the families of men who are at work are refused goods in many of the stores, and they cannot get meat or flour or bread unless they join the ranks of the strikers. This morning the six firemen who were working in the boiler room of the Susquehanna colliery at Nanticoke were begged by their wives to quit work. The women had gone to the stores to buy goods, and were turned away. The wives of the

non-union workers employed at the No. 11 Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company colliery, at Plymouth, were also turned out of the stores, and at several other places the same condition prevails. Non-union men who have held out despite torrents of abuse, with effigies hung in front of their houses, hooted, stoned and attacked, have given in under this new persecution and joined the strikers. One of the largest stores in this city has refused to sell to the Lehigh Valley Coal Company blankets and other supplies for the non-union men at its collieries; a factory and several stores have been obliged to discharge employees whose fathers are non-union men, or suffer a strike; milk dealers have been directed not to stop in front of houses where non-union workers live, and there are numerous smaller persecutions which are making the lives of non-union men miserable.

This and other causes are forcing them out of the collieries gradually, and in another week the home living non-union men will all be out of the mines, and those who do the work will be men without families in the region, and who are content to stay behind the stockades and be fed and housed by the company. The strikers declare they are not responsible for the boycott, while the storekeepers say they have to cater to the majority. The operators say this is the main reason for their losing so many men, whereas if they were treated fairly and their families not molested, many would return to work.

The Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company was unable to-day to do any pumping at the Stanton colliery, which was deserted yesterday by the special police and the workers. The water is now fifteen feet deep in the shaft, and rising steadily. At other mines of the company there is also trouble, the force being too small to man the pumps properly. Only a few outbreaks occurred to-day, and none of them in this city, where the United Mine Workers sent committeemen from each local to act as a committee of safety about each mine. These men prevented any gathering of crowds, and there was not a single outbreak in the city limits. Outside there were several.

It will thus be seen that, as in all similar strikes, those who suffer most are the non-union men and their families, men who stand for the natural right of every workman to sell his time and skill for the wage and under the conditions that are satisfactory to himself. It was for liberty of conscience that the foundations of the American commonwealth were laid. In daily opposition to individual rights more men are to-day banded together in trades-unions here in free America than were united under the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and this we owe to the enormous industrial development and slender economic advance in our century and a quarter of national existence. Until economic conditions adjust themselves to the great expansion of commerce and industry which is now taking place we shall stand face to face with two national perils—trades-unionism, and the concentration of wealth.

THE ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES

There has been a growing feeling that, since the return of our latest popular hero from the Philippines, the performances of his tongue and pen have not added to the lustre of his deeds at arms. Perceiving this, that gallant wag, Mark Twain, rushes to his rescue in an eleven page "Defense" published by the North American Review. With his own inimitable drollery he draws a parallel between the character of General Washington and that of General Funston, and endeavors to convince his readers that neither of the two heroes was accountable for his deeds. The praise or blame in either case, he avers, belongs to "It"—by which he means the natural disposition of the hero. If Funston resorted to disguise and trickery, subterfuge and treachery, lying and forgery, in his greatest exploit—the capture of Aguinaldo—these were all in accordance with the rules of the game, and, if anything was at fault, "It"—not Funston—was responsible. Even when he transcended the limitations of civilized, and indeed of uncivilized warfare, by begging bread of the man he was about to betray, the act was chargeable to his natural disposition, and Funston should not be held to account. The example of Funston gives the humorist much uneasiness, however, and to this example he charges all the alleged cruelties of the army in the Philippines, including Major Waller's order. Spurred by this satire or by the more malignant attacks of press and politicians on the personnel of the army, President Roosevelt devoted the major part of his Memorial Day address at Arlington to a serious and dignified defense of our officers and men. He referred to the fact that Washington himself had not escaped criticism and even vituperation in his day, and he recalled the abuse that was heaped upon Grant and Sherman and the Northern army in the Civil War, intimating that much of the present criticism came from the same sources. Of the cruelties that had been practiced by a few soldiers under unusual provocation he declared that they were no more to be charged to the discredit of the army as an organization than were the tenfold more barbarous lynchings of negroes in America to be charged to the communities in which they took place. There was an aptness in this retort that aroused the ire of many Southern Congressmen in Washington, and the reference has been deplored by all those good people who deprecate plain speaking in a statesman.

Aside from the fervor of this defense, the speech deserves to be remembered for its references to the future of the Philippines and for its frank discussion of the vexed problem of independence for the Islands. This discussion, which is noteworthy as showing that the President preserves an open mind on the question of independence, may best be given in his own words:

The slowly learned and difficult art of self-government, an art which our people have taught themselves by the labor of a thousand years, cannot be grasped in a day by a people only just emerging from conditions of life which our ancestors left behind them in the dim years before history dawned. We believe that we can rapidly teach the people of the Philippine Islands not only how to enjoy but how to make good use of their freedom, and with their growing knowledge their growth in self-government shall keep steady pace. When they have thus shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest. When that day will come it is not in human wisdom now to foretell. All that we can say with certainty is that it would be put back an immeasurable distance if we should yield to the counsels of unmanly weakness and turn loose the islands, to see our victorious foes butcher with revolting cruelty our betrayed friends, and shed the blood of the most humane, the most enlightened, the most peaceful, the wisest and the best of their own number—for these are the classes who have already learned to welcome our rule.

Nor, while fully acknowledging our duties to others, need we forget our duty to our own country. The Pacific seaboard is as much to us as the Atlantic; as we grow in power and prosperity so our interests will grow in that farthest west which is the immemorial east. The shadow of our destiny has already reached to the shores of Asia. The might of our people already looms large against the world-horizon: and it will loom ever larger as the years go by.

HUMAN LIFE AND FORCES OF NATURE

When that enlightened Jingo, James K. Polk, made his offer of one hundred million dollars for the sovereignty of Cuba, the unofficial response of the Spanish Government was, "We would rather see the island buried in the sea." Now that the successors of Polk are again reaching out for the West Indian possessions of European sovereignties—Cuba, Porto Rico, the Danish Islands,—the forces of nature seem to be preparing a cataclysm in the Antilles which, while it harrows the sensibilities of mankind, may save the pride of France. The fires and hurricanes that sapped the vigor of Fort de France, the birthplace of Josephine, have been followed by the utter destruction of beautiful St. Pierre. In

the suddenness of the disaster and in the perfection of its completeness we are reminded of Lost Island or fabled Atlantis, and, for the satisfaction of our very human curiosity, we wish that a reporter with the imagination of a Lafcadio Hearn had witnessed the catastrophe, and might reproduce for us that dramatic instant in which thirty thousand lives were snuffed out like a candle. In spite of all that has been written, however, the meagreness of detail is the most impressive factor in the picture. An English correspondent described St. Pierre as "a place situated on a bay shaped like a dilemma, with a volcano on one horn and a tropical jungle on the other." In letters that have reached France since the fatal eruption the anxiety of the inhabitants, who were chained by ties of family, property, or business to this dilemma, has been graphically portrayed. The sudden sinking of hearts, the exquisite quiver of fear, with which thousands must have watched the onrush of that great black pall of death, as it swept from crater to ocean, no pen has described.

"They died like flies" was the suggestive comparison of one observer, and in the presence of a great convulsion of nature all sense of the dignity and importance of human life is apt to be submerged. Yet these were beings like ourselves with human hearts, human hopes, desires, and affections, like our own, and the tragedy of their taking off was not diminished by the colossal scale of the disaster.

We are reminded by the nature of the catastrophe of our limited knowledge of the planet on which we live. The earth's crust has been compared to the thickness of a coat of varnish on a two-foot globe, yet all our science has but scratched its surface. We know nothing of the fires within. Some over-practical dreamer suggested the other day the harnessing of volcanoes to replace the energy of the earth's diminishing stores of coal. He doubtless meant by sinking shafts in the earth to sufficient depths, and the admission of water in proper quantities, to produce miniature eruptions within the power of man to control; and when the cataracts of the earth have all been harnessed, and the possibilities of solar motors have been exhausted, human invention may turn itself in this direction; but it would need the imagination of a Jules Verne to tell us of the wonders that will happen before this comes to pass. The agreement of men of science in a rational explanation of seismic disturbances would be a con-

dition precedent to such an experiment, and that we may not hope for until many an Angelo Heilprin has studied the active forces of the earth from many a crater's brink, or until many Robert T. Hills have recorded their impressions from safe distances. The field of research is a vast one, and the observed facts are few in number as compared with the discordant theories.

THE PARTIES AND THE EMPIRE Captain Mahan, of the U. S. Navy, whose services to the cause of British Imperialism have been highly appreciated in England, makes a comparison in a recent number of the *National Review* between the Home Rule policy of the Liberal party and the secession of the Southern States. He says:

It is impossible for a military man, or a statesman with appreciation of military conditions, to look at the map and not perceive that the ambition of Irish separatists, if realized, would be even more threatening to the national life of Great Britain than the secession of the South was to that of the American Union. It would be deadlier also to imperial aspirations. . . . Had Ireland been conceded the substance of Mr. Gladstone's bill, or should she hereafter attain it, would not her power of mischief, in case of foreign war, make such demands upon the presence of the British Navy as seriously to lessen its ability to protect commercial routes and colonies?

In his own warm advocacy of "Imperial Federation" he has perhaps overstated the Tory view of Liberal tendencies; but most Americans will note a certain resemblance between the position of the Liberal party in England during and preceding the Boer War and that of the Democratic party in the United States during and following the Civil War. The party policy had fallen under suspicion of the patriotic sentiment of the nation. The influence of peace on the fortunes of the Liberal party cannot but be advantageous. There have been, of late, renewed signs of vigor in the organization, and with the end of the war, the probable retirement of Lord Salisbury and the changes in the Conservative leadership that must result, there would seem to be new hope for the Liberals.

The annual report of the Executive Committee of the National Liberal Federation delivered at the meeting in Bristol near the end of May was a vigorous document and presented two issues on which the various factions of the party can unite with enthusiasm, viz., opposition both to the Government Education bill and to the tax on corn, a tax which is held in high disfavor by the workingmen. The Man-

chester Guardian believes that this tax is to be made permanent:

It is tolerably plain from the conclusion of Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech that the inference which we drew from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent remarks on reciprocity was well founded. An effort will almost certainly be made to make the Bread Tax a point of departure for a system of preferential tariffs between the United Kingdom and the colonies. . . . The remission of the duty on Canadian flour would involve a very slight lowering of the price to the British purchaser, but it would also involve the fastening of the burden of the tax upon him in perpetuity. If the Bread Tax is imposed this year by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, it can be, and perhaps will be, taken off next year by some more staunch free-trader. But if it is made a part of a bargain with Canada no mere change of Government can undo it. To dissolve such an agreement would be a serious step, entailing possible complications of great political moment. And if we tax flour for the sake of Canada, what, asks Mr. Bryce, shall we do for Australia and New Zealand?

We are called upon to begin a policy of taxing our foodstuffs to pay for the imperial sentiment of Canada and Australia.

Against this national prepossession in favor of free trade the Imperial Federationists must make their appeal to patriotic sentiment favoring closer relations with the colonies, and the meeting of the colonial premiers in London during Coronation week is expected to put forward a policy that will bring these relations into the domain of practical politics. It is noticeable that while the Conservative party in England leans most strongly to the idea of an Imperial Zollverein, the Liberal party in Canada has made the first overtures by its preferential tariff, and that the English Liberals and Canadian Conservatives, representing the extremes of free trade and high tariff views, are putting such obstacles as they can in the path of federation.

CONTROL OF THE PACIFIC As the Senate of the United States neared the conclusion of its deliberations on the bill for

the government of the Philippines the junior Senator from Indiana rose in his seat and declared that the next world's drama would be enacted on the Pacific, and it was essential that the mastery of that great ocean should be ours, and it would be ours! With this prophetic climax debate was closed and the vote taken that determined the form of government in a group of islands six thousand miles from our shores. It is pleasing to observe that Senator Beveridge has lost none of that power of dramatic statement which characterized his utterances before his recent trip to the Far East; and yet it must be admitted that mas-

tery of the Pacific is a relative term, whose significance depends on the strength of the rival. We easily maintained command of the sea during our late war with Spain; but, in opposition to one of the two great naval alliances whose fleets now dominate the Eastern Seas, we shall be prudent if we delay the assertion of our supremacy until our navy has had an opportunity to grow a little larger.

There is much, however, to appeal to the Senator's imagination in the prospective opening of China to the commerce and the culture of the Western World. The growth of Europe and America in the past hundred years from a population of 170 millions to that of 510 millions, and their new and ever increasing demands for the products of the East have produced a pressure on the ancient empires of the Orient well portrayed in an article by F. E. Younghusband in *The Monthly Review*:

Under the inexorable law of progress the Chinese will be given the choice of advancing with the foremost nations in the world, opening up their country as the Japanese have opened up theirs, and trading as freely with European nations as Europeans trade with one another or else of passing under the control of more socially efficient and vigorous races as India has come under the British, Turkestan under the Russians and Indo-China, under the French.

Impressed by this fact, and impelled by the dramatic instinct which is so strong an element in his nature, Senator Beveridge executed an impartial study of the Far Eastern question from original sources on the spot, and the results have been confided to the public through *The Saturday Evening Post*. Boiled down to a single sentence his conclusions may be summarized in his own words, "War between Russia and Japan is as certain as the future is certain." It is worth while to observe that since this opinion was formed the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been completed, and it has, moreover, been strengthened by the conclusion of peace in South Africa. In former times military and naval alliances were entered into for the more effective prosecution of war-like enterprises. One of the most useful lessons of recent history has been the efficiency of such alliances in the preservation of peace. The Dual and the Triple Alliances of Europe have proved the surest guarantees of peace on the Continent the world has yet seen; and already the Anglo-Japanese alliance has borne fruit in a more conciliatory tone on the part of Russia and the more hopeful aspect of all those questions on which the powers were disagreed. New importance has been given to the mission

of Japan in the solution of these vexed questions, and this lends interest to an explanation of that mission given in the Forum for June by Mr. T. Iyenaga. The aspiration of Japan is, in the words of Marquis Ito, "to play an 'honest broker' in the contact of diametrically-opposed cultures." That Japan has armed herself does not mean, according to this writer, war against Russia or any other power; she has sought merely to win and to maintain the respect of, and an equal footing among, Western nations:

The object, then, of Japan's military equipment is purely defensive, that is to say, for her own self-preservation, for the safeguarding of her interests in the Far East, and for the maintenance of her position in the world. Nothing is further from the truth than the statement that Japan's aim is to carry her arms to the heart of Asia and establish her rule there, or to drive back the Russians from their proper strongholds on the Pacific. Should Russia confine herself to her proper sphere of action in the Pacific borderlands—and she seems by the late Manchurian Convention to have come to this sound sense—Japan has no reason to object to her having an outlet to the sea.

Pointing out the utter diversity of mind, of society, and of civilization between the East and the West, the author affirms that, "without a bridge the chasm between these two civilizations is too deep and difficult to cross." Japan alone can act as mediator between the two.

She has studied both and knows both. Cannot China approach the Western civilization more easily through Japan than by herself or by being coerced by the Westerners? Cannot the West learn of China better and more easily through the interpretation of Japan than by knocking its head against the inscrutable? * * *

It is to the great credit of English statesmen that they have first realized the significance of this mission, and that, by forming the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, they will allow fair play to those who are capable of regenerating China. China, after the experience of half a century of foreign intercourse, is still a stumbling-block to the nations. Before it is too late, before the modern nations find themselves "in as deep a fog as they were" in 1900, it behooves them to confide the solution of the Chinese puzzle to those who are capable of solving it. Most of all, it is high time to understand clearly that the mission of Japan does not lie in promoting war but in maintaining peace in the Orient and in acting as an "honest broker" between the East and the West.

With such assurances of the peaceful mission of Japan, and with such guarantees as our support of the new alliance might bring, it seems needless for the United States to embark with Senator Beveridge in pursuit of the Napoleonic dream of world supremacy involved in "mastery of the Pacific." Within our own

hemisphere there are problems more pressing and practical from which our attention should not be diverted.

PRUSSIAN-POLAND Prussia has not met with the success she expected in her effort to impress the German spirit upon Poland. There has lately been introduced a bill in the lower house of the Prussian Diet for the appropriation of 250 millions of marks to further the work already done in this direction. There have been about 200 millions spent already in an effort to foster the German tongue and German settlement in Poland, but the effort has not been successful. We quote from the New York Commercial Advertiser an interesting account of this as follows:

Great tracts of land were bought and settled with German farmers; German tradesmen were helped to establish themselves in the towns; and the whole power of the government was extended to aid them. Not only was a great effort made to establish a strong middle class which would become the backbone of the new Prussia, as it were, but aid and comfort was given to landed proprietors, members of the nobility who believed that wealth awaited them in the cheap government lands. Judging, however, from von Bülow's remarks made in the diet last winter, it was almost as money thrown away. It became at once a battle between Pole and Prussian for the survival of the fittest and the Poles seemed to have proved themselves able to hold their own. The Germans, instead of absorbing the Poles through intermarriage, were themselves absorbed and their children, whether the father or mother was German, used Polish as their native tongue. Such German farmers as did not intermarry with the Poles were subject to a sort of boycott—were often "sent to Coventry," as the saying is—and soon sickening of their bargain sold their lands back to the Poles at what were often nominal prices, so that not the least important result of the movement was the profit which came to the Poles by selling their lands at a good price and buying them back again, with all the improvements made by the Germans, at a low one. And so far as the tradesmen in the towns were concerned, they had the trade of the Germans, but not of the Poles nor of the Polonized children of mixed marriages. Moreover, and more serious still, the dislike of the Poles for their German masters increased alarmingly. Across one border they saw their brethren of Galicia living in freedom to pursue their own business and to use their own language, prosperous and loyal subjects of the Austrian emperor, and across the other border they saw constantly liberalizing tendencies in the treatment of the Poles by Russia. This growing antagonism culminated in the riots of last winter in and about Wreschen, riots which owed their origin to the steps taken by Prussia to hamper the religious instruction of children in Polish, in which measure the Poles believed they discovered the first of a systematic effort to abolish their native language.

But Prussia intends to continue her efforts to Germanize her eastern provinces. Of the 200,000,000 marks appropriated in 1886, 56,000,000 yet

remain. The settlements commission has acquired 406,444 acres of land, of which 247,100 acres have been taken over by settlers. To settle the rest 39,000,000 marks will be required, leaving only a balance of 17,000,000 for the purchase of new land. But of the amount of land already taken over by German settlers there is, in spite of the efforts of the commission, a balance of change in proprietorship of about 76,601 acres in favor of the Poles.

To check this backward movement a new policy will govern the spending of the proposed 250,000,000. The government will use 150,000,000 for the purchase of land for settlement purposes and the other 100,000,000 for the purchase of land which will belong to the crown and will be reforested or made into model estates. In the matter of settlement, however, instead of selling outright to the settlers as was done under the first law the lands will be leased to settlers by the government at a fixed annual rent for a certain number of years, the lease to be broken only by the consent of both parties. In this way the government will retain permanent control over the land and will be enabled to prevent it from finding its way back into Polish hands.

By this means Prussia hopes to make headway against the Polish national movement which has had such a remarkable revival in the last few years.

SWINDLING AS A FINE ART

Originality in swindling is as rare as in any of the fine arts. Thousands have had experience, more or less expensive, with those exceedingly well-connected gentlemen of the Pullman drawing-room who invite unwary travelers to join in "a quiet game of cards." The coincidence of four aces and a straight flush in opposing hands of the same deal determines the later development of the game, and the length of the unwary traveler's purse fixes the "limit." Strange that so many silly trout should rise to the same fly. The insurance swindle, the buried treasure fraud, the fortune in England, and the convent in Spain have all been worked so often that it is a wonder there are any innocents left in the world to be duped by them. Only once in a generation does a genius appear in the profession of swindlers to teach the world a new trick. Such a genius was Madame Humbert, late of Paris.

Paris, by the way, has a school of swindling peculiarly its own—the society swindle, it might be called, for it thrives best in the rarified atmosphere of the haute monde. It was to this school that Madame Humbert belonged. To the same school belonged Aston, the confederate of Cornelius Herz, who left unpaid bills amounting to 1,600,000 francs at his jeweler's and 150,000 francs at his tailor's. Arnier, who called himself the Marquis d'Alba, was another of the same type. He swindled a jeweler out of 40,000 francs in 1889, made

a lucrative investment of 200,000 francs belonging to a widow at Lyons a year later, and was caught in a little transaction with a Havre banker involving 90,000 francs. The successful Paris swindler is not always a Frenchman however. Mrs. Evelyn Leal, a distinguished-looking Englishwoman, who posed as the widow of an English nobleman, was wooed and won by some twenty well-to-do merchants of the French provinces within a year and a half, and her collection of engagement rings, diamond brooches, necklaces, earrings, etc., was large enough to start a shop.

A refined taste in jewelry is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Paris swindler of this type, and this amounted almost to a passion with Madame Humbert. At the recent Paris Exposition a certain jeweler, M. Roulina, exhibited a miniature Eiffel Tower made of rare and valuable diamonds; this, together with other jewels to the value of 4,000,000 francs, was afterwards sold to Madame Humbert on the credit established by the Crawford legacy, those wonderful securities deposited under the restraining order of the Court in the Humbert safe. Some twenty years ago, the tradition runs, Henry Robert Crawford, an American millionaire whom Madame Humbert had nursed through a long and painful illness, died, leaving his accomplished nurse his entire fortune, variously estimated at from twelve to twenty million dollars. Hardly had Madame and Monsieur Humbert become established in Paris on this little *dôt* when a second will was discovered, giving to Madame Humbert a paltry annuity of \$72,000, and dividing the principal among two nephews, Henry and Robert Crawford, and the younger sister of Madame Humbert, Marie d'Aurignan by name. Then began a series of litigations respecting the estate, concluded by an agreement among the several claimants that left the securities in the custody of the Humberts but forbade the custodians to sell, exchange, mortgage, or in any way dispose of them until Mlle. d'Aurignan came of age. On the strength of this instrument and the fact that in France a court can seal up a safe and its contents, without verification of the contents, loans were readily made to the Humberts upon the supposed contents of the sealed safe. These loans amounted some say to twenty, some say to fifty millions of francs. The family rolled in wealth and lived for twenty years the life of taste, of luxury, and social success, which it is the dream of every Parisian to achieve. M.

Humbert was a man of political aspirations and got himself elected to the Chamber of Deputies; he was a connoisseur and bought many valuable paintings; he was even an artist and exhibited at the Salon. (It is hinted that he paid fabulous sums for the privilege of painting his signature on the work of some poor devil of a "ghost" whose paintings would pass muster with the hanging committee.) And Madame Humbert was the most fascinating woman in Paris. If a banker threatened, she would exert her charms, and instead of recovering what was due him he did well to escape with the loan of another million. One poor fellow broke the spell by committing suicide, but though even then so great a man as M. Waldeck-Rousseau denounced her as a swindler and her securities as fraudulent, the fascinations of Madame Humbert won the day, and she carried on her little game for four years more. At last she must have tired of it, for when M. Catlain, who had lent her a petty 70,000 francs, pressed for payment, she resorted to insult instead of cajolery and made a powerful enemy. He enlisted a newspaper, the *Matin*, in a crusade against her, secured a judgment, forced the opening of the safe, and proved it empty. The Humberts, meanwhile, had disappeared. Paris was tickled with a new sensation. Not since the Panama bubble exploded or since the discovery of the trade in legions of honor had there been so delicious an exposure. It became a political event; the Government was charged with complicity; all the world rang with the name of Humbert; genius had earned its reward of fame. But the swindle, after all, was only a variation of the "buried treasure" swindle—buried this time by a legal fiction; and this was the sole mark of genius—the employment of litigation to establish the reality of a myth. For the rest, there was the usual rogue's cleverness and the element of chance. The blind god must have winked in their direction many times; for twenty years of successful roguery is an unusual career. And the success was peculiarly Parisian. The *London Spectator* pays us the doubtful flattery of thinking it could not have happened in New York. Yet, when we examine the schemes that have been underwritten by syndicates in this country during the last twenty years, we feel ourselves unworthy of the compliment. Here the Crawford millions would have been hypothecated in a "merger," and the people would have gulped the shares as readily as they now intoxicate themselves with other "watered stock."

AN ART EVENT

The recent announcement that the art objects collected by the late Henry G. Marquand, President of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, would be disposed at auction, foreshadows the most important event of the kind which has occurred in this country. It is barely twenty years since the collection was formed, and its dispersal in so short a time would ordinarily not find conditions greatly changed. In this case, however, the various articles gathered by him then have since shown the excellence of his judgment and taste, for few, if any of them have not experienced a tremendous increase in value. The works of the English portrait painters have since then become so sought after that they are now great rarities, and bring unheard-of prices wherever they are offered for sale. In the same way the exquisite lustre wares of the Hispano-Moresque period have all been snapped up by collectors, and such a series as Mr. Marquand owned is hardly to be met with at public or private sale. So again with rugs, tapestries, mezzotints, Rhodian ware, Chinese porcelain, the Della Robbia and other terra cottas and so on. Mr. Marquand was a man of very unusual taste—a lover of art in the highest sense of the word, and a man of very exceptional discrimination. In this he differed from many of his contemporaries whose collections are less the children of their own selves than of trusted dealers and paid experts. There is, indeed, not another collection in the country which can be compared to it in value as a gathering of choice things through which there is interwoven so much of the owner's personality. Being a man of exceedingly dainty taste his collection was a sort of a monument of quietude in color and of refinement of form. It seems a thousand pities that it could not have remained as a united whole in memory of the man who made it. There are of course the splendid collections of old masters and of porcelain in the Metropolitan Museum which may be said to be his monument, but those collections had not the same varied elegance possessed by the articles which surrounded him in his home and they are really less characteristic of him though they must always remind the people of America of the pioneer work in public art instruction to which the later years of Mr. Marquand's life were given.

COMPETITIVE
HEROES

At that little dinner in Philadelphia, on the evening of August 30, 1781, when the Count de Rochambeau and General Washington were the guests of Robert

Morris, the wealthiest citizen and the chief financier of the country in those days, toasts were drunk to "The United States," "His Most Christian Majesty" (Louis XVI.), "His Catholic Majesty" (the King of Spain), "The Allied Armies," "Count de Grasse's Speedy Arrival," etc., but we do not anywhere read of a toast to Frederick the Great. Indeed, it would have been strange if, in the presence of that veteran of the Seven Years' War, who commanded the forces of France in the allied armies, a toast had been offered to the Prussian King. Rochambeau's finely disciplined troops and the ragged remnant of the Continental Army were then making that splendid march from the Hudson to the Chesapeake, which, with the co-operation of De Grasse's West Indian fleet, caught Cornwallis in a trap at Yorktown, and brought active hostilities to an end. The friendship of Frederick of Prussia did not contribute noticeably to the success of this movement, and yet it is pleasant to be informed that the friend and admirer of Voltaire was also a friend of Washington. He did not prevent the passage of Hessian troops through his territory, although earnestly solicited so to do by the American commissioners; but that would have made an enemy of England, and one friend of that period wished to remain on good terms with our foes. At the same time, "He declared that Washington's Trenton and Princeton campaign in the winter of 1776-77 was the most brilliant military achievement of the century." Should he not therefore have a statue? The New York Tribune thinks so; but "there are other reasons for gratitude to the great Drillmaster of Europe. The Seven Years' War had upon Europe itself an immediate and enduring effect, the magnitude of which can scarcely be exaggerated. But its effect upon American affairs was no less marked and important. For it kept France occupied in Europe while England was left free to pursue her conquests in America, and thus, perhaps more than anything else outside of what we may term race genius, opened the way for making North America an Anglo-Saxon rather than a Gallic or Latin country."

Therefore by all means let us erect statues both to Rochambeau and to Frederick—with crossed swords preferably. "Those two opposing leaders in the Seven Years' War were both on one side in our Revolution. Both their countries have been our friends, and upon our soil—let us hope in every place—each is now the other's friend."

The comicality of this reasoning would shine the more conspicuously if it were applied to a

proposition for Congress to appropriate money, as in the case of Rochambeau, for a statue to the memory of Frederick. The acceptance of a gift from Emperor William II. of a portrait statue of his royal ancestor must be placed on other grounds. Diplomatic usage would forbid our refusing any gift from so distinguished a source, and, in the words of the Vienna Neue Presse: "The statue of the great Prussian King in the capital of the mightiest Republic the world has ever seen, as a gift from Emperor William, will constitute one of the most interesting and sympathetic historic mementoes in existence. Prince Henry of Prussia's visit, Miss Roosevelt's christening of the Emperor's yacht, and the present of the statue are merely symbols. The real motive of the rapprochement between the two peoples is mutual esteem which, in politics, is always highly effective. The friendship of the two nations is the result of a historical process, and, therefore, is not likely to be subjected to severe shocks in the immediate future, but more probably it will contribute to diminish economic differences."

On any other grounds than this the presence of a statue of Frederick the Great in our Washington Walhalla would be an absurdity; and the excessive cordiality of the Emperor in making this gift must occasion us some alarm lest there should soon be discovered a rivalry among the sovereigns of Europe for the erection of statues to competitive heroes in the parks of the national capital.

SECULAR PRINCETON

The rather sudden resignation of President Patton of Princeton University, and the immediate election of Woodrow Wilson, to fill the place, took every interested person by surprise, as no such overturning of matters was dreamed of for some years to come. Woodrow Wilson is of the younger generation of men, and a man of liberal ideas. He is more a contemporary of President Hadley of Yale and Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, having been graduated with the famous class of 1879, and being a man of only forty-five years of age. His youth is of consequence, but not of such importance as his personality. Woodrow Wilson is the son of a Presbyterian minister, but this is the extent of his claims upon the ministry. It has been a tradition that the President of Princeton must be a Presbyterian minister of standing. Ever since its foundation in 1747 it has had a staunch Calvinist at its head. Jonathan Dickinson was the first. He was followed by the elder

Aaron Burr, by Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, John Witherspoon, Ashbel Green, James McCosh, Francis L. Patton, and others, all of them men of narrow and intolerant beliefs, though many of them, like Dr. McCosh, were men of great attainments. As a consequence, Princeton has suffered from a sort of sectarian illiberality, and as the college has matured into a great university its trustees and faculty must have felt that it was necessary to break away from this narrowness or else the university would suffer. This is frankly the interpretation which will be put on the event by the world at large, and most people will be ready to congratulate the university upon the event. President Wilson inaugurates a new era for the university—an era representative of the spirit of the new century, an era of greater expansion and usefulness, an era of secular progress. Dr. Patton resigns at an appropriate time. He is a clear-headed, thoughtful man whose departure as an individual will cause regret. Prof. Wilson, who replaces him, is a man of equal attainments, but a younger man, wholly a student and a literateur and a man awake to march of events. His election will be popular wherever the influence of Princeton has reached heretofore and in places where it has never before been known. We cannot help recalling Dr. Holmes's prophecy made at Harvard in 1886, which the venerable Dr. McCosh so much resented at the time that he left the audience in something of a temper:

As once of old from Ida's lofty height
The flaming signal flashed across the night,
So Harvard's beacon sheds its unspent rays
Till every watch tower shows its kindling blaze.
Caught from a spark and fanned by every gale
A brighter radiance gilds the roof of Yale;
Amherst and Williams bid their flambeaus shine,
And Bowdoin answers through her groves of pine;
O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections steal,
Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron heel.
Nay, on the hill where old beliefs were bound
Fast as if Styx had girt them nine times round,
Bursts such a light that trembling souls inquire
If the whole church of Calvin is on fire!
Well may they ask, for what so brightly burns
As a dry creed that nothing ever learns?
Thus link by link is knit the flaming chain
Lit by the torch of Harvard's hallowed plain.

CORNVILLE VS. "Government by injunction" has GASCONY

once more scored a triumph. That convenient instrument for dealing with unruly strikers and over-grasping "beef barons" has been appealed to in a literary dispute, and not in vain. As long ago as 1875,

at a moment when the real estate market in Chicago was a trifle dull, Mr. Samuel Eberle Gross amused a few idle hours by writing a play, *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. In the latter part of 1878 he showed it to several of his friends and a little later to a number of actors, playwrights, and theatrical managers—Mr. A. M. Palmer among others—who "returned it with a note saying that it was a good one, and suggested several changes," to which the author would not consent.

Impossible! My blood congeals to think
That other hand should change a comma's dot.

Some years later, on a visit to the Paris Exposition, Mr. Gross showed the play to Constant Coquelin, manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, who returned it after some weeks to the owner, who seems to have devoted his mind to the real estate business thereafter until 1896, when the play was finally published by a Chicago firm and simultaneously in Great Britain, where it achieved the honor of a single performance in London during the same year. The two hundred and fifty copies published in this country were distributed by the author among his friends and lovers of the drama generally.

During the winter of 1898-99 Mr. Gross attended Mr. Mansfield's production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in Chicago and discovered that he had been plagiarized. Making a statement of the case to President Harper of Chicago University, the latter directed Professor Robert Morse Lovett of the English department to examine the two plays and report. According to a writer in the *New York Evening Post*:

Mr. Lovett, after conscientious comparison, came to the decision that the whole affair was extremely funny. He read extracts of *The Merchant Prince* aloud to a select few, who, being blessed with a sense of the ridiculous, rejoiced with exceeding great joy. He submitted, however, an adequately serious opinion to the effect that none but the most superficial resemblances existed between the two plays, similarities of ideas and phrasing which belongs to the common stock of romantic literature.

It need not be said that this opinion failed to satisfy Mr. Gross. He appealed to the courts. Here at last he found justice. The erudite and illuminating review of the case by Master in Chancery Elijah B. Sherman is a monument to the legal, if not to the literary, learning of the Chicago bench:

"While in the absence of proof to the contrary it will be presumed that '*Cyrano de Bergerac*' was

conceived and produced by M. Rostand," says the master, "yet the mere fact that M. Rostand is a dramatic author of celebrity and the complainant a plain American citizen, a successful business man, does not show that the distinguished French dramatist has not appropriated the fruits of the complainant's literary labor during the leisure hours of a busy life. The greatest dramatists of the world have been the most persistent purloiners of the literary and dramatic property of those less gifted than themselves; nor have they been swift to acknowledge their obligations in this regard. An author should be judged by the quality of his work and not by his fame or the notoriety which he may chance to achieve."

The finding of Professor Lovett, it is needless to say, was thus completely reversed, showing that a mere Professor of Literature knows little about law.

TRAINING FOR ROYALTY

We are face to face with a difficult problem. As years have gone by Americans have drifted further and further away from a knowledge and practice of court manners. Washington himself was versed in the art of courtly etiquette. So was Jefferson and Adams. Ben Franklin was noted for his brusque ways, nevertheless he was able to master questions of precedence while abroad without making any serious blunders. Since those days, however, America has drifted along in its own way, its people assimilating the ideas of independence to such an extent that we are no longer familiar with the customs which were practised in the Southern colonies in the pre-revolutionary days. The Southerner has inherited much of the old stately manner, and "*savoir faire*," even to the extent of settling affairs of honor in the good old way. The rest of the country though has grown up without these traditions and it need cause no surprise to learn that our Ambassador, Mr. Choate, at a dinner given to King Edward in London, allowed the Queen to be led into the dining room ahead of the King. From the British point of view this was unpardonable. From the American it was our customary deference to the woman. So cut and dried are the questions of precedence in foreign courts that the event may well have been unique in the experience of crowned heads. But after all how much more pleasing it was to have the unusual deference shown to the gentler sex! On the other hand, if we are to do business hereafter with royalty, we are in need of a sort of training school for our diplomats.

What is Religion?*

By Lyof N. Tolstoi

Always in all human societies, at a certain period of their existence, a time comes when their religion begins to diverge from its fundamental meaning, then diverges more and more, loses this fundamental meaning, and finally crystallizes into permanently established forms, when its influence upon the life of men grows weaker and weaker.

At such periods, the educated minority, though no longer believing in the existing religious teaching, still pretend to believe, finding this religion necessary for holding the masses in the established order of life; whilst the masses, although adhering by the force of inertia to the established religion, are no longer guided in their lives by religious demands, but only by popular customs and state laws.

So it has been, many times, in many human communities. But what is now taking place in our Christian Society has never before occurred. It has never occurred before that the ruling and more educated minority, which has the chief influence on the masses, not only disbelieved in the existing religion, but was certain that in its time religion was no longer necessary at all, and that it taught those who doubted the truth of the accepted faith not some other, more rational and comprehensible religion than the existing, but even persuaded them that religion in general had outlived its time, and had become not only a useless but even a harmful organ of social life, something like the appendix of the cæcum in the human organism.

Religion is studied by this class of men not as something which we know through our inner experience, but as an external phenomenon, a disease as it were to which some people are subject, and which we can understand only in its external symptoms.

Religion, according to some of these men, has sprung from the spiritualization of all the phenomena of nature (animism). According to others, from the idea of the possibility of communicating with departed ancestors. According to others again, from the fear of the

powers of nature. And as science has proved the scientists of our day further argue—that trees and stone cannot be animated, and deceased ancestors are no longer conscious of what the living do, and the phenomena of nature are explicable by natural causes—therefore the necessity for religion and for all those restraints which people impose upon themselves as the result of religious beliefs has disappeared. In the opinion of scientists there once existed a period of unenlightenment—the religious period. This was outlived by mankind long ago, but occasional atavistic symptoms remain. Then there came the metaphysical period, which also has been outlived. And now, we, the enlightened generations, live in the scientific period—of positive science—which replaces religion and leads mankind to a lofty degree of development which it could never have attained whilst it submitted to superstitious religious teaching.

THE NECESSITY OF RELIGION.

The scientists of our time have decided that religion is unnecessary and that science will replace or already has replaced it; and yet, now as before, no human society or rational man ever has lived or can live without religion. (I say "rational" man, because an irrational man can live as an animal, without religion.) A rational man cannot live without religion, because religion alone gives the rational man the necessary guidance as to what he should do, and what he should do first and what next. A rational man cannot live without religion precisely because reason is an element of his nature. Every animal is guided in its actions—except those to which it is attracted by the direct demands of its desires—by consideration about the immediate results of its actions.

The most important question of conduct in life cannot be solved definitely by a rational man, precisely because of the multitude of results which he cannot help seeing. Every rational man feels, if he does not know, that in the most important affairs of life he cannot be guided either by the impulse of personal feeling or by considerations of the immediate results of his activity, because he sees too many different results, and often contradictory ones:

* From *What Is Religion? And Other New Articles and Letters*. Lyof N. Tolstoi, N. Y. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

results, that is, which with equal probability can be either beneficent or harmful, both to himself and to others.

There is a legend about an angel who descended to earth into a God-fearing family and killed a child in its cradle; when asked why he had done this, he replied that the child would have become a great malefactor and would have brought misery to its family.

But not only in the question, Which human life is useful, useless, or harmful?—not one of the most important questions of life can be solved, for a rational man, by considerations about immediate relations and results. A rational man cannot be content with the considerations which direct the actions of animals. Man may regard himself as an animal amongst animals, living from day to day; he may regard himself as a member of a family or of a society or of a nation living from century to century; he may, and even necessarily must (because his reason irresistibly attracts him to this), regard himself as a part of the whole infinite universe existing infinitely. And therefore a rational man is obliged to and always does do, in relation to the infinitely small circumstances of life which influence his actions, what in mathematics is called integration, that is, beside his relations to his immediate circumstances, he must establish his relation to the whole universe, infinite in time and place, and conceived as a whole. And such an establishment by man of his relation to that whole of which he feels himself a part and from which he obtains guidance for his actions, is precisely what was and is called religion. And therefore, religion always has been and cannot cease to be an indispensable and permanent condition of the life of a rational man and of rational humanity.

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION.

The essence of religion was always and is still understood by men who are not bereft of the highest human capacity, as the establishment by man of his relation to the Infinite Being or Beings whose power he feels over himself. And however different this relation has been for different peoples at different times, it has always determined for man his destination in the world, from which naturally followed the guidance of his actions also. A Jew understood his relation to the Infinite as that of a member of a people chosen by God in preference to all other peoples, and who must therefore keep the Covenant concluded between God and this people. A Greek understood his relation as that of a being dependent upon the

representatives of infinity, the gods, and who must therefore do what was pleasing to the gods. A Brahman understood his relation to the Infinite Brahma by considering himself a manifestation of this Brahma, and that it was his duty to strive to unite with this highest being, by the renunciation of life. A Buddhist understood and understands his relation to the Infinite as that of one who, passing from one form of life into another, inevitably suffers, and that as these sufferings proceed from passions and desires, therefore one should strive to destroy all passions and desires and so pass into Nirvana.

Every religion is an establishment by man of his relation to the Infinite Existence of which he feels himself a part, and from which relation he obtains the guidance for his conduct. And therefore any religion which does not establish the relation of man to the Infinite, as, for instance, Idolatry, or Magic, is not a religion but only a corruption. And if a religion, although establishing a relation of man to God yet establishes it by assertions which disagree with reason and the modern knowledge of man so that man cannot believe such assertions, then this also is not religion, but an imitation. If a religion does not connect the life of man with the Infinite Existence, this also is not a religion; and demands of faith in propositions from which no definite direction of man's actions follows, are also not religion.

True religion is the establishment by man of such a relation to the Infinite Life around him, as, while connecting his life with this Infinity and directing his conduct, is also in agreement with his reason and with human knowledge.

THE INFLUENCES UPON HUMAN ACTIVITY.

Every human activity is called forth by three influences: Feeling, reason, and suggestion (the suggestion which medical men call hypnotism). Sometimes man acts only under the influence of feeling, and strives to attain his desires. Sometimes he acts under the influence of reason alone, which indicates to him his duties. Sometimes, and most often, man acts because he himself or other men have suggested to him a certain activity and he unconsciously submits to the suggestions. In normal condition so life all three influences participate in man's activity. Feeling draws man towards a certain activity; reason verifies the agreement of this activity with the surrounding conditions, with the past and with the anticipated future; and suggestion compels man to fulfil, without a feeling, or thinking, the act

elicited by feeling and approved by reason. If there were no feeling, man would undertake nothing; if there were no reason, man would simultaneously yield himself to many contradictory feelings, harmful to himself and others; if there were no capacity of submitting to one's own or other people's suggestions, man would have to experience that feeling which prompted him to a certain action, unceasingly, and continually to exert his reason in testing the expediency of his reason. And therefore all these three influences are indispensable to every human activity, however simple. If a man is moving in a certain direction it is because his feeling has prompted him to move from one place to another, his reason has approved of this intention, has indicated the means to realize it (in the given case, walking along a certain road), and the muscles of his body obey. And the man advances in the desired direction. While he is advancing, his feeling and reason become free for another activity, which could not occur if the capacity of submitting to suggestion did not exist. So it is with all human activities, and so also with the most important of all—the religious activity. Feeling calls forth the necessity of establishing the relation of man to God; reason defines this relation; and suggestion prompts man to the activity which follows from this relation. But it takes place thus only while religion has not yet suffered distortion. As soon, however, as this distortion commences, suggestion becomes stronger and stronger, and the activities of feeling and reason weaker and weaker. As to the methods of suggestion, they are everywhere and always the same. They consist in profiting by those conditions of man when he is most susceptible to suggestion (childhood, and during important events in life—deaths, births, marriages), to influence him by works of art: architecture, sculpture, painting, music, dramatic performances—and in this state of susceptibility, similar to that attained over separate individuals by hypnotic sleep, to incite him to that which is desired by the inciters.

THE NATURE OF FAITH.

Faith is man's consciousness of a certain position in the world which imposes on him the obligation to fulfil certain actions. A man acts according to his faith, not because he believes in the unseen as much as in the seen; and not because he hopes to receive his expectation; but only because having defined his position in the universe he naturally acts in conformity with this position. So that an

agriculturist cultivates the land, and a sailor undertakes a voyage, not because they both believe in the unseen, or hope to receive reward for their action (this hope does exist, but it is not by it that they are directed), but because they regard this activity as their calling. So also the religious believer acts in a certain way, not because he believes in the unseen, or expects a reward for his activity, but because, having understood his position in the universe, he naturally acts in accordance with this position. If a man has defined his position in society as that of an unskilled or skilled laborer, or a government official, or a merchant, he regards it as necessary to work, and as an unskilled or skilled laborer, an official or a merchant, he does his work. So also in general a man who defines his position in the universe in one way or another, inevitably and naturally acts in accordance with this definition (sometimes even not a definition but only a vague consciousness). Thus, for example, a man who has defined his position as that of a member of a people chosen by God, who, in order to profit by God's protection, must obey the commands of this God, will so live as to obey these commands; and a second man who has defined his position as that of one who has passed and is passing through various forms of existence and from whose actions depends whether his future will be better or worse, will also be guided in life by this definition of his; and the conduct of a third man, who has defined his position as that of an accidental combination of atoms in which consciousness has become kindled for a time, but which will eventually perish forever, will differ from the two former men.

The conduct of these men will be quite different because they have defined their position differently; that is, they have a different faith. Faith is the same as religion, only with this difference, that by the word religion we imply a certain phenomenon externally observed, whereas by faith we mean the same thing experienced by man without himself. Faith is man's conception of his relation to the Infinite Universe,¹ and the direction of his activity resulting from that conception. And therefore true faith is never irrational, or in disagreement with existing knowledge, and its feature cannot be supernaturalism and senselessness, as is supposed. On the contrary, the assertions of true faith, although they cannot be proved,

¹The Russian word, translated here as "Infinite Universe," embraces the whole spiritual and material existence.—TRANS.

not only never contain anything contrary to the reason and the knowledge of man, but always explain that which in life without these conceptions of true faith appears irrational and contradictory.

NO FAITH TO-DAY.

Men to-day are without faith. One set, the educated well-to-do minority, have freed themselves from the influence of the Church and believe in nothing, regarding all faiths either as absurdities or as useful tools for keeping the masses under their power. Whereas the great destitute uneducated majority who with some few exceptions do indeed believe, being under hypnotic influence, imagine that what is suggested to them as faith is faith, but in reality it is not faith, as it not only fails to explain to man his position in the universe but still more confuses him.

From this situation and from the mutual relation between the unbelieving and simulating minority and the hypnotized majority is composed the life of our so-called Christian world.

DOES A TRUE RELIGION EXIST?

"But does a true religion really exist? All religions are infinitely different, and one has no right to call any particular religion the true one merely because it corresponds most nearly to our tastes," those will say who examine religions in their externalities as some sort of disease, from which they feel themselves free, but from which others are still suffering. But this is untrue. Religions are different in their external forms, but they are all the same in their fundamental principles. And it is just these fundamental principles of all religions which represent that true religion which alone to-day is natural to all men, and the acceptance of which can alone save men from their calamities.

Humanity has existed for a long period, and just as it has from generation to generation elaborated its practical acquisitions, so also it could not help elaborating those spiritual principles which have formed the basis of its life and the rules of conduct which follow from these principles. That blind men do not see them is no proof that they do not exist.

Such a modern religion common to all men—not some one particular religion with all its peculiarities and distortions, but a religion consisting of those principles which are the same in all religions obtaining among men and known to us, professed by more than nine-tenths of the human race—such a universal religion does

exist, and men have not yet become finally brutalized only because the best of men of all nations adhere to this religion and profess it, even though unconsciously.

THE TRUE RELIGION.

The principles of this true religion are so natural to men that the moment they are communicated they are accepted as something long familiar and self-evident. For us this true religion is Christianity, in those of its principles in which it coincides, not with the external forms, but with the fundamental principles of Brahmanism, Confucianism, Taoism, Judaism, Buddhism, even Mohammedanism. In the same way, for those who profess Brahmanism, Confucianism, and so on, the true religion will be the one the fundamental principles of which coincide with those of all the other great religions. And these principles are very simple, comprehensive, and not numerous.

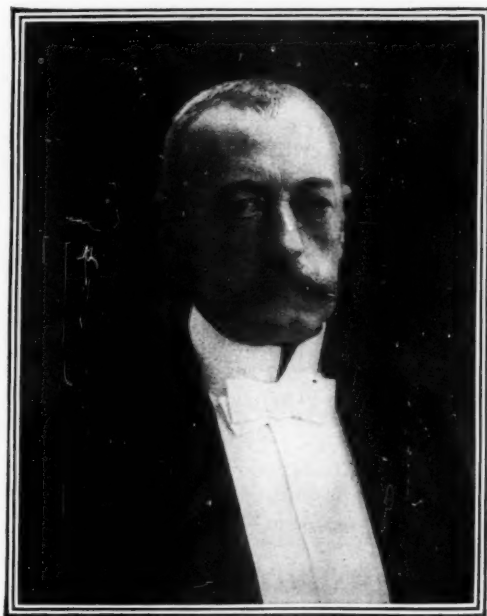
They assert that there is a God the source of all; that in man there is a particle of this divine element which he can either diminish or increase by his life; that to increase this element man must suppress his passions and increase the love in himself; and that the practical means to attain this is to act with others as one wishes others to act toward oneself. All these principles are common to Brahmanism and Judaism and Confucianism and Taoism and Buddhism and Christianity and Mohammedanism.

Religion must define the relation of man to the source of all, the destiny of man which follows from this relation, and the rules of conduct from this destiny. And the universal religion, the fundamental principles of which are identical in all faiths, entirely satisfies these demands. It defines the relation of man to God as that of a part to the whole; it deduces from this relation the function of man as the increase in himself of the divine element; and from this function it deduces practical rules from the principle of acting toward others as one wishes others to act toward oneself.

"The human soul is a lamp of God," says a wise Hebrew proverb. Man is a weak, miserable animal until in his soul there burns the fire of God. But when this fire kindles (and it kindles only in a soul illumined by religion) man becomes the most powerful being in the world. And this cannot be otherwise, because then it is no longer his power which works in him, but the power of God.

So this is what religion is, and in what its essence consists.

Contemporary Celebrities



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

The resignation of M. Waldeck-Rousseau from the premiership, had it come two and a half years ago, would have been of the nature of a calamity to the French nation, but, thanks to his magnificent management since he has occupied that office, its vacation at the present time, while it is a matter of sincere regret to the nation, and an act fraught with anxious import to the ministry, does not portend calamity, as did the failure and resignation of his predecessors. For the government of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been entirely successful, and, out of a condition of chaos, prejudice and impending national ruin, has created a new France. When M. Waldeck-Rousseau took the premiership, national affairs were in a sorry plight. The recent election of President Loubet, followed by the royalist attacks upon him at the Auteuil races and the street riots attending his presence at the Grand Prix a week later, with the succeeding bitter controversy in which all France indulged in frenzied excitement, had necessitated the resignation of the ministry. This was followed by an un-

successful attempt by M. Poincaré to form a new ministry; then President Loubet, calling together his heads of departments, after anxious deliberation, invited M. Waldeck-Rousseau to the premiership. His acceptance, amid a storm of criticism, was the first glimmer of light from a new star which was to guide France to safety. The first work of M. Waldeck-Rousseau was the selection of a ministry. This was done with characteristic despatch and wisdom. Party lines were ignored, and the men selected were chosen only because of their peculiar fitness for the work in hand. Loyalty to France and zeal to do her bidding were the first requisites.

With diplomatic directness, the new premier presented his new ministry and his intended policy to the people, and forced their approval. The re-trial of the Dreyfus case was the blackest cloud on the political horizon. The outcome of this famous trial was a distinct triumph for France and for the ministry. The immediate reorganization of the army followed, and through the Marquis de Galliffet, his Minister of War, the Premier took the military out of politics, and brought honor, truth and patriotism once again to the French military. This alone was a great work, but M. Waldeck-Rousseau's mission was the political and industrial reorganization of France, and his next step towards this end was the war on that hypocritical half of the Clergy, which, under the cover of religion, had been fostering anarchy, socialism and revolt. The war was carried on with the usual firmness. This sect was broken up, so thorough being its demoralization that many of the ecclesiastics were forced to leave France. In strengthening the policy of progress and offensive industrialism, M. Waldeck-Rousseau took occasion of the recent dispute with Turkey, not only to strengthen France's position in the Levant, but as giving opportunity to declare the following policy: "You may rest assured that we do not dream of imperialism at home or abroad. The question is no longer that of extending our colonial dominion but of keeping it and reorganizing it. It is, then, not a greater France of which we dream, but a France made greater by the efforts which commerce and social progress unceasingly bring to fruition."



Courtesy of The Commercial Advertiser

MME. CAMBON

Full of significance as was the recent ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue, there was no incident more important nor fraught with more pleasure in the eyes of official and social Washington than the arrival of Mme. Cambon, the wife of the French Ambassador. Although M. Cambon has been the representative from France in this country for many years past, his wife had not, until the present trip, visited our shores, and so her coming to assume her natural position of head at the French Embassy in Washington was an event second only in importance to the advent of the officials themselves. Particularly happy is Mme. Cambon's coming at this time, because she was present to take part in the brilliant cere-

monies and social functions that made of the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue a gala event in the nation's capitol. Although never before in America, Mme. Cambon has many friends in this country, people whom she has met in Europe and many of whom have been charmingly entertained in the elegant house on the Rue Halévy, in Paris. On May day, at the French Embassy, an elaborate and brilliant reception was given, that the diplomatic corps and government officials might meet the newly arrived wife of the man who, for many years, has been one of the most prominent figures in official circles.

Two things make the King of **KING OF SIAM** Siam a person of interest at the present moment. One is

his contemplated visit to the United States as the guest of the Government, a visit which King Chululonkorn has long desired to make, and the other is his recent abduction of the Rajah of Patani, one of the little States on the eastern coast of the Malay peninsula, which will probably bring him into difficulties with the British Government.

To have made himself the wise and modern monarch that he has, will, of itself, attest to the worth of this ruler, as it was by strength of personal will that Chululonkorn raised himself from the level of his predecessors, for the



THE KING OF SIAM

way of a king in Siam is one that is never crossed, and his path is strewn with the allurements of sensuous pleasures without end. In the breadth of his political conceptions and in his sympathies with the forward movement of the world, he has shown himself far ahead of any other Oriental ruler. His greatest triumph, although, perhaps, not one making the greatest show, has been in his command of his domestic affairs. To bring order into this chaos and keep peace and good will in his court has been a matter far more serious and attended with many difficulties greater than those which beset the Western monarch. In common with other Oriental potentates, the King has many wives, who, with their more numerous relatives, are forever plotting amongst themselves to bring about an upheaval in the domestic régime, whereby the less-favored ones will be brought to the top. But all this intrigue, coupled with a mass of tortuous diplomatic design, the King has taken into his own hands and dealt with in a firm manner, that has made him not only the modern ruler of an Eastern State, but, a thing even more rarely seen—an Oriental monarch, strong, firm, and secure alike in his domestic relations and his political principles.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

In honoring Florence Nightingale, England must feel that she is honoring herself, and if the exercises at the recent celebration of her eighty-second birthday did not appeal to the patriotism of Britain's sons, then that patriotism is dead.

Born of English parents, heir to a vast Derbyshire estate, of English education and cosmopolitan training, her work, while it has chiefly been among the English hospitals, has yet that catholic and universal character which must ever attach to the amelioration of suffering. In the Crimean war Florence Nightingale's first great work was done. History has recorded the terrible suffering of the sick and wounded soldiers lying in the great hospitals behind the British lines. Overrun with disease, choked with filth, illy ventilated, worse attended, neglected and abused, the character of those hospitals beggared description. An idea of their condition can be obtained only from the fact that the death-rate had mounted to 52 per cent., and that in cases of amputation, four out of every five died of hospital gangrene.

November 5, 1854, the day Florence Nightingale reached the hospital, at Scutari, there



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

were in it 2,300 patients, the victims of cholera, fever and other camp scourges, and the wounded, many of them unattended. That day the battle of Inkerman was fought and by night the number of patients had increased to 5,000. Thus, the task of reforming, cleaning and caring for this army of the sick was gigantic, and one to strike terror to the souls of most men. But this high-bred English lady, with her band of thirty-eight nurses, met the problem undismayed. As if by magic a new intelligence swept through the hospital. Order was instituted, neglect and indifference replaced by careful and intelligent nursing. Dirt became a sin, and cleanliness the first requisite. The hospital household was thoroughly reorganized, and a sanitary, helpful, wise and loving régime replaced the hell that the brave woman had found.

Idolized by the soldiers, revered by all, when the war was over Florence Nightingale returned to her peaceful English country



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

THE HEAD OF THE FRENCH ARMY



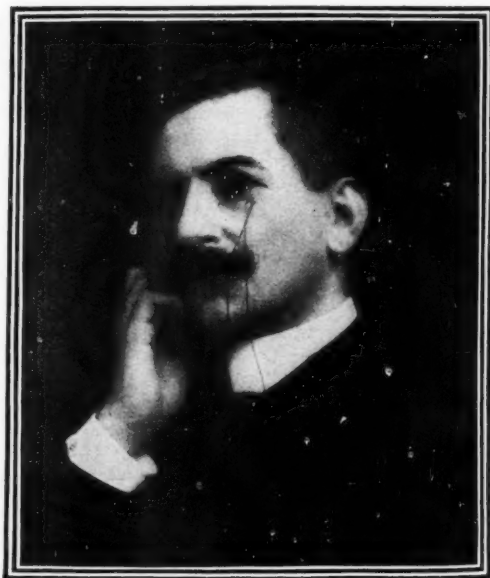
Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

ADMIRAL FOUNIER, OF THE FRENCH NAVY

home as quietly as she had come, here to live a retired, modest life, refusing reward from her idolizing countrymen, and further devoting her great fortune, wonderful capability, and grand woman's heart to the life work of preparing other women for ministrations to her stricken countrymen.

GUESTS OF THE NATION Prominent in the French embassy which came to this country to help in the honoring of Rochambeau's memory are General Henri-Joseph Brugère, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army; Admiral Francois-Ernest Fournier, a distinguished French naval officer, and the present Count de Rochambeau, a descendant of the famous Frenchman who played so conspicuous a part in the history of the last years of the War of the Revolution. These three men represent different sides of national French life, and form a peculiarly interesting trio in the mission to the unveiling ceremony. General Brugère, in charge of the mission, is the head of the Army and Vice-President of the Superior Council of War. He has fought his way up to his high position. Admiral Fournier is a gallant officer who has served with distinction in two wars—that of 1870 and the French-Chinese War. Count Rochambeau is a descendant of the famous

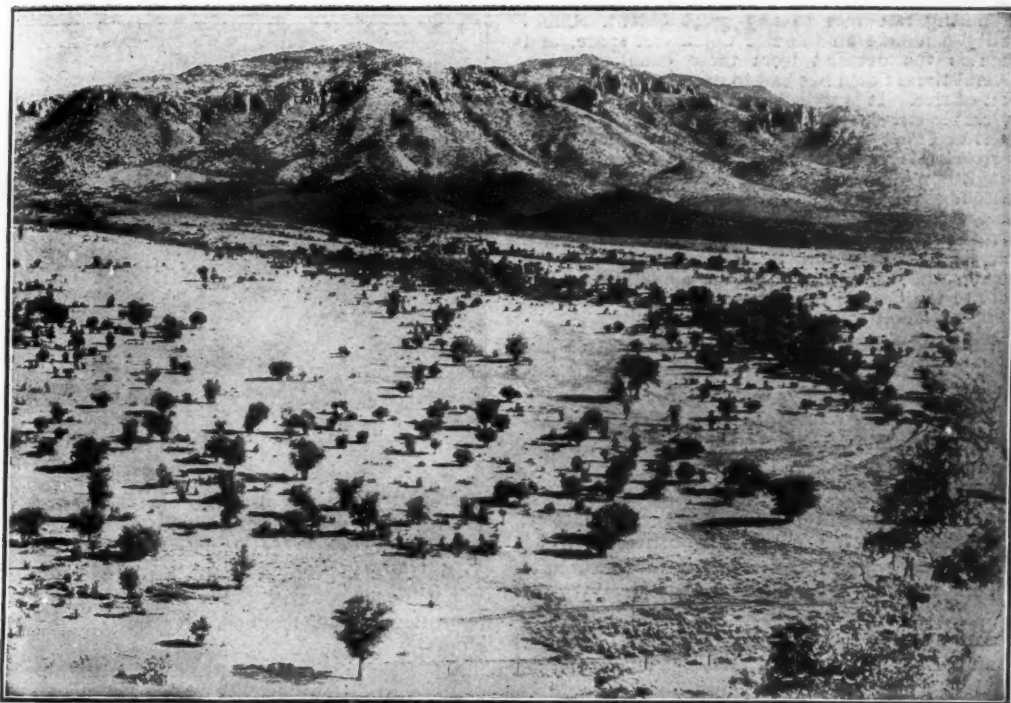
Rochambeau and is prominent in the social life of the French Capital as well as in its art circles.



Courtesy of The Commercial Advertiser

COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU

Photo by Fulk



Courtesy of the World's Work

Reclaiming the Waste: Plans to Redeem Our Arid Land

"The forest and water problems are perhaps the most vital internal questions of the United States."—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

THE resources of a country are never fully known until put to the test. War is the great reagent which shows the political and vital properties concealed in the heart of people and a land. So, a great commercial activity, a struggle for financial supremacy, or even the opening up of new avenues of commerce brings forth into light the tremendous possibilities of the soil which might otherwise for years lie latent. It is probably due to some such cause as the latter, together with the ever-mor serious problem of immigration that attention has been recently rather vividly drawn to an immense tract of land, embracing one-third of our entire country, equalling in size one-half of all Europe, a tract of land which has lain almost vacant, been ignorantly

considered useless and been vaguely called "The Desert." Something of the tremendous value of such land, merely on its commercial side, can be gained from the words of Mr. William Bunker in a recent address before the Committee of Irrigation of the House of Representatives:

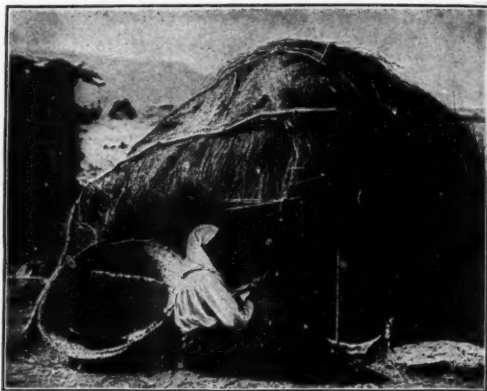
To-day Pacific Coast flour and dairy products are shipped to China and Japan in immense quantities, and largely to Siberia and other Asiatic countries, and the demand for our food-stuffs steadily increases. Slowly but surely flour is displacing rice in parts of China. Given favoring freight rates, the small reduction which increased shipping tonnage and cheaper operating expenses absolutely insure, and the Pacific Coast will control the Oriental market for cereals, canned and dried fruits and other food-stuffs.

The Orient is the natural outlet for the surplus farm products of the arid region for all time to come. The Orientals cannot increase their food-

producing resources to any great extent. China and Japan take all the rice Corea can spare, and such is the demand from those countries, that several times Corea has had to prohibit the exportation of rice. It is well-known that under the most favorable circumstances there are famines in portions of China every year. The traveler in Japan is struck with the fact that the soil of that country is tilled to the final limit of production. For the reasons given, and because of the growing popularity of our food stuffs in the Orient, I maintain, first, that the Oriental market will easily absorb our food product surplus; and, second, that the greater the agricultural surplus available for export to the Orient, the better and cheaper will our shipping facilities become.

But there is another value even more vital and far-reaching. Dr. Frederick Haynes Newell, in his highly estimable book, says: "One of the greatest economic questions before our people is that relating to the utilization of this vast area, much of which has a rich soil, and under good management is capable of sustaining a large population; while if neglected there will continue to be only widely separated ranches and nomadic herdsmen. It is unquestionably a duty of the highest citizenship to enable a hundred homes of independent farmers to exist rather than one or two great stock ranches, controlled by non-residents, furnishing employment only to nomadic herders."

This, of course, refers mainly to the great pasture lands. But there is that great arid expanse, three-fifths of the United States, to be reckoned with. Can it, too, be made to yield? That some of it is worthless, and must remain worthless for years and years, perhaps for always, not even the most sanguine will deny. But that much has already been reclaimed and that much more can be re-



Courtesy of the World's Work

AN EARLY ARIZONA HOME

claimed by irrigation and industry is not to be disputed. The very nature of the soil shows as much. Mr. Robert T. Hill in the *World's Work* gives a graphic picture of this rich wilderness and incidentally corrects some misunderstandings concerning it:

From a technical point of view a desert in its ultimate analysis is a region in which the rainfall is insufficient to produce run-off. The light rainfall, striking the heated rock surfaces and sandy soils, is soon evaporated or drunk in; even the large bodies of water which may start down the mountain sides as roaring torrents usually die out at the margins of the plains. These waters are highly charged with mineral salts derived from the heated rock surfaces, and these salts are readily redeposited upon the surface or in the interstices of the permeable sands. The torrents locally transport the rock debris—boulders, pebbles and powder—from one locality to another, but only for short distances; and hence the desert plains are usually composed of the debris of the adjacent mountains, which in more humid regions of ample run-off would have been carried to the sea. The expansion and contraction from the daily temperature causes the desert rocks to fracture *in situ* into the desert waste. This is distributed by wind and torrent, and hence the features of the desert are largely air-made as well as water-wrought.

The scarcity of moisture results in the absence of vegetation of the root-twining, soil-gathering and soil-making type that distinguishes the humid region. Every plant and species attests the aridity of the country. Exactly as in the Sahara, these plants are thorny, coriaceous bushes and shrubs of the cactus, aloe and acacia families, adapted to withstand their droughty environment, and to defend themselves from attack by man or beast.

Paucity of moisture is also a factor in assisting the segregation of metallic minerals in the mountain rocks by trickling circulation and of the mineral salts upon the plains, which would be carried to the sea as solutions in regions of copious rainfall. Physiographically there are two sub-provinces of the Great American Desert, lying to the east



Courtesy of the World's Work

A MODERN ARIZONA HOME

and to the west of the Western Sierra Madre and Colorado Plateau respectively. The westernmost of these may be termed the Nevadan and the eastern the Chihuahuan. The Western, or Nevadan, Desert occupies much of the area of Utah, Nevada, Mexico, Southern and Eastern California in the United States, and the States of Sonora and Sinaloa in Mexico. The Chihuahuan Desert occupies the vast area of country lying between the eastern and western Sierra Madre of Mexico and their northern continuation into Southern New Mexico and Texas west of the Pecos, and is the so-called Mexican Plateau.

The Nevadan deserts are again subdivisible into northern and southern sub-provinces, the Great

of chalk-white powder; the Crow Flat with its glare that blinds, the Jornada del Muerto, with its hundred whirlwinds, the saguara deserts of Sonora, where for hundreds of miles grows no blade of grass, or many other spots which are apparently a mockery of nature.

Who can describe the vagaries of the aberrant vegetation that finds sustenance in this stony soil of the foothills—the yucca, sotol, lecheguilla, palmillia and maguey—all of which, armed with prickling points, vie with one another in sending their plumed stalks into the air, presumably to protect the delicate flowery parts from animal depredation? Then what queer monstrosities are the cactaceous forms which rise in great clumps above



Courtesy of the World's Work

A MINING CAMP IN THE DESERT

Basin and Sonoran respectively, the first including Nevada, Eastern California, Utah, and part of Northern Arizona; the second, the country to the south.

The half cannot be told of the many aberrant features of the Great American Desert, like Death Valley with which no spot in Sahara can compare for sterility and desolation; the great "medanos" or white sand dunes just south of El Paso, each as high as the National Capitol, which creep from place to place over the desert plain; the vast plains of malpais in New Mexico, with their burning, cutting, black, waterless surfaces of lava; the "flour dust" deserts of Jimenez and Arizona and Sonora, where the traveler is choked with clouds

the plain, the saguara of Arizona like great organ pipes, the choya of New Mexico, with its spiny joints ever ready to attach themselves to the passing traveler, and the ocatilla with its wavy, snake-like arms? Again for miles the eye sees, as far as it can reach, only the gray carpet of greasewood and sage, while, strange to say, in places streaks of grassy meadows add an emerald patch to the gray foliage.

Sometimes showers freshen the desert. These are occasionally of sufficient volume to dampen the earth and vegetation, and an awakening of life ensues which is most remarkable. From every shrub and cactus comes a burst of song from birds ordinarily unnoticed. Rabbits creep out and



Courtesy Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

RESULT OF AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE A HOME ON THE PUBLIC LAND WITHOUT FIRST PROVIDING METHODS OF IRRIGATION

browse, coyotes give tongue in chase of prey. Vegetation seems to awaken instantaneously. Plants which were before dry and dust-covered unfold into broad areas of vivid green. Coriaceous ferns, ordinarily lying like dead leaves among the stones, unroll and wave their fronds in the freshened air. From the inconspicuous flowers of the many thorny shrubs of the acacia and yucca tribe the air is laden with perfume.

It would seem paradoxical to speak of the desert in bloom, but the human senses of sight and smell can be regaled by no more pleasant experience than the delicate odors and sweeps of color that sometimes follow an unusual rainfall. Sweeter than the dewy jessamine is the scent of the yellow catsclaw; more delicate than mignonette is the pature of the mesquite. An emperor never had more royal plumes than the gigantic stalks of the sotol. Streamers of yellow and purple mark for miles the paths of the cloudburst or stripes of new green grass the ensuing sub-irrigation of the streamways.

In the desert water is king, and woe to him who tries to defy, and happy is he who obtains its favor. Without its countenance priceless ore is but as dross, and fertile soils are as worthless as ashes. Upon the desert plains many men and cattle have died for the want of a drink of water, which millions could not buy. Water is not only the king of the desert, but its despot. It smiles at the millions of acres of land owned by a certain university as a part of its endowment which is still ungraced by its favor. It laughs at the waterless miles upon which the United States invites settlement under the homestead laws; it defies those who would take the rich gold from the placers of the deserts of Sonora and Arizona, where the gold would remain forever without its precious favor.

Like the Sahara, the Great American Desert is superficially waterless. Its plains are usually barren of surface water save for an exceptional saline lagoon. A few brooks, streams or rivers arise within its larger mountain ranges, but no water ever runs off its surface to the sea. Even the great floods of water which sometimes burst from an

erratic cloud with devastating effect are rapidly swallowed up by the sands or evaporated by sun and wind. It is true that there are two long rivers comparable to the Nile of the Sahara—the Colorado and the Rio Grande—which rise in the higher forested mountainous border lands and flow into and across the deserts like great canals, without gathering contributory drainage from them, losing volume in fact from absorption and evaporation in the desert portions of their courses. These are rivers born of the mountains, however, and not of the deserts.

Upon the area of the Great American Desert the maximum rainfall is less than fifteen inches per annum, and does not average more than ten inches. In places such as Death Valley and the Yuma Desert it is less than five inches, these two spots being perhaps the driest in the known world. Deducting from this maximum of fifteen inches sixty per cent. of its effectiveness, due to loss through evaporation, the actual rain value is only six inches per annum, less than the amount falling in the two crop-growing months of May and

June in the Eastern States, and less than one-half the quantity that fell in September, 1901, in a single twenty-four hours at Galveston, Texas. To this great natural fact the desert is resigned, that within its area the land with a few exceptions, not amounting to three per cent., is permanently and hopelessly dry, and even the most sanguine cannot refute this fact.

Most suggestive indeed is that little paragraph relating how after a shower, vegetation and flowers spring into life. It is as if all were but waiting the magical touch of the fountain of youth, just water, to make the arid a garden. This is not altogether fanciful. It may be, as Mr. Hill suggests, that much of this land is hopelessly lost for agricultural purposes. Yet there are other industries nearly as important. Moreover just how much can be reclaimed will never be known until the trial is made. That much has been done already is the fact that is all evident. Full of poetry as well as of fact is this résumé of Ray Stannard Baker in the Century. It suggests what the desert has already yielded:

When reduced to its essence the work of every great explorer and pioneer in the West has consisted in showing that the desert was no desert. It was a cramped and mendicant imagination and a weak faith in humanity that first called it a desert, and it has required the life of many a bold man to dispel the error. The pioneer cow-man came in and saw the dry bunch-grass of the plains. "This is no desert," he said; "this is pasture land," and straightway thirty million cattle were feeding on the ranges. A colony of Mormons, driven to the wilderness by persecution, saw, with the faith of a Moses, green fields blooming where the cactus grew, and in a few years a great city had risen in the midst of a fertile valley, and a new common-

wealth had been born. A Powell came and disclosed the possibilities of the desert when watered from rivers that had long run to waste, and a hundred valleys began to bloom, and millions of acres of barren desert to grow the richest crops on the continent. Miners came, found gold and silver and copper in the hills, and built a thousand camps; the railroads divided the great desert with a maze of steel trails until it was a veritable patchwork of civilization; and timid tourists came and camped and went away better and braver. To-day several million Americans are living in the desert, not temporarily, while they rob it of riches, but for all time, and they love their homes as passionately as any dwellers in the green hills of New England.

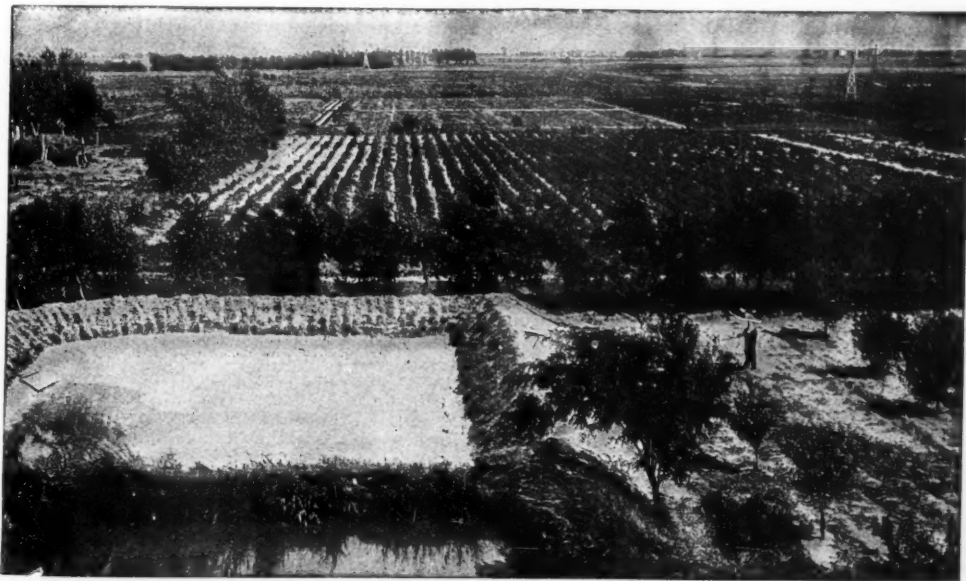
A traveler in the West must go far indeed before he finds a place where he can say, "This is a worthless and irreclaimable waste, the true desert." There is no faith left in him who speaks of waste places. I stand in the gray sand, nothing but sand in every direction as far as the eye can reach—sand, a few sentinel yuccas, a sprawling mesquit-bush, with a gopher darting underneath, and a cholla cactus, gray with dust. Here, I say, is the waste place of all the ages; no man has ever set foot here before, and it is likely that no man ever will again. But what is that sound—*click, click, click*—that comes from the distance? It is no kin to the noises of the desert. Climb the ridge there, the one that trembles with heat; take it slowly, for the sun is blinding hot, and the dry air cracks one's lips. Have a care of that tall sahuaro; it has been growing there undisturbed for two centuries, and it is not less prickly for its age. And in all its years it never has seen a vision such as it now beholds; for here are men come to the desert, painfully dragging water with them in carts and barrels. They have put up machinery in this silent

place, having faith that there is oil a thousand feet below in the rock; and so they come in the heat and dust to prove their faith. You hear the *click, click* of their machinery; it is the triumphant song of an indomitable, conquering humanity.

Go over the next ridge, or perhaps the one beyond that, and you will see a still stranger sight—a great, black, angular dredge, a one-armed iron giant scooping up the sand, tons at a time, in his huge palm, weighing it in the air, and then, without crooking elbow, majestically dropping it upon the desert. There is a little black engine behind burning mesquit-wood, and a silent grimy man chewing tobacco and grumbling at the heat. They entered the desert forty miles away at the bank of a great river, and they have burrowed their way through the sand, with the water following in a broad brown band.

"Yes, sir," says the man, in a matter-of-fact voice; "this canal will irrigate half a million acres of land in this desert. In ten years there will be a hundred thousand people settled here. You see that mesquit-tree over there? Well, that's where we're going to locate the city. The railroad will come in along that ridge and cross over near those chollas."

Try another ridge: There is yet a possibility of finding a waste that will be forever useless and irreclaimable. The huge dredge sinks out of sight, blurred by the vibrating heat of the plain, upon which the prophet in the grimy pea-coat saw blooming orchards and heard the throb of human life. The mesquit disappears, then the yuccas; the ridges have flattened themselves out in a low, level, endless plain, where were yellows and browns and smudgy reds, now all is a sodden gray. Even the cactus cannot here find food for life; there is not a spear of grass, not a gopher, not a bird, not a snake even—absolutely nothing.



Courtesy of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

RESULTS ATTAINED BY IRRIGATION

This is also the place of evil illusions. Here totters a man, his flannel-coated canteen empty and open, his eyes red-rimmed, bloodshot and glaring, his lips swollen and cracked, his tongue thick, black, protruding; he tries in vain to moisten the roof of his mouth with viscid saliva. His whole being cries out for water, water, anything for a few drops of water—and there, as if God himself sent it, lies a sweet blue lake, fringed with trees. Cattle are wading knee-deep in the shallows. It seems only a mile away, a half-mile, two hundred yards. He gasps inarticulately with joy, he waves his arms, he totters into a run. How he will drink, and drink, how he will wallow there! Nothing shall keep him from it. It will be sweet and cool. He stops and gazes; his eyes deceive him; he runs again. No lake? No water? He dashes his benumbed hands into his eyes; he claws at his lips until the slow blood runs. No! No water, only illimitable sand. The mirage! He drops there, broken at last, and grovels and moans until unconsciousness blesses his spirit. This is the spot where he fell; it is as white as if struck with leprosy—all a glistening, blinding white, perhaps lying flat and hard, perhaps heaped in long, billowy ridges that the first wind will utterly change. Afar off one's lips have been aware of a salty taste, which grows sharper and sharper until one sets foot on the leprous sand. For this is the salt-flat, the waste of all wastes, where nothing grows and nothing lives. The soil is dry and hot, the sky overhead brazen with heat, the wind promises storms, the mirage offers evil illusions; here, surely, is the true desert; surely man cannot come here.

Raise your eyes, O ye of little faith, and see the men plowing! There are four horses to each plow, and the furrows that they turn are as white as flour to the very core. The men themselves are white with dust; so are their horses, the plows and the carts. This is nothing short of madness, nothing but illusion. Watch! Across the flat land stretches a trail of steel almost buried in the shifting sand; the men are loading the white soil of their furrows on cars; an engine is lying idle on one side breathing sonorously in the palpitating air; the engineer is lolling out of his window. They are waiting to carry a load of pure salt from the desert to the people of distant cities. A pioneer came here and learned that this spot was the bottom of an ancient sea, and that this was the salt of the waves which once dashed on these silent beaches, here precipitated; and he came in with men and plows to make the desert fruitful.

So you may go from ridge to ridge through all the great desert, and may find miners delving in the dry earth for gold; see herders setting up windmills; see farmers boring holes for artesian wells; see miners of wood digging in the sand for the fat roots of the mesquit; see irrigation engineers making canal-levels, and railroad contractors spinning their threads of steel where no man dreamed of living. And you will feel as you never have felt before, and your heart will throb with the pride of it—this splendid human energy and patience and determination.

The term "desert" is applied rather indiscriminately in the arid West to all uncultivated land. The want of water, the extreme dryness of the air, and the hot sunshine, have come to signify desert, even though the soil may be capable, when moistened of producing crops of unparalleled richness.

Even the tree-clad uplands, many of which have all the beauty of parks groomed by human hands, and the meadow-like cattle-ranges with their rich brown grasses, are classed as desert, though they have few of the characteristics of the desert, as it is ordinarily conceived.

So much has already been done with our vacant land. How much more can yet probably be done? What, in the light of such facts, is the importance of the problem of irrigation? By actual statistics how much of our vacant land can be reclaimed thereby? To quote again from Dr. Newell's excellent work:

The cultivated lands of the western half of the United States, especially those within the arid region, form but a very small portion of the total land surface, in some States being less than 1 per cent. Dry farming—that is, the cultivation of the soil without the artificial application of water—has been attempted, but has only been moderately successful west of the 97th meridian, except in the humid regions near the Pacific coast and in a few localities where the conditions of soil and of local rainfall have been favorable.

There is reason to hope that, with the activity in searching for new and valuable plants, and the numerous experiments being made, the extent of cultivated land can be greatly increased on the areas of good soil for which water cannot be had. It is not reasonable to suppose, however, that dry farming will ever add greatly to the population and wealth of the arid region; it will rather tend to perpetuate the condition of spare settlement and careless tilling of large areas. It is only by practising irrigation where water can be had that extensive farming is possible, and with this the best development of the country.

In this connection it is interesting to note the relative proportion of lands cultivable to those which may be considered as uncultivable, taking a belt across the United States. The accompanying



Comparison of cultivable and cultivated areas in the belt of the States across the United States. (The solid black shows the cultivated, and the crosslined portions indicate the uncultivated but cultivable land.)

figure, prepared by Mr. Willard D. Johnson, is intended to illustrate the great difference which exists. Beginning with Massachusetts, with 33 per cent. of the cultivable area in use, the proportion gradually increases westward to Illinois and Iowa, with nearly three-quarters of the land capable of cultivation in crop, and then decreases rapidly, until in Nevada only 1 per cent. is utilized. With complete water conservation and systems for its distribution, the cultivated area of Utah, Nevada, and adjacent states might be increased many fold.

The actual amount of land which is irrigable has been variously estimated at from sixty to one hundred millions of acres. There is possibility of wide difference of opinion, since all estimates must be based on certain assumptions as to the completeness with which the floods can be saved and waters beneath the surface brought back to the fields. Noting the wonderful progress in engi-

neering and in various applications of scientific knowledge, there seems to be ground for the most optimistic view.

Finally there is from Dr. Newell's pen an article in the *Independent* which nicely summarizes the whole situation and brings into concise form many of the vexing issues. It may be said in passing that any one interested in the practical working of this question will find inestimable aid both in facts and in suggestions by consulting Dr. Newell's book to which we have here referred.

There is a widespread demand on the part of the citizens of the country, the real owners of this vast public domain, for the adoption by the Government of some policy leading to the ultimate reclamation of the West, such as will permit the largest possible number of homes. The labor organizations see in this an outlet for overcrowded conditions. The manufacturing, jobbing and transporting interests of the country appreciate the overwhelming importance of this great potential home market in the country now sparsely inhabited. The more intelligent farmers see here opportunities for homes for the younger members of their families and recognize that the agricultural prosperity of the country rests largely upon increased growth of manufactures and the consequently enlarged demand for products.

The advocates of a policy of national reclamation works do not propose to actually irrigate the dry lands, but, on the contrary, urge that the Government should make possible the utilization by private enterprise of the vast extent of fertile lands and of the great floods and rivers which now go to waste. If these waters, most of which are interstate in character, are conserved and regulated by the National Government, it will then be possible for able-bodied men to make homes upon the land as in the past and build their own works for irrigation.

It is estimated that 40 per cent. of the area of the United States proper requires irrigation for successfully producing plants useful for a food supply to man and animals. In 1890, a little over three and one-half million acres were cropped by irrigation, and in the succeeding ten years this area has been doubled largely by the more careful use of water and more complete tilling of farms already partly irrigated. Since 1895 there have been comparatively few notable works of irrigation built, and development along this line may be said to have come nearly to an end.

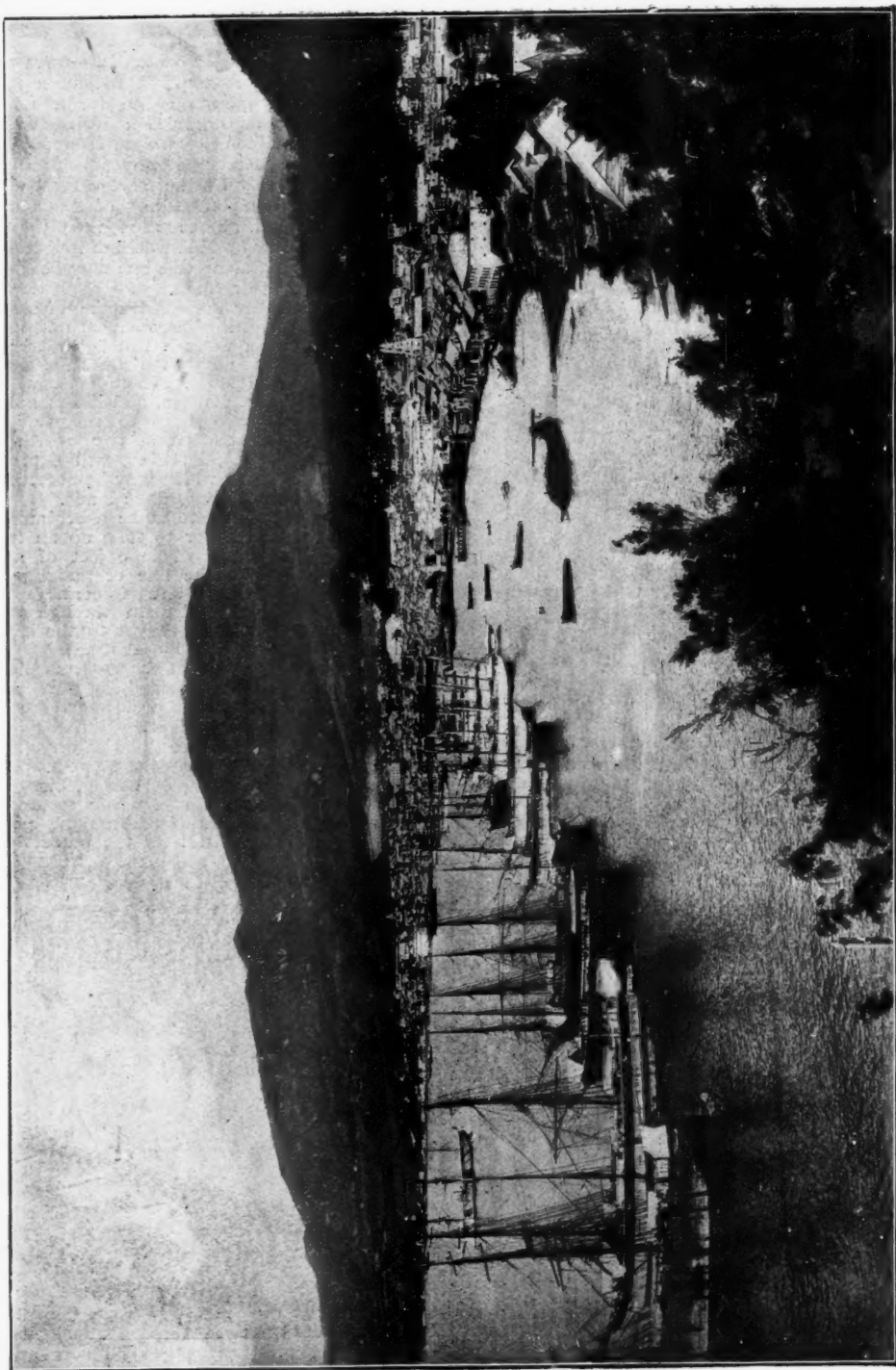
It is estimated that by the construction of storage reservoirs, by diverting large rivers and by sinking deep or artesian wells, it will be practicable ultimately to irrigate nearly ten times the area now cultivated by irrigation. There is a wide range as to the probable acreage, and it has been placed at from 60,000,000 acres to 100,000,000 acres ultimately reclaimable within two or three generations. The amount, however, will depend wholly upon the treatment which may be accorded by Congress to the remaining public lands.

National aid is not asked to make a beginning at the work of irrigation, nor to take up an experimental enterprise. The whole object of national assistance is along the line of making it possible for the people of the country to continue to secure homes on the public domain through the ability to obtain water to be brought to the land by ditches or conduits built by themselves. It is asked for the same reason that the settlers called upon the Government to protect them from the savages, that works are built to prevent overflows of great rivers, to aid navigation by establishing lighthouses, and to render it possible by dredging bars across the harbors. None of these works pay as an immediately profitable undertaking, but the Government and the people as a whole secure a larger share of prosperity through making possible the various opportunities for the pursuit of various industries.



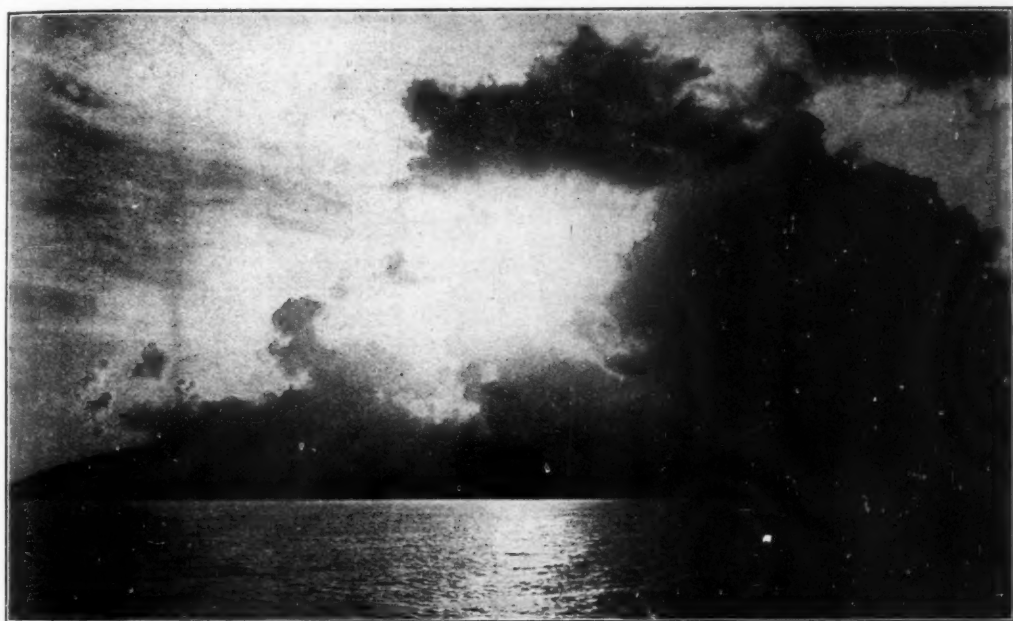
Courtesy of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE DESERT RECLAIMED



Courtesy of The American and Journal (N. Y.)

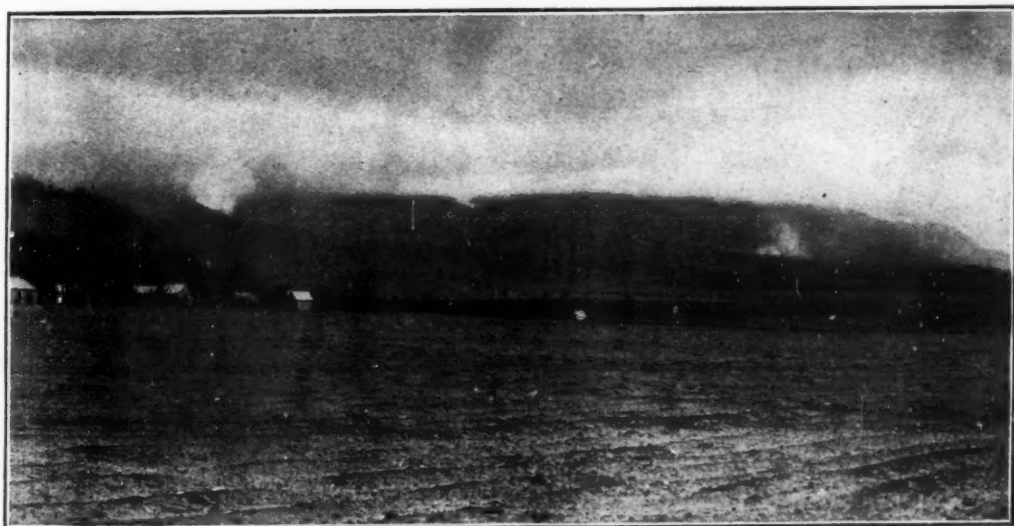
THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE
 THE HARBOR OF ST. PIERRE JUST BEFORE THE ERUPTION
 THE RORAIMA WHICH WAS DESTROYED THE RODDAM WHICH ALSO ESCAPED
 THE SUCHET WHICH ESCAPED



Courtesy of The New York Tribune

SUNRISE ON MT. PELÉE FROM THE SEA

Copyright 1902, by The New York Tribune.



Courtesy of The New York Tribune

LA SOUFFRIERE, ST. VINCENT, IN ACTION

Copyright 1902, by The New York Tribune

Taken on May 24, during a period of eruption. The detonations shortly afterward, the same day, were heard at Kingston, 22 miles away. The foreground is a cane-field on the Mont Berrick plantation, under 20 inches of ashes and cinders; the buildings are those of tenants on the plantations half a mile from Georgetown. Two-thirds of the volcano is concealed in its own smoke and vapor.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE



Courtesy of The New York Tribune

RUINS OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE, ONE OF THE FINEST STONE STRUCTURES IN ST. PIERRE

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Courtesy of The American and Journal (N. Y.)

A STREET OF THE DEAD IN ST. PIERRE

Copyright 1902, by W. R. Hearst



Courtesy of The New York Tribune

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SHOWING HOW THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE WAS OVERWHELMED



Courtesy of The American and Journal (N. Y.)

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SEARCHING THE RUINS OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE FOR THE BODIES OF CONSUL PRENTIS AND HIS WIFE

THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE



Courtesy of The American and Journal (N. Y.)

AN EFFECT IN SMOKE, STEAM, AND CLOUD

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Courtesy of The New York Tribune

WAITING FOR MORE BODIES FROM THE HOSPITALS AT GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT.
1,500 HAVE ALREADY BEEN INTERRED

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THREE TRENCHES WHERE

The Apotheosis of Annihilation: St. Pierre of Yesterday and To-day

ST. PIERRE OF YESTERDAY*.....ROBERT T. HILL

While the ship is still passing in the shadows of lofty Dominica, the passenger can see the mornes of Martinique rising from the vast expanse of sea to the southward. Martinique is the most picturesque in outline and the most interesting of all these wonderful Caribbees—the central bead in the great necklace that encircles the throat of the Caribbean Sea, and the most prosperous of these unhappy isles. Some one has given to the island the poetical name of "Les Pays des Revenants, where nature's unspeakable spell bewitches wandering souls like the spell of a Circe."

This island is second in size only to Guadeloupe, having an area of three hundred and eighty-one square miles. It is completely mountainous, culminating in the peak of Mount Pelée, 4,450 feet high. This is usually wrapped in clouds, but now and then it can be seen, and its vast flanks sweep in steep but graceful slopes to the sea. Another peak near the south end is 3,950 feet high, while the three-crested Carbet near the northern coast, rises nearly to the altitude of Mount Pelée.

Every inch of this magic island, except where man has made temporary clearings, is draped in forests—forests which cannot be described, photographed, or painted.

The climate shows three seasons—cool in spring, hot and dry in summer, and hot and wet in autumn and part of winter. The thermometer runs from 76° to 86°, rarely 88°, but there is much humidity. The tropical heat is mitigated by the sea-breezes and fresh winds from the mountains. Violent hurricanes and earthquakes sometimes occur.

The island has no deep harbors, although there are three indentations which afford good shelter. The principal of these is the Bay of Fort-de-France; the capital of the island, and the headquarters of the French admiralty in the West Indies. On the south side are the Grande Anse du Diamante and the Bay du Marin; on the west there are several other small coves. The eastern side is a dangerous shore, where the Atlantic breakers roar and foam in a grand and indescribable surf, which prohibits approach to land.

*From Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies. Robert T. Hill. N. Y. Century Co. Published 1899.

Martinique was originally settled by the French in 1665, and with the exception of twenty-two years, between 1794 and 1816, when it was held by the English, it has always been French. It is now a favored colony of France, constituting a department of the republic, with a governor and excellent administration, sending a senator and two deputies to the National Assembly at Paris.

One-fourth the revenue of the island (\$1,342,000) is devoted to education. There is a law school at Fort-de-France, with seventy-six students. There are three secondary schools, with four hundred and eighty-seven pupils; a normal school; thirty-eight primary schools, with ten thousand pupils; and thirteen clerical and private schools. There are also two government hospitals, military and civil, and the charge for a native in the last is twenty-five cents a day. At the two prisons the discipline is very mild. France also encourages agriculture by giving a bounty of ten cents for every coffee and cocoa tree. This is to prevent the exclusive cultivation of the sugar-cane. There is also a colonial bank, the object of which is to assist the planters; experts determine the value of crops, and the bank advances one-third their value. If the obligation is not met by the crops, the bank carries over its claim on the valuation of the next year's crop.

An excellent system of highways has reduced the difficulty of traveling across the rugged island. Transportation is also carried on by small coasting vessels, although on the eastern side of the island this is especially difficult, as the cargoes have to be carried through the surf on the backs of men, or pushed by swimming negroes in small boats through the water.

The large towns are St. Pierre and Fort-de-France, on the leeward side, and Grande Anse, on the windward shore. St. Pierre, on the west side (population 25,382), is the principal city. It is built on cliffs overlooking the bay of the same name, which is nothing more than a very slight curve in the shore-line, vessels having to anchor in the open roadstead. It is a picturesque and beautiful place, with neat public buildings and an interesting creole population. The town has a handsome cathedral

and other public buildings. Hearn thus describes it:

The quaintest, queerest, and the prettiest withal, among West Indian cities; all stone-built and stone-flagged, with very narrow streets, wooden or zinc awnings, and peaked roofs of red tile, pierced by gabled dormers. Most of the buildings are painted in a clear yellow tone, which contrasts delightfully with the burning blue ribbon of tropical sky above; and no street is absolutely level; nearly all of them climb hills, descend into hollows, curve, twist, describe sudden angles. There is everywhere a loud murmur of running water, pouring through the deep gutters contrived between the paved thoroughfare and the absurd little sidewalks, varying in width from one to three feet. The architecture is that of the seventeenth century, and reminds one of the antiquated French quarter of New Orleans. All the tints, the forms, the vistas, would seem to have been especially selected or designed for aquarelle studies. The windows are frameless openings without glass; some have iron bars; all have heavy wooden shutters with movable slats, through which light and air can enter.

The town has an aspect of great solidity, looking as if it had been hewn out of one mountain fragment instead of constructed stone by stone. Although commonly consisting of only two stories and an attic, the dwellings have walls three feet in thickness. There are also many fountains throughout the city, carrying drinking-water, which comes from another source than that of the water in the gutters. The main street is known as Rue Victor Hugo.

A fine road leads from St. Pierre to the village of Mon Rouge, situated two thousand feet above the sea. In the village is a shrine to the Virgin, which is visited by the inhabitants. Along this road are many shrines and little chapels with crucifixes and statues, with lamps burning before them. This road leads by the beautiful botanical garden, and passes many fine and solid stone bridges.

The Jardin des Plantes is one of the famous places of the world, although now somewhat neglected and overrun by the native foliage.

ST. PIERRE OF TO-DAY . . . T. M. DIEUAIDE . . . NEW YORK SUN

To-day we saw St. Pierre, the ghastliest ghost of the modern centuries. But yesterday the fairest of the fair of the wondrous cities of the storied Antilles, bright, beautiful, glorious, glistening and shimmering in her prison of tropical radiance, an opalescent city in a setting of towering forest and mountain; now a waste of ashen gray without life, form, color, shape, a drear monotone, a dim blur on the landscape—it seems even more than the contrast between life and death. The dead may live. St. Pierre is not alive, and never will be. Out of shape has come a void. It is the apotheosis of An-

nihilation. To one who sits amid the ruins and gazes the long miles upward over the seamed sides of La Pelée, still thundering her terrible wrath, may come some conception of the future ruin of the worlds.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE.

Mont Pelée's most far outreaching feeler touched us by the light of the stars of the early morning—years ago it seems. Lulled by the gentle swishing of the waters and the rhythmic thud of the propeller shafts as the cruiser steadily forged her way, with her bow rising and falling continually under the Southern Cross, as if making obeisance, sleep had come to those of us who had stayed on deck to make sure of the first glimpse of the dread volcano.

There was a slight feeling of suffocation, a hasty awakening of alarm with an indistinct feeling that the ship was on fire. A well-defined odor of sulphur smote the nostrils. The oar of a ship's longboat struck the stern of the cruiser, and, glancing off, swirled down the side. Two twisted and splintered tree trunks bobbed up and down in the water a short distance away. On one of them perched a little sea bird. It was the first sign of Mont Pelée. Overhead the blazing glory of the tropical firmament was paling into the grays before the dawn. The distance grew hazy.

Suddenly out of the mist to the southward there loomed a shape, but a faint outline of darker hue in the neutral haze dissolving into the clouds.

"La Pelée!" was the hushed exclamation from the watchers on the cruiser's bridge. The magic word flew throughout the ship in a second, routing the laggards from their hammocks between decks and tumbling them out to line the port rail.

Gradually the outline grew more distinct. There were some of us who had had a dimly formed conception of a towering mountain of fire, jetting flames to the skies. Wrapped in its mantle of mist, gloomy, awesome, mysterious, with its pillar of smoke becoming distinguishable from the clouds, the mighty mountain seemed even more terrible.

As we drew near Mont Pelée revealed herself more and more definitely—gaunt, haggard, forbidding, uplifting into cloudy obscurity. Poised over her head hung a giant smoky pillar, rising high above the clouds, narrow and black at the base, widening and lightening as it ascended until it spread cup-shaped at the top like the stem and bowl of a champagne glass. It

was a giant sign-post pointing downward: "Here is La Pelée!"

Then occurred a wonderful thing, no more unusual indeed than the rising of the sun, but it is not given to everybody to see the sun rise over an awakened and wrathful Pelée. The great orb seemed to spring suddenly from behind the dark mass, lighting the low-hanging clouds into all the colors of the prism. Light, fleecy clouds they were that hung directly over the mountain top and part way down the flanks. They hung in parallel layers, a cloud formation characteristic of volcanic mountains. The edges of these layers were fringed with a delicate sea-shell pink, deepening to a ruddier hue as the cloud thickened. One small cloud, distinct in itself, was entirely permeated by the sun rays, its luminosity giving the effect of a fire on the heights.

The increasing light accentuated the blackness of the smoke arising from the Pelée crater, the center of a vast glowing circle of light and color and shade, suspended in mid-heaven. Below, the flanks of the great mountain stretched sullenly to the sea, still dim, indistinct, chilling. It was a La Pelée sunrise, a sunrise worthy of the brush of a painter yet to be born.

That was La Pelée as we saw her first. We slipped through the blue waters too far from shore to enable us to make out even a suggestion of St. Pierre in the dim morning light. Fires blazing ashore close to the beach in the locality where we knew the buried city must be, we took to be cremation pyres, mistakenly, as we afterward learned, for the burial parties of French soldiers had been driven away two days before by fresh eruptions.

Then come rapidly chasing each other recollections of the rattling of anchor chains, the booming of big guns, the pealing of church bells, visions of a quaint little tropical town, red-roofed under the spreading palms, ramparted seaward, thatched landward, half-nude natives lolling in the shade, warships, French, British, Dutch, yarded merchantmen, a roll over the swell in a crazy little dugout with the crest of every wave dripping over the gunwale; a jump up the sides of a weather-scarred tug flying Old Glory, a wonderful hour of story of hair-breadth escapes by land and sea, a fifteen-mile dash down the coast to the City of the Dead, the plunge ashore, the crunching of the ashes under the feet in that weird climb through the ruins, ending by a race with death—"playing tag with the devil," as a bluecoat graphically put it—a retreat close pursued by the artillery of Pelée,

the sudden blotting out of the brilliancy of the tropic noonday by a darkness as of night, a sea flight through a storm of sand, dust, and ashes, and over and through it all the lap, lap, lap of the ceaseless waves. It has surely been a day to live.

PICTURE OF AWFUL RUIN.

Rounding the Morne d'Orange into the roadstead of St. Pierre, the gray blankness of the devastated city struck silence to our hearts. Half a mile away all that could be distinguished was a gray streak. As we came nearer the outlines of what once might have been buildings could be made out. The general effect was unutterably weird and sinister.

Directly ahead, couched in fancied security for decades before at the foot of this scene of ruin and desolation, lay the ash-colored shells that marked the city that had been snuffed out by the hot breath of Mont Pelée.

A spar lifted its sail-draped head a few feet above the water, marking the grave of a sunken coaster; three white flat-topped buoys were left of the broken group of anchorages, and on the wreck-buried beach their fellows rested with gaping rents in their frames.

Within the eye's vision a gray city, without light or shadow to break its awful monotone of color, stripped of its roofs, its walls either lying in crumbled heaps or rearing jagged, meaningless fragments to the smiling blue skies, swept from one's brain every vestige of the power to grapple with the overwhelming suggestion of annihilation, complete and unearthly. Small heaps of smouldering bodies and rubbish gradually became recognizable in the picture and the tumbled walls of the cathedral caught the eye.

On the high bluff of Morne d'Orange the great white statue of the Blessed Virgin, which, framed in the vivid greens of the tropics, had long served as a point for navigators, lay prostrate and crushed; broken shafts of giant trees completed this picture of ruin. Below the gradual planes of the military road that rose with continuous slopes above the city the open spaces of the market place and the devastated burying-grounds broke the almost uniform parallels of stone and ash-filled streets. But there was no break in the ghastly monotony of color, no lights to pick out the detail of form, no shadow to lessen the unearthly effect.

Rather than the thought of sudden annihilation that it first presented, the effect of gradual decay grew on the mind. It was as though a traveler had penetrated into some mountain

fastness of Asia and had stumbled upon a ruined gray shell of a city that had been droning out its long decay for centuries—a pitiful wreck of man's long labors, filled with the dead and shunned by the living. No vulture soared above with searching eyes and ready talon, no beast skulked in its ruins.

The gaping buildings disclosed among their deep settings of rocks and dust smashed bedsteads, twisted beams and here and there a brown, grisly thing that looked like a firelog. The firelog was broken, though, and its break showed the unmistakable gleam of bone. So completely disfigured by storm of fire and dust, it was hard to believe that these shockingly scorched things were the dead of St. Pierre. There was not the faintest semblance in most cases of a human face or form, and the dismembered bodies were, of all the many sinister sights, the most depressing. Hidden in many cases to the casual glance, the work of burning the dead must necessarily be a slow one, and the recurrent shrouds of dust and ashes have greatly increased that task since the day of the great eruption, when the Suchet's searching party found the dead lying in rows in the streets. The tell-tale odor of decomposition could be determined in certain places, but streets and roads were remarkably free from this phase of death.

ONE MASS OF ASHEN RUINS.

The city had been one mass of color, the yellow-painted houses with their red-tiled roofs and bluish-gray shutters contrasting harmoniously with the great forests of green encircling it, and the gentian blue of the tropical sky overhead.

One great crumbling mass of ashen ruins was what we found left of all this. Terraces were levelled, so that the effect was that of a gently sloping plain from the eastern rim of the city to the sea. Streets were choked with huge boulders, fallen stones, cinders and ashes, so as to be indistinguishable except for the torn and ragged walls of the buildings that had bordered them.

These walls were standing in some cases to the height of the first story. But it was only here and there that a wall was standing. In many cases the building was entirely level with the débris surrounding it. It was noted that in every case the wall which still stood in part was the seaward wall, that furthest from the force of the volcanic blast.

I picked my way over the rocks toward the Rue Victor Hugo, with the cathedral ruins as a landmark. It was like mountain climbing. The feet slipped and slid in the powdery ash

that on a level rose over the instep. I had not gone twenty-five yards before a slipping stone dislodged a skull that rolled gently down a little slope of rock and rested in the ashes below, with teeth gleaming to the sky. A few steps further on, just inside a three-foot wall, lay a charred torso and head. From that time on fragments of bodies were seen everywhere.

The interior of the cathedral spelled destruction more eloquently, perhaps, than any other spot in St. Pierre. It would have taken an expert in church architecture to have separated from the mass of débris piled high as a man on horseback, the original site of any of its fittings except the altar. At one end the facade, and the great bell, with the gnarled, distorted steel framework of the bell tower, at the other the shattered marble and the scorched, discolored fittings of the altar. At one's feet lay shattered slabs of marble, pictured with Biblical carvings, the beautiful doors of the sanctuary wrested from their hinges, and the candelabra broken like pipe stems.

The great walls and roof buried almost all these in an immense mass of débris, and the eastern side was impassable. The great Christ that had stood midway between the towers, seeming from sea against the background of green as if the statue were erected high up on the hills, was nowhere to be seen.

So complete was the obliteration that nothing was left of the exterior of any building in the whole city, save the cathedral, to enable the observer who had not known its location before to tell whether it was dwelling or factory, stable or palace, shop or chateau. Sometimes in the interior of the ruins a broken and twisted household utensil or article of furnishing or decoration might proclaim the character of the structure that had stood there.

As in other French towns, although there were "better" residence sections than others, very fine dwellings were scattered throughout all parts of the city. The sunken baths, in very many cases, proclaimed the abiding place of a prosperous citizen. These were particularly numerous in one part of the southeastern section. They were of circular shape, built of masonry usually, with a carved marble inlet for the water and a few marble steps leading down. They were from twelve to sixteen feet in diameter, frequently, and from three to six feet in depth. In every case these baths were found choked level with mud and ashes.

In one magnificent bath, fully twenty feet in diameter, in the ruins of a house that had stood to the north and east of the cathedral,

were uncovered three bodies. The onrush of smoke and poisonous fumes, perhaps the outbreak of fire, had driven these three to the bath for safety, but there was no safety for any living thing in St. Pierre that morning.

Another body was found with the head in a large porcelain bowl. This was an evident attempt to escape from suffocating fumes, but the basin, instead of water, was banked high above the head with dry ashes when the body was found, and probably was so within a moment of the futile plunge for safety.

Some of us climbed to the site of the Jardin des Plantes, that wonderful tropical outburst of flower, tree and shrub, the fairy garden of the world. For the mile from the military road flanking the city to the outskirts of the gardens on the slopes of Mont Parnasse, the way led over a trail of ash and ruin blazed by no human foot since the blight of Pelée.

The once luxuriantly wooded heights were bare as the side of a rock, and all that remained of the once magnificent gardens was a waste of desolation. For as far as the eye could see not a green thing was in sight, not even a leaf, not a tiny blade of grass. Giant palms were uprooted, shrivelled, blasted. Ravines and lakes, rivulets, walks, cascades, arbors, fountains—all blended in one gray hillside waste, shrouded in the omnipresent ash.

Wandering in the military road in the northeastern part of the city, slipping down over a sheer bluff to the terrace below, the way led over a darker-colored substance than the ash of the ruins. One step, a sinking as in a bog or a quicksand, two steps and a desperate plunge for the gray-stone ruin from which we had thoughtlessly stepped—we were almost up to our knees in the thickest, stickiest, most clinging mud imaginable, showing light clay-colored on our boots as the sun struck it. "La Roxelane!" cried a member of the party, and surely enough the stone culvert a few yards further up, and a careful glance at the map, showed that we had walked into what was once the bed of the little river that tumbled its way from the mountains through the city, now but a huge serpentine trail of mud.

The Roxelane lay deep in a narrow ravine, the houses on either side being built high on the bank. When we stepped into its course it was from the side wall of a building, perhaps ten feet from the ground. Had we stepped off this place before the Roxelane became a mud-bank we should have stepped into at least forty feet of space. There was forty feet deep of

viscid mud, right from the heart of Pelée. It helped us a little to appreciate the horrors of that grim morning when Pelée poured forth its floods of ruin. A rippling, purling stream of pure water dancing over the rocks—in the twinkling of an eye changed into a forty-foot thick mudbank.

A FINAL GLANCE AT PELÉE.

The little tug put out to the northwest to get to windward of the volcano. As we scurried along, a magnificent view of the dread monster was afforded. It was hard to realize that the gaunt, riven bare miles of the mountain slope, simply undulating wastes of mud and ashes, were but a few days before covered with a primeval forest of such luxuriant growth that the traveler literally had to cut his way through.

Steam boiled in jets all over the slopes, and shot up all along the coast line where the hot mud struck the waters of the Caribbean. One great cleft, a tremendous ravine of darkness, extending from the very wall of the crater, seemed to split the mountain in two. It was as if some Titanic axe had cleaved it open. There were innumerable other clefts, ravines, fissures, lateral and perpendicular, criss-crossed like lattice-work. In the distance they were but dark lines in the waste, seams in the gray garment of desolation. The one great split in the mountain, however, from crater to sea, was plainly discernible miles away. Huge mud banks marked the mouth of the Riviere Blanche, all that there were to indicate the location of the Guerin sugar works, first victim of La Pelée's wrath. A huge mound of mud, fully 500 feet long and fifty feet in depth to the north, bore a gruesome resemblance to a great coffin, or a giant mummy.

A jet black stream, like a huge serpent, trailed down the slope and forked out over the bluish gray mud to the sea. It was evidently some bituminous substance from the heart of the crater. A freak of the weather lifted the clouds and disclosed the crater, a huge circular basin in the mountain side. The searchlight playing on the outgush of black smoke, the innumerable steam geysers and the vaporous clouds gave a weird, fantastic effect that bade defiance to words at description. High up on a hill to the south a vivid splash of green gave the only color. The little village of Le Precheur nestled under the northwestern slope of the mountain by the sea, ash-strewn, forlorn, abandoned. From the crater a whitish smoke arose, growing darker as the eye followed down the main cleft.

The Great Disasters of History

THE WRATH OF VESUVIUS..... NEW YORK HERALD

After untold years in which Vesuvius had for a while resigned its pretensions as the principal vent of the great Neapolitan volcanic system the sleeping giant gave warning of a sudden awakening.

A violent convulsion of the earth occurred around its base. Many lives were lost. Much injury was done to the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and most of the inhabitants fled in affright. Some never returned. The majority, however, regained courage when these preliminary stirrings had subsided and went back to their homes, but never to enjoy the same immunity from fear. For sixteen years thereafter earthquakes were of periodical occurrence. These grew gradually more and more violent.

But the obstruction which had so long impeded the ejection of the confined matter was not readily removed. It was not until the memorable August of 79 A. D. that the superincumbent mass, after numerous and violent internal throes, was at length hurried forth. Of the extraordinary catastrophe which resulted, we have an excellent account in a letter written by an eyewitness, Pliny the Younger, to his friend Tacitus the Younger.

Tacitus had asked for an account of the death of the elder Pliny, uncle of the younger, who had perished in his eagerness to obtain a nearer view of the dreadful phenomenon. This afforded the nephew an opportunity of detailing all the circumstances from the beginning.

In that fateful August, we learn, both the Plinys, with the lady who was respectively sister and mother to them, were at Misenum, a seaport near Pompeii, where the elder Pliny was in charge of the Roman fleet.

"On the 24th day of August," says the younger Pliny, "about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very extraordinary size and shape. He arose at once and went out upon a height whence he might more distinctly view this strange phenomenon."

Pliny's curiosity was aroused. He ordered a small vessel to be prepared that he might sail closer. The nephew, however, could not be aroused to any similar interest. He was

too deep in his studies to be disturbed, so the old gentleman set out alone.

It soon became evident that the phenomenon was an unusual and most threatening one. Pliny gave orders that several galleys should accompany his vessel and steered the little flotilla to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, "for the villas stood extremely thick upon that lovely coast." As they approached cinders, pumice stone and black fragments of burning rock fell on and around the ships.

"They were in danger, too, of running aground, owing to the sudden retreat of the sea; vast fragments also rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore."

The pilot advised retreat. Pliny would not hear of it. "Fortune befriends the brave," he cried and ordered the ships press onward to Stabiao. Here he did his best to encourage his friends whom he found in great consternation, assured them that the flames which they saw in several places were merely burning villages, and after eating supper, retired calmly to rest.

"Being pretty fat," says his nephew, "and breathing hard, those who attended outside actually heard him snore."

But now the court outside the house was almost filled up with stones and ashes. The house itself rocked and swayed. Pliny was incontinently aroused from his slumbers. Joining the rest of the company he found them planning to make a sortie. They decided on seeking the fields for safety.

Fastening pillows on their heads as a protection from falling stones, they advanced in the midst of an obscurity greater than that of the darkest day—though beyond the limits of the great cloud it was already broad day. When they reached the shore, they found the waves running so high that they dared not venture out to sea. So Pliny calmly resumed his nap.

"Having drunk a draught of two of cold water, he lay down on a cloth that was spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphurous vapors dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise.

"Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead, suffocated, I suppose, by some gross and

noxious vapor, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing."

Meanwhile the nephew was still at Misenum. Even here there was danger, although Vesuvius was no less than fourteen miles away.

The land rocked like the sea. The sea itself broke and ebbed and flowed on the coast in tides as novel as they were eccentric. Explosion succeeded explosion, roar followed roar from the top of the mountain.

This had now disappeared behind a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphurous vapors, whence came intermittent but dazzling flashes of lightning.

The light of the afternoon faded as the murky pall spread further from its centre and enveloped Misenum and the island of Caprae in a common gloom. When the sun had set the cloud which veiled the summit was lit up, not only with the intermittent tongues of flame, but also with a continuous ruddy glow, as from some vast hidden furnace, while a hail of projectiles fell fast and furious down the sides of the mountain.

So passed the night. Then came the hour of dawn, but not the light of day. This, we are told, even at far away Misenum, was "exceedingly faint and languid." Not yet were the terrors of the eruption at an end. The level ground near the Misenum, whereon the fugitives from the shaken houses had gathered, rocked to and fro. The sea rolled back from the land, leaving the shores strewn with many marine animals. The cloud that rested on Vesuvius became more and more murky, and then seemed to be riven by darting sheets of flame.

Again it came sweeping across the bay. It was blacker than any night. "like the blackness of a room shut up." On every side "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children and the crying and shouting of men."

At length a light appeared, which was not however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness enveloped everything. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed and buried in the thick layer covering the whole country.

Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to dissipate. When at length day returned and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the overhanging canopy every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow.

Pliny says nothing in his letter of the destruction of the two populous and important cities. He tells us that at Stabiae a shower of ashes fell so heavily that several days before the end of the eruption the court leading to the elder Pliny's room was beginning to be filled up. When the eruption ceased Stabiae was completely overwhelmed.

Far more sudden, however, was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The two cities were first shaken violently by the throes of the disturbed mountain. It is probable that the inhabitants were driven by these anticipatory throes to fly from the doomed towns. For notwithstanding Dion Cassius, who wrote more than a century after the catastrophe and who reports that the two cities were buried under showers of ashes "while all the people were sitting in the theater," we know now from the evidence furnished by the excavations that none of the people were destroyed in the theaters, and, indeed, that there were very few who did not escape from both cities. Dion Cassius doubtless obtained the material for his accounts from the traditions of the descendants of survivors, and he shows how terrible was the impression made upon their minds. He assures us that during the eruption a multitude of men of superhuman nature appeared, sometimes on the mountain and sometimes in the environs, that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden and then the giants seemed to rise again, while the sounds of trumpets were heard.

THE LISBON DISASTER..... WM. KINSEY*

The three years previous to 1775 had been remarkably dry, insomuch that some springs, which had been plentifully supplied with water, were totally lost; and the predominant winds were east and north-east, accompanied with various, though very small, motions and tremblings of the earth. The spring of 1775 was very rainy and wet, the weather on the day preceding the earthquake was clear and uncommonly warm for the season, and had continued clear, and rather warmer than usual, for several days before. The day of the earthquake broke with a serene sky, the wind continuing at east; but about nine o'clock the sun began to grow dim, and soon after was heard a rumbling noise like that of carriages, which increased to such a degree as to equal that of the loudest cannon; upon which the first shock was

* Reprinted from Kinsey's Portugal

felt, and this was immediately followed by a second and third, the whole duration of which was about eight minutes; about twelve o'clock another shock was felt. During the first shock, the greatest part of the public edifices and other buildings were thrown down, and not less than 60,000 of its inhabitants buried in the ruins. The earth opened in fissures in several parts, and several light flames of fire were observed to issue from the sides of the mountains, resembling those of kindled charcoal. Subterraneous shocks were also felt, attended with a discharge of great quantities of smoke. The water in the sea rose several times, and in a few minutes made three fluxes and refluxes, rising above the greatest springtide no less than fifteen English feet. The shock was likewise, about the same time, felt at Porto, by which the whole city was shaken; several chimneys, stones, and crosses were thrown down, some buildings opened at top, and the swelling in the river was so considerable that two large ships, which were just got over the bar, were driven back into the harbor.

It was the morning of the holyday of All Saints when this catastrophe occurred at Lisbon, and the churches were filled at the same time with congregations of persons, whom piety or apprehension had induced to take refuge within the sanctuary, but which, instead of protection and security, gave them the asylum of the tomb; for the sacred buildings were either burnt by the falling of a multitude of candles, which were lighted in honor of the day, or were overthrown in an instant, burying everything in their ruins. Whole families were involved at once in the destruction of their houses, or were stifled or burnt in their beds; a violent tempest occurring to increase the horrors of the moment by adding to the force of the flames, and causing them to spread more widely over the city. A large multitude of the inhabitants rushed to the public square to avoid destruction by the surrounding dangers; and whilst hundreds of them were on their knees returning thanks for their fancied preservation, the sea rose, and, forcing the river to overflow its banks, rushed into the square, and carried them, as it receded, as sudden as it was dreadful. In the midst of the scene of desolation, bands of negroes, soldiers, availing themselves of the accompanying darkness, were found wandering about for the purpose of plunder, violence and murder amid the ruins.

The level of the square of the Rocio seems to have been the principal point where the full severity of the earthquake was felt; the

hill, on which the castle stands, the cathedral and the Alfama, the oldest quarter of the town, covering the steep hill between the castle and the Tagus, and which consists of a series of narrow lanes intersecting each other, altogether escaped from the violence. Some traces of this memorable and calamitous convulsion are still to be seen in the ruins of the college of Jesuits; in the Largo do Carmo, in the skeleton of the Church of the Carmelite monks, a Gothic edifice, like the cathedral, and now sunk considerably below its original level. The unfinished state of the elegant chapel, which was attached to the Franciscan convent, with the surrounding inequalities of the soil, may be regarded likewise as additional evidences of the destructive extent of this awful visitation of Providence.

THE DESTRUCTION OF KRAKATOA..... ROBERT STAWELL BALL.*

Until the year 1883 few had ever heard of Krakatoa. It was unknown to fame, as are hundreds of other gems of glorious vegetation set in tropical waters. It is not inhabited, but the natives from the surrounding shores of Sumatra and Java used occasionally to draw their canoes up on its beach, while they roamed through the jungle in search of wild fruits that there abounded. Geographers in early days hardly condescended to notice Krakatoa; the name of the island on their maps would have been far longer than the island itself. It was known to the mariner who navigated the straits of Sunda, for it was marked on his charts as one of the perils of the intricate navigation in those waters. It was, no doubt, recorded that the locality had been once, or more than once, the seat of an active volcano. In fact, the island seemed to owe its existence to some frightful eruption of bygone days; but for a couple of centuries there had been no fresh outbreak. It almost seemed as if Krakatoa might be regarded as a volcano that had become extinct. In this respect it was only like many other similar objects all over the globe, or like the countless extinct volcanoes all over the moon.

In 1883 Krakatoa suddenly sprang into notoriety. Insignificant though it had hitherto seemed, the little island was soon to compel by its tones of thunder the whole world to pay it instant attention. It was to become the scene of a volcanic outbreak so appalling that it is destined to be remembered throughout the ages. In the spring of that year there were

*From *The Earth's Beginning*. Sir Robert Stawell Ball. N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.80 net.

symptoms that the volcanic powers in Krakatoa were once more about to awake from the slumber that had endured for many generations. Notable warnings were given. Earthquakes were felt, and deep rumblings proceeded from the earth, showing that some disturbance was in preparation, and that the old volcano was again to burst forth after its long period of rest. At first the eruption did not threaten to be of any serious type; in fact, the good people of Batavia, so far from being terrified at what was in progress at Krakatoa, thought the display was such an attraction that they chartered a steamer and went forth for a pleasant picnic to the island.

As the summer of this dread year advanced the vigor of Krakatoa steadily increased; the noises became more and more vehement; these were presently audible on shores ten miles distant, and then twenty miles distant; and still those noises waxed louder and louder, until the great thunder of the volcano now so rapidly developing astonished the inhabitants that dwelt over an area at least as large as Great Britain. And there were other symptoms of the approaching catastrophe. With each successive convulsion a quantity of fine dust was projected aloft into the clouds. The wind could not carry this dust away as rapidly as it was hurled upwards by Krakatoa, and accordingly the atmosphere became heavily charged with suspended particles. A pall of darkness thus hung over the adjoining seas and islands. Such was the thickness and the density of these atmospheric volumes of Krakatoa dust that for 100 miles around the darkness of midnight prevailed at midday. Then the awful tragedy of Krakatoa took place.

On the night of Sunday, August 26, 1883, the blackness of the dust clouds, now much thicker than ever in the straits of Sunda and adjacent parts of Sumatra and Java, was only occasionally illumined by lurid flashes from the volcano. The Krakatoan thunders were on the point of attaining their complete development. At the town of Batavia, a hundred miles distant, there was no quiet that night. The houses trembled with the subterranean violence and the windows rattled as if heavy artillery were being discharged in the streets. And still these efforts seemed to be only rehearsing for the supreme play. By 10 o'clock on the morning of Monday, August 27, 1883, the rehearsals were over and the performance began. An overture, consisting of two or three introductory explosions, was succeeded by a

frightful convulsion, which tore away a large part of the island of Krakatoa and scattered it to the winds of heaven. In that final effort all records of previous explosions on this earth were completely broken.

The supreme effort it was which produced the mightiest noise that, so far as we can ascertain, has ever been heard on this globe. It must have been, indeed, a loud noise which could travel from Krakatoa to Batavia and preserve its vehemence over so great a distance; but we should form a very inadequate conception of the energy of the eruption of Krakatoa if we thought that its sounds were heard by those merely a hundred miles off. This would be little indeed compared with what is recorded, on testimony which it is impossible to doubt.

If Vesuvius were vigorous enough to emit a roar like Krakatoa, how great would be the consternation of the world. Such a report might be heard by King Edward at Windsor and by the Czar of all the Russias at Moscow. It would astonish the German Emperor and his subjects. It would penetrate to the seclusion of the Sultan at Constantinople. Nansen would still have been within its reach when he was furthest North, near the pole. It would have extended to the sources of the Nile, near the equator. It would have been heard by Mohammedan pilgrims at Mecca. It would have reached the ears of exiles in Siberia. No inhabitant of Persia would have been beyond its range, while passengers on half the lines crossing the Atlantic would also catch the mighty reverberation.

In the autumn of 1883 the newspapers were full of accounts of strange appearances in the heavens. The letters containing these accounts poured in upon us from residents of Ceylon; they came from residents in the West Indies and from other tropical places. All had the same tale to tell. Sometimes experienced observers assured us the sun looked blue; sometimes we were told of the amazement with which people beheld the moon draped in vivid green. Other accounts told of curious halos, and, in short, of the signs in the sun, moon and stars, which were exceedingly unusual, even if we do not say that they were entirely unprecedented.

Those who wrote to tell of the strange hues that the sun manifested to travelers in Ceylon, or to planters in Jamaica, never dreamed of attributing the phenomena to Krakatoa, many thousands of miles away. In fact, these observers knew nothing at the time of the Kra-

katoa eruption, and probably few of them, if any, had ever heard that such a place existed. It was only gradually that the belief grew that these phenomena were due to Krakatoa. But when the accounts were carefully compared, and when the dates were studied at which the phenomena were witnessed in the various localities, it was demonstrated that these phenomena, notwithstanding their world-wide distribution, had certainly arisen from the eruption on the little island in the straits of Sunda. It was most assuredly Krakatoa that painted the sun and moon, and produced the other strange and weird phenomena of the tropics.

SOME VOLCANOES..... C. F. HOLDER..... SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Volumes have been written about volcanoes and their causes, but in point of fact, very little is known about them beyond what we see. In the eighteenth century Humboldt tells us "225 volcanoes erupted," and this is known to be far below the actual number, and doubtless the "extinct" volcano is merely dormant. *Ætna*, which towers 11,000 feet into the air and has a circumference of about 100 miles, has been active periodically for thousands of years—300,000 at least. For the past two thousand years it has had eruptions about four times a century, or every twenty-five years. *Ætna* is a typical periodic volcano; while *Stromboli* is an example of continued mild eruptions. The photographs of the moon exhibit a remarkable state of ancient volcanic eruption, the face of the moon having the appearance of a pepper box, and doubtless from a great height the earth or certain sections would have a similar appearance, as volcanoes, ancient and modern, are more common than generally supposed. The Pacific Ocean, especially in the equatorial region, is dotted with them. The following groups are conspicuous volcanic centers: the Society group, Marquesas, Navigator, Feejees, Friendly Islands, New Hebrides and Ladrões. Many of these are active, as Tauna and Ambrym in the New Hebrides, Tafoa and Amargura in the Friendly Islands, Tinakora in the Santa Cruz Islands. *Mona Loa*, 13,760 feet high, is one of the splendid active volcanoes of the world, as well as *Mt. Hualalai*, 10,000 feet, while *Mount Kea* also, on the Hawaiian Islands, is now supposed to be extinct. At least ten of the islands, including *Martinique*, representing the West India group, are volcanic and bear volcanoes. In the Mediterranean country we have *Vesuvius*,

the volcanoes of Sicily and others in Spain, France, Germany, etc., formerly more or less active. Near Greece there are five volcanic islands. *Mount Ararat*, 16,950 feet, is an ancient volcano, and among the Red Sea are many volcanic cones. Passing on to Java we find fifty volcanoes, twenty-five of which are active, and the same is true, more or less, of *Sumatra* and *Borneo*. About the latter over one hundred make life strenuous among the small islands. *Madagascar*, *Mauritius*, the *Isle of Bourbon*, and *Comore Islands*, all have volcanoes, and as we approach the South Pole the smoke of *Erebus* and *Terror* suggests volcanic activity. *Africa* is not particularly famous in this respect, but the *Bight of Benin* and the various islands are volcanic. *St. Helena*, the *Canaries*, the *Cape Verde*, *Madaira*, *Iceland* and the *Azores* are virtual volcanoes more or less ancient.

With the Philippines we have acquired fifteen or twenty volcanoes. *Patagonia* has its volcanoes; *Chili* can boast of thirty-two, *Aconcagua* being 23,000 feet in height, and there are a dozen in *Peru* and *Bolivia*. *Quito* is surrounded by nearly twenty volcanoes, none of which are under 12,000 feet, *Cotopaxi* (19,600 feet) being the center of interest. Coming up the coast the volcano seeker will find nearly forty in Central America, and in Mexico a number, large and small.

The volcanoes of America, or of the United States, are of especial interest and they are found in the Western country, as a rule west of the Rocky Mountains. One of the most beautiful of these is *Mount Shasta*, 14,440 feet high, which rears its massive twin cones in Northern California. *Mount Helena* in Oregon, 12,600 feet in height, is a majestic volcanic peak, and *Mount Hood*, 11,225 feet, has a world-wide fame for its beauties, little thought being given to its activity in the early geological history of the continent. Other famous peaks are *Mount Jefferson*, *Mount Adams*, *Mount Rainier*, *Mount Baker* and *Mount Lassen*.

In the Aleutian chain there are twenty-one islands with volcanoes. *Kamtschatka* has fifteen or twenty, the *Kurile Islands* thirteen, and the *Japan group* twenty-four. In a word, the world is fairly dotted with volcanoes more or less notable for their activity in ancient or modern times. The catastrophe of *Mount Pelée* calls to mind other famous eruptions. The extinct volcano of *Maui*, 10,217 feet high, not many centuries ago emitted a river of lava two miles wide. In 1779 *Vesuvius* tossed cinders 10,000 feet into the air. During the

time of Christ Vesuvius was extinct; even its crater was covered with verdure and its slopes to the summit with vines and trees; then Pompeii was destroyed and one thousand years passed in silence until 1036, when an eruption occurred. In 1631 towns about the base were destroyed, and it is known that the outbreaks have increased in volume and violence in time, yet people still live on the slopes, inviting the fate which is almost certain to come in some later generation.

In 1815 Tomboro on the island of Sumbawa erupted, causing a panic in the Japanese group. Herschel estimated that the ashes if collected would have made a solid mass three times the size of Mont Blanc. For days utter darkness hung over the island and explosions were heard in Ceylon, nearly one thousand miles distant. In 1783 Mount Reykjanes threw out a mass of lava equivalent to twenty-one cubic miles. Perhaps the most remarkable flow was that of Kilauea, one of our own possessions, which in 1840 ejected a river of lava forty miles long; if collected it was estimated

that it would have covered a square mile eight hundred feet in depth. The roar of the volcano of Cosequina, Nicaragua, in 1835, was heard at Jamaica, eight hundred miles northeast. That of St. Vincent in 1812 was heard on the llanos of Caracas. The volcano of Souffrière at St. Vincent, now devastating the island, and supposed for years to be extinct, has many times wrecked portions of the island, the eruptions of 1718 and 1812 being particularly terrible. The latter has been remembered as "Black Sunday." The inhabitants of Barbadoes thought that the fleets of France and Germany were engaged, so loud was the continued roar, yet Barbadoes is eighty miles distant. This island was buried deep in gloom from the dust of St. Vincent and covered several inches deep, yet the St. Vincent islanders forgot the warning, and on the termination of the present outbreaks on this island and Martinique the places not covered with lava will again be occupied, St. Pierre will be restored and life, or what there is left, will move on until the next cataclysm.

The Nature of Volcanoes*

By Professor N. S. Shaler

The first certain clue as to the cause of volcanoes was found when the outlines of the history of celestial spheres came to be discerned by astronomers—when it was seen that each of these bodies, suns, planets, and satellites alike is, in an early stage of their development, intensely fluid, from heat, and that, parting with a share of their heat which goes forth into space, they in time come to be cold upon their surfaces, though they may remain for ages intensely hot within. Applying this knowledge as to the general history of the spheres to the earth, geologists proceeded to explain volcanic eruptions by the supposition that they were due to the escape to the surface of some part of the ancient store of heated matter which lies below the frozen outer crust. This view, which was suggested in the latter part of the eighteenth century, is evidently the basis on which a valid explanation of the complicated problems of volcanology must be founded.

Following the path of enquiry opened by the earth's ancient history given to them by the

astronomers, students of geology began to seek the causes which lead to the violent ejections of heated materials from the depths of the earth. Curiously enough, it was only within the last century that observers came to recognize one of the most conspicuous features in all volcanic explosions, viz., the vast quantities of steam which always escape during such outbreaks. It had long been noticed that torrential rains usually attend on these explosions; but this was accounted for on the supposition that the water had gathered in caverns at the roots of the crater, and had been driven high into the air at the moment when the eruption began. Moreover, this stream, being commonly mingled with finely powdered rock, appears in the ejections of the cave as very dark-colored, often nearly black, a quite different hue from the unstained vapor of water. A close study of the matter showed that all lava, as it comes forth from the depths of the earth is charged with steam. If we watch it near its exit, we see that the surface of the fluid boils furiously from the escaping vapor. Even after

* North American Review

flowing for hours, every square inch of the surface shows from moment to moment the escaping bubbles. Next the very hot surface, the steam, being intensely heated, is perfectly transparent; as it rises and cools, it becomes more and more visible; and at a considerable height, it forms the cloud-like wrap of vapor which hangs over the path of the flowing lava.

Further enquiry has clearly shown that the force which brings about a volcanic eruption, is mainly, if not altogether, due to the expansive power of steam at the temperature, it may be, of 2,000°, or more, Fahrenheit; and that, in large measure, the physical condition of the ejected rocky matter, whether ashes, bombs, or flowing lava, depends upon the amount of this steam in the fluid rock and the temperature it attains.

The eruptions of a volcano are essentially like boiler explosions, where steam at high temperatures rends the walls which restrain it. The tumult of the greater outbreaks arises from innumerable rupturings. The water which impels the ejection is in most, if not all, instances very intimately mingled with the rock which, when melted, forms the lava. When the eruption is so violent that the lava is brought suddenly from the depths of the earth, as is the case in all considerable outbreaks, the lava is blown into a dust finer than can be produced by any process of grinding rock. Thus, in the explosion of Krakatoa, in 1883, the dust was in such minute particles that much of it floated for three years, all the earth about, before it came to rest; and some part of it appears to have gathered into what were called "shining clouds," which gradually rose higher and higher until they seemed to escape from our atmosphere. Such dust has been known to bring midnight darkness at mid-day more than a thousand miles from the volcano that poured it forth. This measure of comminution from exploding steam indicates that the water was very completely mingled with the rocky matter before it was heated.

Where the ascent of the lava to the surface is more gradual than it is when the material is rent into dust, the water appears to gather into aggregates, so that the explosion produces larger fragments looking like grains of sand or having a pebbly form and size. As the violence of the movement is still further reduced, the steam has a chance to boil out of the lava, which then accumulates in the crater, or in the pipes below its level, until it breaks its way through the heap of cinders of which the cone is composed, and flows away as a stream.

When, as in the great volcanoes which remain permanently in eruption, the boiling lava remains long in the cup, it may part with nearly all its steam; but in all cases it is evident that this vapor is the mainspring of volcanic action.

Taking it as proved that volcanic explosions are essentially due to the expansive force of steam at a very high temperature, the next question concerns the method by which the water obtains access to the rocks, and becomes intimately mingled with the materials of which they are composed. On this point there is as yet no agreement; some students of the matter hold that the water in question passes downward from the surface to the heated depths, and there, coming in contact with the molten rock, is converted into steam. This view is clearly untenable, for the reason that the water is perfectly mingled with the lava; a condition which could not be brought about by a mere contact with heated rock on its way to become lava. The least generation of steam under these conditions would tend to expel the descending water through the passages by which it entered the earth.

Let us first note that, from the depths of the earth, heat in large quantities is constantly and everywhere passing forth into the cold spaces that wrap in the sphere. Each year enough heat thus creeps upward through the blanket of rocks, if it could be held in the crust, to raise the temperature of a layer of any ordinary stone a foot in thickness by some degrees of temperature. Now, beneath the sea floor, strata are normally accumulating at a geologically rapid rate; and every layer, because it is a non-conductor, serves to retain this heat, as does the mineral wool covering in a boiler or the "cosset" on a teapot. The result is that a layer of rock laid down many geological periods ago on the cool surface of the ancient ocean floor, say at 40° Fahrenheit, if covered by successive strata to the depth of 100,000 feet, will acquire a very high temperature, probably somewhere near 2,000° Fahrenheit. We see, by the remnants of strata which are exhibited on the land, that even much greater thicknesses of deposits may be heaped up over wide areas. Now, let us remember that, as beds of any kind are laid down in water, they are always made up of fragments; and between these bits are spaces which are filled by the fluid; and, furthermore, that the bits themselves are water-soaked. This water, as I have found by extended enquiry, amounts in different kinds of strapped rocks to from one-twentieth to one-fifth of their mass. Given this water, and the heat which

must come to it with deep burial, and we have the fundamental conditions of a volcanic explosion—conditions which do not exist beneath the lands where the blanket of strata is always wearing away (with the result that the temperature of the underlying rocks is ever lowering), and which exist only beneath the great water areas, where strata are accumulating, and, as a consequence, the deep-buried water is ever becoming hotter and ever straining more vigorously on the rocks that case it in.

As for the ways in which volcanic vents are opened, and the details of the process by which the imprisoned water finds its way to the surface, driving with it the melted rock in which it is contained, our knowledge is yet limited. It is clear, however, that many, if not most, volcanoes are situated along those lines of fracture of the earth's crust termed "faults"—breaks which may extend from the surface downward for many miles of depth. These fractures often are so placed that they traverse coast lines, so that the volcanic materials produced beneath the sea floors may find their way to the air on neighboring continents. This arrangement of volcanoes along great breaks in the strata, accounts also for the fact that, when a volcano on one part of the rift becomes active, others on the same line are likely to erupt; as has been the case in the vents on Martinique and St. Vincent. It is from many such instances evident that the movements of the heated rocks which feed one crater—movements of much violence—are likely, by the resulting shocks, to awaken a train of convulsions which may propagate the action far from its source.

It is to be borne in mind that, when extremely heated rocks containing water are penetrated by a fault, the expanding steam will force the whole mass in movement toward the place of escape—as in the instance of dough, where the yeast fermentation produces gas, the material creeps in the direction of least resistance. When the rocks start on their enforced journey they are probably solid, kept in that state by the vast pressure of the beds above them, but, as they arrive near the surface, they become softened, and finally, it may be, as liquid as molten glass. The evidence goes to show that the lavas and ashes which are poured from the greater volcanoes are often derived from locations hundreds of miles away from the vent by which they escape. Thus, while the materials thrown out by Aetna have probably amounted to a bulk of more than a thousand cubic miles, the foundations of the cone have gradually risen since ejections began, until

now its base is some hundred feet higher than at the beginning. This clearly indicates the remote derivation of the erupted matter.

Turning now to the recent calamitous eruptions of Martinique and St. Vincent, let us see what light our knowledge of volcanic action turns upon these events. It is, in the first place, evident that these eruptions, frightful as they have been in their effect on human interests, are of relatively slight physical importance. The intensity of a volcanic outbreak may be approximately measured by the distance at which the sounds produced are heard. In the greater eruptions, such as that of Krakatoa, the most violent explosions were audible two thousand miles or more away from their source. In the Martinique eruption they appear to have been heard at a distance of no more than two hundred miles. As the energy of the shock to air and earth is roughly proportional to the areas affected, it appears that the former disturbance was at least a hundred times as violent as the latter. To what, then, we attribute the unexampled magnitude of may this calamity; for in no other well-attested eruption has the loss of life been so great?

A glance at the position of St. Pierre in relation to the volcano which destroyed it shows that the city lay within four or five miles of the cone, and on the side whereto the prevailing winds would be likely to drive the vapor and ashes from the crater. The ash ejected appears to have been mainly of a coarse nature, and the quantity of volcanic bombs—that is, masses of lava, which, whirling, take on a rudely spherical form—more than usually great in quantity. The falling ash apparently served to force the heated air and steam down upon the surface, so that it flowed over the town, while the bombs, molten lava within, though hard crusted without, were as effective as hot shot in carrying heat and setting fire. It is probable that, in this as in other eruptions from long-dormant volcanoes, much carbon-acid gas, which had gathered in the caverns at the base of the cone, was mingled with the steam and sulphurous fumes, the whole forming an irrespirable air, which quickly and mercifully suffocated the stricken folk. Thus, while the accident appears to have been, in a geological sense, relatively unimportant, the position of the town in relation to the cone, the neighborhood of sea which barred flight, and the somewhat unusual swiftness in the development of the outbreak, combined to make it a very great calamity.

Captured by Brigands*

By Ellen M. Stone

It was a perfect September day, the third of the month, clear, warm, and sunshiny, so that our spirits rose as we entered into the merry confusion of loading and mounting our horses. Great numbers of our friends had gathered to bid us good-bye and to give us their loving wishes for a prosperous journey. The hallway of the house and the veranda were bright with the pretty Bulgarian dresses.

As we finally rode out through the big gate into the narrow street I noticed with surprise, which, unfortunately, did not reach the point of suspicion that my *kiridjee* (driver) led the way by the upper end of the village. When I asked him why he did so, instead of going out lower down, according to our usual custom, he answered that it was better so, and we let it pass, although I continued to feel a little uneasy at the unusual liberty he had taken. A few moments later we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka with their weeping friends. The hearts of these young parents were doubly torn by the thought that they were leaving a little grave in the Protestant cemetery in Bansko, where they had laid their baby boy only three weeks before.

UNAWARE OF STEALTHY WATCHERS

Our party now being complete, we clattered merrily along the stony road, laughing and talking. There were just thirteen of us—unlucky number—three young men, students in our schools; three of our young lady teachers; Mrs. Oosheva, an older Bible woman; Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka, and myself, with three muleteers.

Lofty peaks of the Perim mountains loomed up in the south, and luxuriant forests covered all the foot-hills to the plain. How could a suspicion of danger overshadow the hearts of the happy party? They were rejoicing in the love of the friends from whom they had just parted, basking in the beauty of God's world about them, and full of hopes and high resolves to accomplish nobler things in the future for the Bulgarians in Macedonia through their schools and spiritual training.

We had been provided with the usual *teskere* or travelling passport, permitting us to make this journey.

We were on the main road between Bansko and Djumia—though this road is only a rough mountain trail—and we had seven men with us, one of them armed. Never within my knowledge had so large a party been attacked. Three hours distant from Bansko we passed the guard-house, where Turkish soldiers looked out at us stolidly, and then we went on down into the beautiful valley, the trail following a mountain brook full of little cascades and cool, dark pools. After a time we dismounted, that we might better enjoy the beauties of the way, and hold converse with the young students, all of whom were walking. I suppose that hidden eyes watched our every movement.

At length we came to a lonely bit of greensward, under the shade of forest trees, by which purred and foamed the stream along its rocky bed. Some one suggested lunch, and immediately the stores were brought out, and we sat down in great content to refresh ourselves. How delicious were the meat balls, the fried cakes resembling crullers, and the native pastry (*banitza*), with fresh water from the stream! When we were refreshed we set out again on our way, hoping to reach the khan where we intended to spend the night, before darkness should overtake us.

THE AMBUSH AT THE BALANCED ROCK

Mrs. Oosheva led the column, with her son Peter walking by her side—a fine chivalrous boy. We wound along the steep trail for some distance, the sure-footed mountain horses following one another in Indian file. Thus we approached a cliff known as the Balanced Rock, a bald crag of the mountain which here juts out into the valley, turning the stream to one side. At this point the pathway leads down into the water, so that travelers must ride into the swift current, pass around the rock, and strike the trail again on the farther side. Those in the lead of such a cavalcade as ours would necessarily be hidden from those in the rear while passing the rock. An admirable spot for an

*By special permission of McClure's Magazine

ambush. But we had passed it safely so many times before that none of us thought of danger.

Suddenly we were startled by a shout: a command in Turkish, "Halt!" I saw Mrs. Oosheva, who was then in the middle of the stream, start backward and attempt to turn her horse aside. An armed man had sprung toward her with uplifted musket-butt, as if to strike her from the saddle. She turned a horror-stricken face upon me, and then swayed as if to faint. Before any of us could say a word, armed men were swarming about us on all sides, seeming to have sprung from the hillside. They crowded upon us, and fiercely demanded that we dismount. They even made as if to pull us off our pack-saddles.

"Give us time," I said in Bulgarian, "and we will dismount. We are women, not men, and cannot get down alone."

I saw the boy Peter assisting his fainting mother, taking her down from the horse in his young, strong arms. At the same moment the placid, phlegmatic face of my driver appeared by my side. His was the only calm face in our party—strangely calm, as I remembered afterward—but I then ascribed it to his natural temperament. Somehow we dismounted in quick time from our saddles, with the brigands shouting, "Hurry, hurry," and waving their guns over our heads. They drove us like cattle into the stream. Peter carried his all but unconscious mother on his back. One of the young teachers, who showed rare presence of mind through the whole experience, crossed on a log, but the rest of us plunged into the water, save Mrs. Tsilka, who had not been given time in the hurry to dismount. Dripping with water, our captors urged us mercilessly from behind, driving us up the sharp mountain side beyond the stream, where we had to use both hands and feet to prevent falling. Mrs. Tsilka was dragged from her horse, her husband cutting the cords that bound her trunk and other luggage to the saddle, letting them fall where they would. Thus we all scrambled up the hill, a tangle of horses, drivers, men and women, with the brigands yelling behind. Our captors themselves, we now know, were very nervous, fearing lest some one should come upon us and give the alarm, for we were not such a great distance from the Turkish guard house. One poor traveler, indeed, who had the misfortune to happen upon us as we were being driven up the hill, was now in the hands of the brigands,

wounded and bloody, as we were to know a little later to our horror.

THE ROUND-UP ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

Though we were exhausted by the climb, they gave us no rest until we reached a small level spot among the trees, where we sank down exhausted, to regain our breath. We spread a rug and pillow for poor suffering Mrs. Oosheva, whose boy was trying to comfort her, repeating constantly in the tenderest tones:

"Don't be afraid, mother. Don't be afraid. If we must die, we shall at least die together."

The band now gathered swiftly about us, with guns pointed. One of them ordered us to sit and wait—we knew not for what. I had hitherto given hardly more than a glance at them. Now I saw them plainly. They were of various ages, some bearded, fierce of face, and wild of dress; some younger, but all athletic and heavily armed. Some wore suits of brown homespun, some Turkish uniforms with red or white fezes, while others were in strange and nondescript attire. One had his face so bound up in a red handkerchief as to be unrecognizable, others with faces horribly blackened and disguised with what looked like rags bobbing over their foreheads—the knotted corners of their handkerchiefs, as we afterwards learned.

Their rifles and accoutrements seemed fresh and new, and they also carried revolvers and daggers in their belts, with a plentiful and evident supply of cartridges. They had undoubtedly intended to fill us with terror at the sight of them—and truly horrible they looked.

THE FATE OF THE TURKISH TRAVELER

I was especially anxious to learn whether these were of the Black Shirts, as highway-men are commonly called in Macedonia, because of their filthy condition in general. Feeling somewhat reassured on that point, I turned again to our teachers, and thus failed to see the first act in the approaching tragedy. Suddenly I heard rapidly approaching footsteps above us, then a cruel blow. The Turk whom the brigands had captured was driven past us, his arms pinioned behind him with a scarlet girdle. As he walked, the brigand struck him violently with the butt of his gun. Blood was streaming from a wound in his temple. Once he turned and looked back piteously at his pursuer. With tense nerves and a terrible fear in our hearts

we saw him driven across the little opening where we sat, and into the thicket beyond. Here my eyes refused to follow. Alas that my ears could not also have been closed, that I might not have heard the horrible dagger thrusts and the death cry that followed.

One of the brigands now emerged from the thicket and signalled to me without saying a word. With indescribable horror tugging at my heart, but with a calm exterior, I rose and obeyed him. What was coming? Would they do with me as with the Turk? "Hope thou in God" whispered itself in my heart, and I was strengthened to await whatever might happen. But I was not compelled to enter the thicket. Following the motions of the brigand, I went to a spot higher up the hill some distance from the party, where I sat down alone, experiencing an intense revulsion of feeling as I noticed those hideously blackened faces with their rags and knots bobbing about their heads as though the brigands were gay carnivalers just before the Lenten fast. I became conscious that I was very thirsty; that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I must have expressed this want aloud in some way, for the brigand who was guarding me, the same who had summoned me, said I could find some water at a spring which he indicated by a motion of his hand. It was the direction also which the Turk had taken, and from which he was never to return. Was this a grim refinement of cruelty? It was almost too much for me to go thither, but I finally started, with veiled eyes, fearing to see what must have lain there. After slaking my thirst with water from my hand, I was returning to my place, when it occurred to me—humorously enough, as it now seems—that I must not leave my umbrella, and so I went back and found it, no objection being made by my guard. Then I took my last look into the eyes of the dear young teachers, my co-workers, for whose safe return to their parents or to their places of service I had made myself responsible. Alas, that I was now cruelly prevented from fulfilling my pledge. I remember noticing, even then, the calmness which was given to Mr. Tsilka as he sat holding the halter of his bare-backed horse with one hand, while he leaned his face on the other in deep dejection. I did not then know that his wife, too, had been called by our captors, and was even then separated from him. Had I known that I should have

been even more impressed with the marvelous power of his faith in restraining himself. But had he fired one shot to save her, terrible consequences must have followed. Peter was still trying to comfort his mother, who now lay more quietly on my rug. The students were sitting, pale-faced and silent. But I could not tarry; so saying to them, "Pray for me as you never prayed before!" and hearing Mareeka's soft promise, "Yes'm," I went back, feeling that it would probably be to my death.

What was my surprise to find that I was no longer alone. There sat Mrs. Tsilka, with her back to the guard and her face turned towards our fellow-travelers. Is it strange that even in those dreadful moments a feeling of relief came over me that my fate, whatever it was to be, would be shared by another? Both of us were calm, at least outwardly. Our captors observed our quiet demeanor, and weeks later they told us that we had been very brave when taken. They little knew the reason of that quiet. We were leaning hard upon God's promise: "Fear not, I am with thee. Fear not, I will help thee," and God was telling us, "Be not afraid."

While waiting to see what would be done with us next, we had time to observe that the brigands were hurriedly examining our baggage. To our surprise, they seemed to be taking only food, of which we had a good supply, being provisioned for three days. Some of them ate ravenously, as they emptied the baskets and bags. Later they said they had eaten no bread for two days. I also observed one brigand talking to the driver who had led us from Bansko; I thought now I knew what they were talking about. The brigands were still rummaging among our belongings, though little seemed to be taken. One of them found a Bible, held it out to a companion to see, and, to my great comfort, brought it with him. It was neither of my Bibles—the English version, which had been the stay and comfort of my beloved missionary sister in Japan, nor yet my copy in Bulgarian; it was the property of one of our young teachers. Only He who searcheth all hearts can know what comfort and strength our souls derived from this Bible; it was our only book.

THE FLIGHT 'CROSS COUNTRY

At length the brigands ended their search, and after a hurried consultation two of them approached and motioned us roughly to rise

and go with them. They indicated not the direction toward the thicket, which still held my thoughts fascinated, but up and back from the spot where we had been sitting. The rise was sharp, and presently across plowed land, where I stumbled and found great difficulty in walking on account of my wet skirts. One of the brigands seized me by my arm with a grip that left black and blue marks for weeks afterwards. Another

took Mrs. Tsilka. I stole but one glance into the stern, bearded face of my keeper. He had thick curly hair of a light hue, surmounted by a black turban. Perspiration dripped from his face; he was evidently greatly excited.

After a time, when we were well nigh exhausted, we came upon two of our own horses which had been taken by the brigands. Our captors compelled us to mount hurriedly, and we started at once through the now gathering twilight. The brigands fell into line before, behind, and on both sides of us. Poor Mrs. Tsilka

glanced backward at our party below, where her husband still sat. Those we left were guarded all that night by some of the brigands, so that no alarm should be given until the band had escaped with their captives, as we learned afterwards. Shall I confess that my first sensation as we moved off was one of relief that we were not then and there to be searched for plunder, or put to a violent death? Both of us were dazed

and numbed by what had befallen us. Strangely enough, it did not come clearly to my mind for some time that we were taken for ransom. To Mrs. Tsilka's question, when she realized that we were being carried away into the mountains by those strange, fierce men: "Why have you taken us?" the brigands vouchsafed only the answer:

"You will know all bye-and-bye."

"What will you do with us?" she asked in agony.

"Nishto!
Nishto! Ne boisia" (Nothing, nothing; don't be afraid).

As the quiet of the night calmed our fevered nerves we observed the brigands marching noiselessly around us. Their moccasined feet made little sound. If they had occasion for conference no word was spoken aloud, nor could even their whisperings be heard. As if by magic, men were deployed upon one side or the other as scouts, the path often changing direction without apparent command. There was a weird fascination about the scene.

The men, nearly

a score in number, bore each his gun upon his back and their cloaks hung behind them, sometimes trailing on the ground, as they marched in file.

The quiet moon looked down upon the scene.

"She sits up there like a spy," the brigands afterwards frequently said to us. "She says, 'Eto ghee! Tay sul!'" (Here they are. These are they).



*Faithfully, yours,
Ellen M. Stone.*

Through the long hours of that night we traveled. Sometimes the barking of dogs would indicate the proximity of some shepherd with his flock, some threshing floor, or a lonely farmhouse on a hillside; but our line of march was kept by secluded ways, often under trees whose branches were so low as almost to sweep us from our saddles, notwithstanding the efforts of a man of gigantic strength, who went before, breaking down branches and pulling up young trees from our path. Once my horse stumbled and fell, carrying me with him. As I felt myself falling, a sweet content filled me as I thought that it might be the end of all my troubles; but it was not to be so. Instantly men flocked around, raised me on my horse, inquired if I were hurt, and setting me again in the saddle, we moved on as if nothing had happened. Not knowing, then, the rule of brigands to allow no conversation, I remember talking with my guards, telling them of my aged mother, of my brothers, devoted to their only sister, and at one time I spoke of God's love and care for His children. One of the men, to my great surprise and relief, answered; "Yes, we are all God's children."

THE HALT AT DAWN

The dawn was almost breaking when at last we stopped again. We were in a most desolate narrow valley between bare and towering crags. Half dead with exhaustion, we sat down upon a rock, only to be forced onward again. We could scarcely compel our feet to move, so the brigands helped us to climb up into a small ravine, gruesome and wild, but clothed with vegetation—a spot well-fitted for such awful deeds as I thought might await us. Finally they seemed satisfied with a location, spread down a woolen rug which I then learned they had taken from one of our teachers, and told us to sit down.

One or two broke off great leafy branches from trees and arched them over us, making a booth to shelter us alike from the sun and from any intrusive eye. Most of the men disappeared, but only to take positions in our rear and above us, from which, unseen by us, they could command our movements. Of course we were faint with hunger and weariness, as we had eaten nothing save a few pears which were given us during the night, "instead of water," as the brigands said, since our happy lunch by the brookside. Once in the night, when we came to

a stream, one of the brigands offered us water out of my own blue and white granite-ware cup, which I had left suspended from my pack-saddle.

Now the men were concerned to bring us food, some milk in a kettle, with a couple of wooden spoons, and in one of her own towels they brought Mrs. Tsilka the crumbled remains of some pastry which her mother had given her for the journey. That brought the tears. Dear mother, did she yet know that her daughter had been carried off, and perhaps killed? Would she ever know that we had actually eaten of her good things? They also brought a woolen homespun bag containing a stabrets of pork (cured in a pig's stomach), and a large piece of another one. This is a specialty in the Raglug district and the Tsilkas and several of the teachers had provided themselves with a supply for the winter. They gave us pears, cornel-berries, red, tart, and astringent, and pressed them upon us in far greater quantities than we could eat. One brought a pretty tin box, empty, which Mrs. Tsilka knew was filled with honey for the journey; but some of the brigands, not being able to resist the temptation of such a tit-bit, had eaten it. We were thankful, however, for the box. What most surprised us was a gift from one of the brigands of a bunch of wild cyclamen, which touched us beyond anything else, and made hope spring up in our hearts, that men who could thus care to supply us not only with the necessities of life, but even with flowers, could not be bent upon murdering us. This brigand had observed that some of the flowers which covered me like a breastplate the day before, when we rode out of Bansko, were still clinging to my dress (though our hearts were crushed and discouraged), and he had sent these blossoms of the woods "Because I saw you loved flowers." Here, then, was one heart, not wholly calloused, but susceptible to a noble impulse! One brigand had had his morning nap in my mackintosh before delivering it, but that did not matter compared with the comfort of gaining possession of it. We were already learning not to be too particular! At the last some one handed us the best of all, the Bible which they had taken from Mareeka's bundle. Mrs. Tsilka and I opened its blessed leaves with chastened hearts to find what message our Father in Heaven had for us, and were strengthened to feel that He was with us even in captivity.

FORWARD AGAIN WITH THE TWILIGHT

Late in the afternoon some one brought us a chicken, only about half boiled, and explained that we were to have had one earlier, but that the shepherd who was to cook it had boiled it with ten hot red peppers and an *oke* (two and three-quarter pounds) of flour, making a dish which none of the brigands themselves could eat. Hence they had delayed until a second chicken could be boiled. Of course we thanked them, and when they commanded us to be ready to start on our journey, and brought us a pair of goat-s-hairsaddle-bags, we wrapped it up and put it with our other food, our Bible, tin box, and shawl strap into the bags.

On the first day they gave us no opportunity for more than a chance word with them. We climbed steadily, but were soon puffing and perspiring because of the steepness of the way. Now I noticed more clearly than I could the night before that we never traveled by roads, but always by mountain trails or sheep or goat paths, or with no path at all.

If we saw a road anywhere, and hoped for an easier journey on it, we were here to be disappointed, for the advance guard always crossed over and continued the journey

through the underbrush, where the captives were often in imminent danger of Absolom's fate from the overhanging branches. The way that night was long also. We were permitted to dismount to rest once or twice, and once we were refreshed from a jar of buttermilk. Whence it came or how it was brought was a mystery to us, but we drank

and were refreshed. Finally, we were dismounted and told to wait. After a time spent in silence and deep darkness the men came and commanded us each to put on one of their heavy goat-hair coats, the deep hoods of which they pulled over our heads, so that we could see only the ground immediately before us. Thus they led us to a doorway and through some dark outer space, into a small inner room with one small barred window.

IN THE HUT—THE PLOT REVEALED

A light was brought. After the brigands had spread down some cloaks for us we were left to ourselves. The horror of a great fear fell upon us. What could they not do to us in that dark, hidden

spot? Why had they brought us thither? If we should be killed now no one in the wide world would know our fate. The darkness settled into our very souls. We lay down in our corner, which was far harder than the hillside had been the day before, but no sleep



MME. TSILKA AND MISS STONE IN TRAVELING COSTUME

came to refresh us. After daylight we looked from the tiny barred window, but could see only trees on a grassy slope. Though we occasionally heard voices during the day besides those of the brigands, we could never see any one. We were cut off from all mankind save those who had so mercilessly captured us.

After a time a guard brought us bread, and perhaps a bit of cheese, and inquired about food for dinner. We gave him the under-cooked chicken, to be prepared in some way so that we could eat it, and later in the day it was returned to us, fried and fairly palatable.

During the day three men came filing into the room. As they seated themselves upon the ground they filled all the space outside of our corner. They were heavily armed. Cartridges were upon their breasts and in belts around their waists. Daggers and revolvers hung at their sides. They had left their rifles behind; but, as though their present armament were not sufficient to protect them against us, one soon went out and brought in the three guns, which he stacked in a corner. They were at no pains to remove their fezes from their heads. Ah! We were only poor captives!

With trembling hearts under an exterior which we prayed God to keep calm, we waited until they should tell us the purpose of their visit. Finally, one whom I took to be the *voivoda* (leader) spoke rapidly and roughly, telling us that they were highwaymen, that among them were many nationalities (my glance involuntarily wandered from his face to those of his companions; one, with dark, shaggy hair and beard, I thought might be of Spanish extraction, while he of the thick, light-hued curls might be a Jew, and the *voivoda* himself a Macedonian Parnak). He told us that they had taken us for money,

and should hold us until the ransom was forthcoming.

"If it is not paid," he said menacingly, "there will be a bullet for you and a bullet for her"—indicating Mrs. Tsilka. We named him in our hearts "The Bad Man," and so called him for many weeks; but not to the end.

When I inquired the amount of the ransom, the spokesman took an envelope and wrote upon it, then passed it to the next man, who also wrote upon it and gave it to the third, who, after writing upon it, returned it to their spokesman.

"We have decided," he said, "to ask twenty-five thousand pounds for your ransom, and we are prepared to hold you until it is paid, or, in case of failure to pay it, there is, as I said before, a bullet for each of you, to let people know that we are not men to be trifled with."

We were utterly crushed with the helplessness of the position in which they had put us. To my inquiry as to when I should write the letter telling my friends of their demands, they answered:

"After a few days we will tell you, but not now."

Then they filed out of the tiny black room, leaving it filled with smoke from their tobacco, and the stench from clothes long unchanged, and also with something worse, for a cloud of despair settled into our very souls. Twenty-five thousand pounds! One hundred and ten thousand dollars! It could never be raised. Why should they not kill us at once? So we talked with each other until our faith in God overcame the fearful forebodings and comforted us. "Our God reigns, and we are still in His hands. He can deliver us from even these toils. We will trust Him still."

The Madness of Arthur Winslow

By George W. Cable

The following episode is from George W. Cable's latest book, *Bylow Hill**. At a time of temporary coolness between two lovers, Isabel Morris and Leonard Byington, Arthur Winslow, a young clergyman, proposes to Isabel and is accepted. In due course of time they are married, Byington gracefully taking the position of friend. Winslow, however, grows intensely jealous of his wife; with-

out the shadow of a cause or provocation, for his wife has come to love him dearly, he nurses mad suspicions until he is virtually driven insane under the force of them. It is one of his most violent outbreaks which is here depicted with rare skill by Mr. Cable:

Isabel, who had never confessed her trouble to her mother until now, had this evening told all there was to tell.

**Bylow Hill*. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

"No, no, my dear," she said as she moved to go, "I have no dread of his blows. I don't suppose he will ever strike me again. Ah, there's the worst of it; he's got away, away beyond blows. I wish sometimes he'd brain me, if only that would stop his secretly watching me.

"If he'd never gone beyond blows, I would have died before I would have told; not for meekness, dearie, nor even love,—of you, or my child, or any one,—but just for pride and shame. But to know, every day and hour, that I'm watched, and that every path I tread is full of traps,—there's what's killing me. And I could let it kill me and never tell, if being killed were all. But I tell you because—Oh! my poor little mother dearie, do I wear you out, saying the same things over and over?

"This is all I ask you to remember; that my reason for telling you is to save the honor of my husband himself, and of you, dear heart, and of—of my child, you know. For, mother, every innocent thing I do is being woven into a net of criminating evidence. Sooner or later it's certain to catch me fast and give me over, you and me and—baby, to public shame."

* * * * *

Over on the Winslow side of the way, Isabel, having tarried in the cottage to explain to her frightened mother how perfectly natural it was that Arthur, after his tramp across the meadows, should have made a circuit to the upper side of the old mill pool, went pensively home. Presently, holding a lamp, she stood in the door between her room and Arthur's, lifted the light above her head, and, shading her brows, called his name. Hidden in the gloom, silent and motionless, he stared for a moment on the beautiful apparition, and then moved without a sound into the beams of the lamp, a picture of misery and desperation.

"Why in the dark?" amiably inquired the wife.

With widening eyes and spectral motions he drew near.

"In the dark?" he asked. "Why in the



"BUT TO KNOW EVERY DAY AND HOUR THAT I'M WATCHED"

dark? The darkness is in me, and all the lamps that light the world's ships into harbor could not dispel it."

All at once he went to his knees.

"Oh, my wife, my wife! save me, save me! Hell is in my soul!"

She drew back, and with low vehemence urged him to his feet. "Up! up! My husband shall not kneel to me!"

Laying her hand reverently upon his shoulder she pressed him into his room, set the lamp aside, and let him clasp her wildly in his arms.

"Save me, Isabel," he moaned again. "Save me."

"From what, dear heart—from what can I save you?" She drew him to a seat and knelt beside him.

"From the green-eyed demon that has gnawed, gnawed, gnawed at my heart till it is rent to shreds, and at my brain—my brain!—till it is almost gone." His brow drooped to hers. "Almost gone, beloved; my brain is almost gone."

"No, Arthur, dearest, no, no, no; your heart is torn, but your mind, thank God, is whole. This is only a mood. Come, it will pass with one night's sleep."

Still he held her brow beneath his.

"Save me, Isabel; my soul is almost gone. Oh, save me from the fiends that come before me and behind me, by night and by day, eyes shut or eyes open."

"My husband! My love! how can I save you? How can I help you? Tell me how."

"Hear me! hear me confess! That will save me, Oh, so sweetly, so sweetly! That will save me from the faces—the white, white faces that float on that black pool down yonder and move their accusing lips at me; his face—and mine—and thine. Oh, Isabel, until you stood before me in the golden light of your lamp, transfigured into a messenger from heaven, it was in my lost soul to do the deed this night."

The wife laid her palms upon her husband's temples, and putting forth her strength lifted them and looked tenderly into his eyes.

"Dear heart, you do not frighten me. You know how unaccountably fear deserts me in fearful moments. But I know there's nothing for either of us to fear now. This is all in your tortured imagination, and there, though you had not seen me, it would have stayed; you never would have come to the act. Arthur, your soul is not lost. You who have pointed the way of escape and deliverance so clearly and savingly to so many, you need not miss it now yourself."

"Idle words, Isabel,—idle, idle, words. The very words of Christ are idle to me until I give you up."

"Give me up, my husband? Dear love, you cannot! You shall not! I will not be given up. You haven't the cause, and I haven't the cause."

"Oh, Isabel, I stole you! And the curse of God has gone with the theft, and with every step of the thief, from the first day until now God has lifted that other man up and brought me down. And yet, before God who said, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' he

loves you this moment—now—with the love of a man for a woman."

"Arthur, no! If he did——"

"Isabel, if he did not—if he did not love you yet as before he lost you—oh! if he did not love you infinitely more now than then—he would not be Leonard Byington. That is all my evidence, all my argument, all the ground of my hate; and I hate him with a hatred that has finished—finished!—with my heart, and is devouring my brain."

"Oh, my poor husband, listen to——"

"Listen to me!" he broke in. "Listen before I lose the blessed impulse to say there is but one cure. I must give you up to Leonard Byington. Oh, let me speak! I took you from him by law; by law I will give you back."

"Do you mean divorce, Arthur?"

"I do."

"On what ground?"

"On the ground of ill treatment. You shall bring suit; I will plead guilty."

She rose, with his temples still in her hands. "Ah! whose words are idle now?"

She bent over him with eyes of passionate kindness. "You did not take me from him. You asked me to take you, and for better for worse, till death us do part, I took you, Arthur, knowing as much of any other man's love for me as I know at this hour. You could not steal me; the shame would be mine, to have let you. You are no thief! I am no stolen thing! You shall be happy with me; you shall not give me up."

He leaped to his feet and snatched her into his arms. The babe cried sleepily from its mother's room. She tenderly disengaged herself, left him in the door, moved on to the child's crib, and in the dim light of the bedside taper, facing him from beyond it, soothed the little one by her silent touch.

To Arthur, wan and frail though she was, the sight was heavenly fair, a vision of ineffable peace to which it seemed a sacrilege to draw nearer: but she beckoned, and he stole to the spot.

With the quieted babe in its crib between them, the pair knit arms about each other's neck and kissed.

"My own! my own at last," murmured the husband. "I never had you until now!"

"The cure has worked, dear heart," breathed the wife—"worked without surgery, has it not?"

"The cure has worked," he replied,—"worked without the sacrifice. Oh, the sudden sweet ease of it!"

The Actor at Home

With the close of the dramatic season comes the period of rest and temporary retirement for the actor. Fresh, clear sunlight replaces the artificial glare of the calcium, and the cool, pure air of the forest or sea drives from the lungs the overheated, unhealthy atmosphere of the theater.

The wearing apparel is no longer studied for effect of line or fold. The step is not measured nor counted. All the absorbing consciousness of a conscious art is put aside for a nice freedom far from the public gaze. The tragic heroine plays the rural child and the romantic hero dallies over a novel or toys with a fishing rod.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, in a book* quite apropos of the present time gives a number of charming views of stage favorites when in their homes. It is interesting to note how in these domiciles the personality has free play so that character might almost be read from surroundings. Take for example, the following delightful picture of probably the most lovable figure on the American stage—Mr. Joseph Jefferson:

His homes are merely foci from which emanate the beams of kindness and culture. One is his residence, "Crow's Nest," on Buzzard's Bay, and the other a wide-verandaed colonial villa at Palm Beach, Florida. Each is in sight of the sea, and each has for a background a magnificent landscape where nature has bestowed arboreal beauty with lavish hand.

The "Crow's Nest" may be regarded as the home of Rip Van Winkle, while the Palm Beach residence may be viewed as the studio of the artist and the den of the fisherman. The "Crow's Nest" is the more characteristic of the two. It is a delightful, rambling structure, whose first story is built in rubble and cobblestones, covered with vines and flowers.

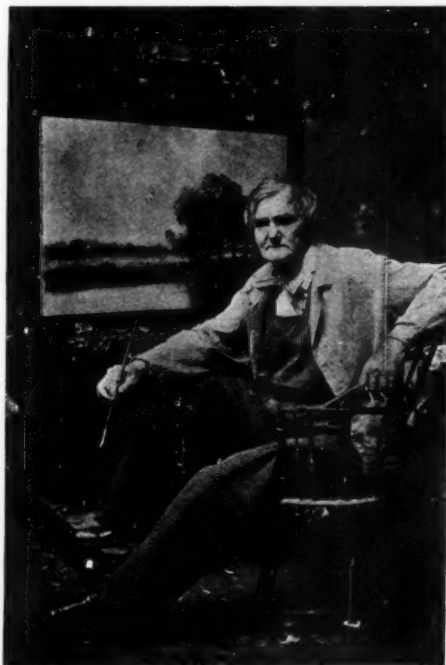
*Eminent Actors in Their Homes. Margherita Arlina Hamm. James Pott & Co., New York.

The second story is of wood, shingled so as to look like an ancient coat of mail. Over this rises a mighty garret, with dormer windows and quaint chimneys, which would attract every little boy and girl as an ideal playroom. One chimney commemorates Rip Van Winkle's last drink, the outside being inlaid with beer bottles, with their necks upward, which in the morning and evening reflect the sun and recall the memory of the poor vagabond of the Catskills.

A colonial piazza; a large, hospitable entrance, and huge, vast windows which let in unlimited light and air, tell a story of the rest, health, and comfort within. The front door is of stained glass, and opens into a large hall, on whose sides hang the portraits of many celebrities in the world of the stage and letters. A dining room, almost baronial in size, is equipped with heavy, old-fashioned furniture and decorated with quaint pottery, steins, and mediæval drinking vessels. The ceilings are inlaid with old Dresden, while tapestries and mediæval upholstery give the place a happy atmosphere of long ago.

The parlor is an art gallery, the walls being covered with paintings

by distinguished artists, among whom the actor himself may justly be enumerated. Had Mr. Jefferson never gone upon the stage, he would undoubtedly have been a painter of rare achievement. His life is singularly domestic and calm. He loves to read and to jot down his impressions, to paint and to gather material for pictures by sketching, to walk and garden, to fish and to sail, to entertain friends and be entertained, to



MR. JEFFERSON AT HIS EASEL



MRS. FISKE AT HOME

extend hospitality, and to enter into the joys of all those around him. It is a rare mind which in its seventh decade can talk on high art to a great painter, statesmanship to a President, literature to a cultured woman, and at the same moment amuse two or three little children, without interfering with other trains of thought.

The roll of guests of the "Crow's Nest" would fill a large volume. One of the chambers is known as Mrs. Cleveland's room from its having been tenanted by the wife of the ex-President Grover Cleveland, and every other chamber is associated with the names of famous actors, poets, playwrights, statesmen, financiers, merchants, artists, and musicians.

One can almost see Mr. Jefferson in these haunts. Quite as typical, however, are Mrs. Minnie Mader Fiske's homes, mirroring as they do the restless energy and force and intellect and poetry, which characterize one of the greatest and most unique women before the public:

Her nature is too active and æsthetic to be satisfied with a single domicile. She craves both the sight of the salt sea and the fragrant atmosphere of the pine woods. The craving

is gratified by one summer home upon the Fiske estate at Mamaroneck-on-the-Sound, and another at Lake Pleasant, near Northville, in the Adirondacks. The former is Glen Cottage, an old-fashioned villa in Westchester County. The name is singularly appropriate. The structure is a cottage in fact, as well as in title. It is not one of the cottages which are marble palaces, like those at Newport, nor vast barns, like those at Long Branch. A rambling shape, broad verandas, and capacious halls and rooms present all the charm which belongs to the English home from which its American counterpart is borrowed.

In this little Eden she spends a part of her vacation in company with her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, the author and editor. When her yearning for salt air is thoroughly gratified, she changes her quarters from Glen Cottage to her forest home in the Adirondacks. Here, as far as possible, she leads the life of an oread. Her home is a rough-hewn timber structure, on whose outside the bark still remains. Around her are the great forests and the glorious solitudes of the north woods, and



JULIA MARLOWE AT HIGHMOUNT

from the windows can be seen the noble outline of Blue Mountain. The primeval groves extend in every direction. The trees are chiefly balsams—pines, fir, hemlocks, cedars and spruces—and the rich perfume of their leaves and branches saturate the atmosphere. Not far from the house is a lake, where in fair weather the actress can be seen every day pulling a strong oar. There is nothing of the hunter and fisher in her organization. She dislikes the idea of destroying life, and, so far as she is concerned, the trout can come to her boat, or the partridge perch upon her chair, without fear or molestation. Here in the very heart of the wilderness she has a flower garden. A cosey veranda affords shelter from the rain in wet weather, and from the sun on warm afternoons. Within the lodge everything is comfort and rest. The furnishing is in keeping with the place, but is nevertheless full of the conveniences of civilized life. Here works of art, curios and oddities, books and magazines, betray the taste of the mistress, and show that while we may change our skies we do not change ourselves. In clear weather she is in the woods from dawn until eve. Her mercurial temperament fits her to be a companion of the squirrels and other tireless little folk of the forest. The solitude has no terrors for her, and trees and mosses, brooks and birds' nests, birds and four-footed creatures are as familiar to her as are the books and pictures in Glen Cottage or in her apartments in the distant city.

This deep, rich love of nature in Mrs. Fiske is again forcibly seen in Miss Julia Marlowe.

No one has a greater love for nature in the wild than Miss Marlowe. Her home is at Highmount, Ulster County, New York, in the district known the world over as the Catskills. Here, in the heart of that country

which is still in part a wilderness, she has an estate of nearly four hundred acres, a portion of which has been cleared and put under cultivation. The land is too rocky and sterile to suit the agriculturist, but for the health-seeker and the nature-lover it is ideal. In the cleared portion a picturesque effect is produced by groves and driveways. The rest of her wide possessions is wilder even than when she bought them.

To this place Miss Marlowe goes the moment her season closes, and here remains until autumn raises the curtain and sends the call-boy to the players.

When she arrives at Highmount her life is transformed. The actress retires after midnight; but the mistress of Highmount goes to bed early, and is up in time to welcome the sun as he comes over the eastern hills. In clear weather she walks from point to point, so that in the course of a summer she visits all the interesting spots of the neighborhood. When her blood needs brisker movement, she climbs the steep hills and wanders through the woods. Every day she takes a horseback ride, and regularly indulges in golfing, trout-fishing and nature study.

Her vacation is not one of idleness. To each day is allotted a certain amount of exercise, reading, study, and work. There is no set programme to restrict her activities. On fair days she spends all possible time in the open; in rainy and stormy weather she keeps within her comfortable home, and lets the library take the place of the forest. The conduct of the day varies also with her guests whose name is legion. While the place is a veritable Liberty Hall, yet the element of personal taste largely influences the actions of the inmates as a whole. When the visitors are musicians the house is full of melody; when they are playwrights and dramatic

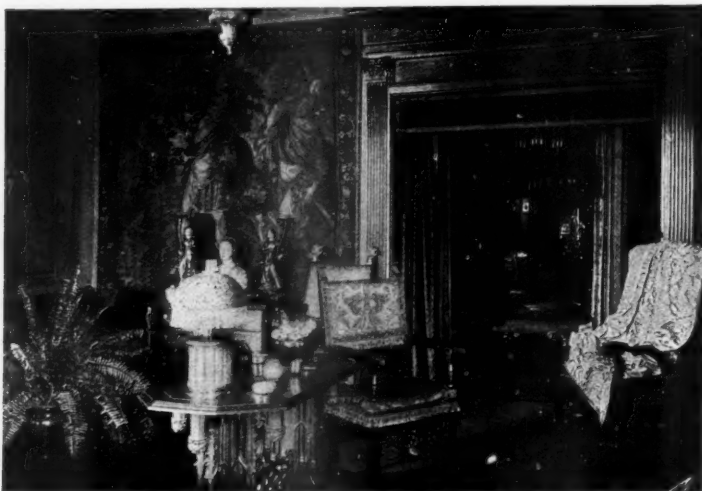


MISS RUSSELL'S ART TREASURES

people, it is a reading-room; when they are friends tired of the city and eager to inhale the forest air, the house is deserted, and the inmates disperse throughout the broad domain.

Miss Marlowe evidently loves nature in all its primal ruggedness; but Miss Annie Russell is more sophisticated in her tastes.

Were the poetic dream of metempsychosis a practical truth, it would be easy to explain Miss Annie Russell by saying that in past lives she had lived in ancient Italy, Moorish Spain, France in the days of the Empire, and Japan within the past century, and that each of these lives had left a distinguishing mark upon her character and even upon her appearance. Small, slender, graceful, and magnetic, she is intensely active of mind, quick as a bird in her movements, optimistic as an Oriental,



RICHARD MANSFIELD'S TAPESTRY ROOM

and yet in full touch with the great tides of the life of to-day. Her hair is yellowish gold; her eyes golden hazel suggesting the priceless lacquers of Kioto, where the golden coin is dimly seen through a warm amber transparency; her complexion like the tint of texture of the apple blossoms in the early springtide of Dai-Nippon.

Her homes—one in the city, on West Fifty-eighth Street, and the other at Pemaquid Harbor, on the Maine coast—carry out the impressions made by the owner's physical and mental organization. The city mansion is a substantial three-story and basement brownstone house. It was built in a period when comfort and convenience were the aims of

the builder. Upon this building as a basis the owner has made a home which, by her friends, is appropriately called a fairy land. The main floor may be said to consist of an anteroom, hall, and salon. The impression it makes upon the visitor is that of the Orient. No matter what the nationality of the furniture or the period of any particular object, the atmosphere is that of the Far East, where the higher art of Japan has mingled with that of its mother country, China.

The country-seat at Pemaquid Harbor is a closer approach to the oriental idea of a home than the house in the city. It is named "The Ledges," from the rough, romantic features of the coast line, where the strata of the earliest formations constitute the rampart which the land has built against the

encroaching sea. The house is a rambling structure, and if it could have a thatched roof, it would be a typical bungalow. The ground floor is devoted to living purposes, and the second floor to sleep. Bow-windows look out upon land and sea, forming each a landscape picture of rare beauty. The colorature is in yellow and red. The hangings are like those of the city home, as are the furniture and pictures. In the library may be noted a preponderance of historical and philosophical works.

Miss Russell's life in the summer is simplicity embodied. She drives, rides, rows, swims, sails, walks, reads, and studies. During this time she declares that she is accumulating energy and building up nerve and muscle for the coming season.

So far the views given have been mainly of summer homes, with just a suggestion of the city homes. The latter are quite as important, certainly more beautiful. Take, for example, the home of Mr. Richard Mansfield and his wife, Beatrice Cameron-Mansfield, in New York City.

The entrance to the house is through a roomy doorway which gives the impression of pageants and impressive social functions. The wall to the left of the door is broken by a window which the designer has covered with Venetian grillage, whose flowing lines

suggest lace work forged by Titans out of steel. Crossing the threshold is like entering the great galleries of the Vatican. The house, in fact, is in small what the Pontifical palace is in large. It is the home of an artist, where all the work has been done by artists, and where there is no atmosphere save that of art. There are homes richly furnished which impress one with a sense of wealth; there are others which are eloquent of intellectual activity; there are some which exhale law and statesmanship, and others which appeal purely to the religious elements of being. But in this home you perceive that it is a place where art is worshipped for art's sake. Everything appeals to high æsthetic taste, and nothing jars the inner sense or mars the harmony of the whole.

Besides being an actor and a singer, Mr. Mansfield is a painter, poet, author, composer and critic. It is to these varied talents that he owes much of his success in the costuming, musical illustration and stage-setting of the dramas which he has presented. With characteristic modesty he seldom alludes to these gifts.

On one occasion a lady asked him:

"I hear, Mr. Mansfield, you are a painter, and that for one year you lived on your paintings?"

"You have been misinformed, madam," was the quick reply. "I lived in spite of them."

A friend one day said:

"I understand you have just written a new and popular song."

"Please don't tell anybody," exclaimed Mansfield, "until I have doubled my life insurance."

He is a pleasant man to meet. On Sunday evenings he holds open house to his many friends, and his home is crowded with the brightest wits and clearest intellects in the metropolis.

Another beautiful view of domestic life is seen in the home of the romantic actor, James K. Hackett and his wife Mary Mannering-Hackett.

It would be difficult to find a better matched couple than James K. Hackett, the romantic

actor, and his wife, Mary Mannering. Each is marked to an unusual extent by physical attractiveness, histrionic talent, and intellectual ability. Their tastes, tendencies, temperaments, and ambitions are singularly alike. Both possess the social and personal graces which embellish daily life. Their marriage seems to have rounded out their characters and increased their dramatic power, as well as to have augmented their happiness.

Their home is on East Thirty-third street, in what is known as the Murray Hill district of the metropolis. It is a four-storied house, with a brownstone front, of the narrow type so common in the great city. It is neat, convenient, and full of comfort. From the



MR. HACKETT AND MISS MANNERING IN THEIR STUDY

entrance you pass into an inviting hall, which opens into a small reception room and a handsome dining-room. The color scheme is a warm olive. The furnishing is rich and substantial, and suggests the banker rather than the Bohemian. It has been selected with great care, apparently piece by piece, and each object possesses distinctive character and beauty. The table service and ornaments are notable in this regard.

The keynote of the house is found in the library. The adjoining rooms display taste, refinement, and culture; but they represent the social phase of their owners' natures, which differs little from that of other professionals of the same standing. The library reveals their individuality, and throws a clear

light on their daily life. Though as neat and well kept as the cabin of an admiral in days of peace, it bears all the marks of never-ending toil and study. The host very appropriately calls it his "workshop." A glance at the books reveals that some one in the house has taken the "Little Go," the "Great Go," and holds the A. B. or A. M. degree. Here are classical dictionaries, the Greek poets, the Roman prose writers, the masterpieces of modern European literatures, and works on higher mathematics, the sciences, and the applied arts.

The tone of the house is essentially that of culture rather than of art. Not that it is at all deficient in æsthetic elements. On the contrary, these are everywhere, and show their owners to be keenly alive to all the beauties of civilization, whether musical, pictorial, glyptic, or chromatic. But the impression produced is that of culture finding diversion in art, and not that of art finding mental delight in culture. It is the atmosphere of the bookcase and the desk, and not that of the studio or the music room.

As a final view, nothing could be better than the following description of one who in her time was among the most famous and most loved women on our stage. It has the added interest, too, of showing the real home life, the life which comes after retirement from the stage:

England has long been the home of abdicated queens. Of the many ex-monarchs who have graced her shores, none came with a larger army of friends and admirers than Mary Anderson de Navarro, who for fifteen years was eminent upon the boards of both Great Britain and the United States. With singular appropriateness she selected for her home a district made immortal by Stratford-on-Avon, as well as by historical associations which reach from the present time back almost to the

days of Boadicea and the Romans. The very name of the little town where she resides, Broadway, is an apparent allusion to the old Roman military road which ran from London northwest to Chester. Not far away is the ancient city of Worcester, with its beautiful cathedral, while almost visible from her windows is Evesham, where Simon de Montfort went down in battle while struggling to preserve the intolerable feudal rights against the

growing power of civilization and social growth as represented by the Crown. For three hundred years Worcestershire has been famous in the theatrical world. Its historic capital, Stratford, is the Mecca of the members of the stage, while the roads which run through its quiet valleys and over its rounded hills have been trodden by long generations of players, musicians, and sight-seers from every land.

Her life is that of an Englishwoman belonging to the landed gentry. She overlooks her estate, attends to the education of her children, performs the social duties incident to her position, drives or walks about the country, plays cards in the evenings with neighbors, and keeps

in touch with her professional past through music, reading aloud, and the study of dramatic and contemporary literature.

"After the endless labor of a busy stage life," said Mme. de Navarro, "the strain of constant travel, the care and worry of new plays and characters, the ceaseless excitement which marks existence behind the footlights, it is an unspeakable relief and joy to settle down in a quiet country place like this, and lead a life whose harmony and peace can hardly be described. When the opportunity finally presented itself of retiring from the boards and entering into a happy Eden of my own, I accepted Fate's kind offer."



MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO

Life in the Great Sea: Mysterious Monsters that Live in the Deep

THE FLOOR OF THE DEEP....C. H. TOWNSEND....EVERYBODY'S

More than half of the ocean floor lies at depths of over two miles, while many parts of it are four or five miles below the surface. The floor of the ocean has, like the land, its elevations and depressions; some of the lofty mountain peaks of islands are vastly higher than they appear to be from sea level, because their bases rest upon the ocean floor.

The volcano of Mauna Kea in the Pacific is nearly twice as lofty as it seems to be, since it stands in an oceanic basin three miles deep. The sounding made last year by the United States cable ship *Nero* in the western Pacific, the deepest ever recorded, was 5,269 fathoms, or nearly six miles. From the elevation of the loftiest mountain peak to the depth of the deepest sea the vertical distance is more than ten miles, and the sea is deeper than the land is high.

The Pacific Ocean contains half of the water of the globe, and is in general deeper than other oceans. It has been estimated that if all the land on the globe above sea level were shoveled into the Pacific, it would fill only one-seventh of it. Surely here is the "Dark Continent" for the discoverer of the future.

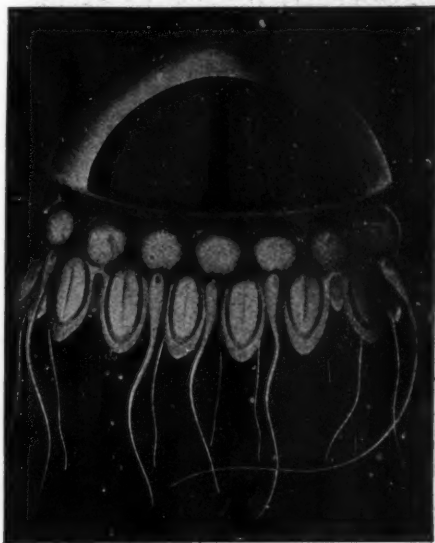
The surface of the sea nearly everywhere bears an abundance of minute animal life, consisting of fishes, crustaceans, shells, foraminifera, pteropods, and other forms. Sometimes they are so extremely abundant that a single dip of the hand-net will bring up hundreds of individuals of a single species. On bright, calm days this surface or pelagic life, as it is called collectively, is found close to the surface. In rough weather it sinks some distance, keeping below the waves. It is these small surface creatures that make the phosphorescence of the sea, and on dark, still nights the sea glitters with their light. The ship makes shining waves in passing through them, and leaves a luminous trail in her wake.

If the ship be stopped on a calm day, surface animals are easily collected with dip-nets, and by towing large surface-nets, with closely woven linings of bolting cloth, very slowly through the water, great quantities can be obtained.

Some of the most abundant of the surface forms are the minute foraminifera or spore-bearers, and the shell-bearing pteropods. The almost microscopic surface creatures are constantly dying, and forever falling like rain upon the ocean floor, their remnants becoming the food of the smaller animals dwelling there.

The surface of the sea has its streams and rivers, but they only affect the great depths in distributing the surface life. Huge currents like the Gulf Stream carry the surface animals of the tropics into colder waters, where they die and are soon deposited upon the bottom. For this reason dredging in the more northerly track of the Gulf Stream yields more material than is found in the depths entirely away from its influence, and the best dredging is to be had in regions outside of the tropics, where the largest numbers of surface animals are killed by the mixture of warm and cold currents.

A considerable part of the ocean bed, away from the continental slopes, is covered not only with loose deposits of the remains of



DEEP-SEA JELLYFISH

surface animals, but with the varying degrees of ooze and slime and mud accumulating through ages. Its inhabitants swim just above the ocean floor or hide in the soft bottom amid the disintegrated debris that has gradually settled in the depths. The deposits are generally referred to three groups: Those of the continental slopes are called terrigenous deposits, derived from the land through the wearing action of rivers, tides, and currents. These coastwise deposits are the blue or green muds, the coral or volcanic muds, and are characteristic of the adjacent land slopes from which they are derived.

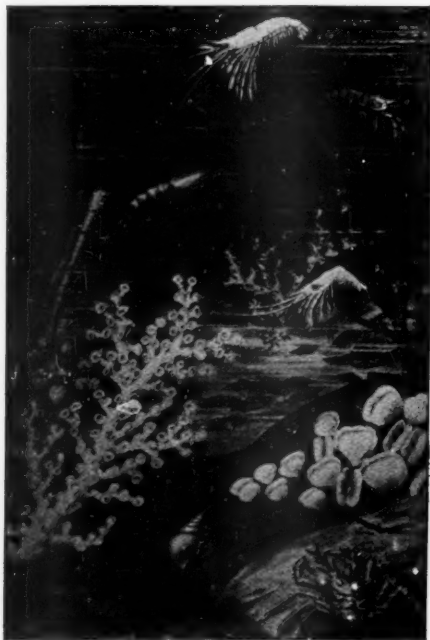
Farther off shore, or beyond the continental slopes, we lose the deposits formed by mechanical action, and find those known as pelagic deposits, made up of dead marine organisms from the surface, the minute surface creatures to which we have already referred. Here we find diatom, radiolarian, or globigerina oozes, which depend respectively upon the character of the surface life prevailing above them.

Beyond these, in the deeper parts of the ocean, we find the red clay deposits, which cover about half the ocean floor. This region

is not affected by material from the land, and receives little matter from the surface belt. It lies so deep that the shells of pelagic organisms falling down are removed through the solvent action of the deep water. The red clay is believed to have formed slowly, not more than a few feet of matter having accumulated since the Tertiary period.

From the evidence now at hand with respect to light in the sea, it seems certain that the sunlight does not extend below a couple of hundred fathoms, and even there becomes very dim. Below this the vast body of the ocean is absolutely dark. The brilliantly colored and abundant surface life is not found here, and the whole region is devoid of animals, except for the sinking through it of the calcareous remnants of those which have died at the surface. This is the intermediate and probably lifeless belt.

The abyssal region at the bottom is illuminated only where there are animals, in which case the light is phosphorescent. It has the actinic property of rendering conspicuous the reds, yellows, and greens which predominate among deep-sea animals. Dredging has yielded so many luminous creatures that there is no



LIFE AT HALF A MILE DEEP



LIFE AT THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE DEEP

ALONG THE SLOPE OF THE OCEAN BED



LIFE AT ONE MILE DEEP



LIFE AT TWO MILES DEEP

ALONG THE SLOPE OF THE OCEAN BED

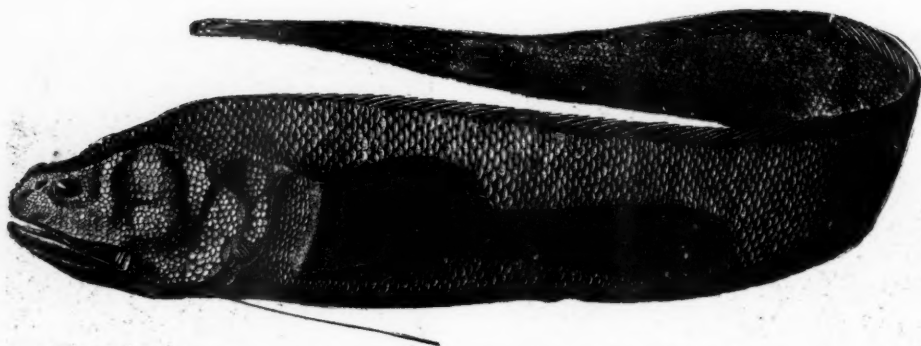
longer any doubt about the existence of phosphorescent light in the depths. There are myriads of living lamps at the bottom that undoubtedly cause considerable illumination of the gloom. The eyes of deep-sea animals are not like those developed under the influence of sunlight. Some of the abyssal species are blind; those that have eyes probably capture their prey by the phosphorescent light shed from their own bodies and the bodies of the vast number of other creatures that are constantly flashing their faint lamps over the ocean floor.

It is always cold at the bottom of the sea; the influence of the warm surface-currents does not extend below a hundred fathoms. In the great depths the temperature is forever close to the freezing point. In the tropics the difference between surface and bottom temperatures is frequently over forty-five degrees. From one hundred fathoms down, or throughout the waters beyond the influence of the sun, temperatures remain practically constant.

At the surface the lines of equal temperatures are parallel with the equator, although subject to deflections by currents; at the bot-

tom they follow the general trend of the continents. The coldness at the bottom of the sea is due to the water in polar regions sinking and gradually spreading itself over the ocean floor.

The pressure of water in the great depths is tremendous, crushing all objects that are not constructed to withstand it. All deep-sea instruments are made to resist sea pressure, which is about a ton to the square inch with each mile of depth. At the greatest depth known there would, therefore, be a pressure of nearly six tons to each square inch of surface. This is, of course, a very different condition from that under which terrestrial creatures live, the air pressure at the surface of the earth being only fourteen pounds to the square inch. The greatest depth ever reached by a human being in a diving suit is only two hundred feet, where the water pressure is eighty-eight pounds to the square inch. At the bottom of the sea a piece of tarred rope becomes so compressed by the water that its diameter is greatly reduced. It is not many years since it was argued that nothing could live at the bottom of the sea on account of pressure. Deep-sea



ERETMICHTHYS, WITH LIGHT-PRODUCING SPOTS ON ITS HEAD

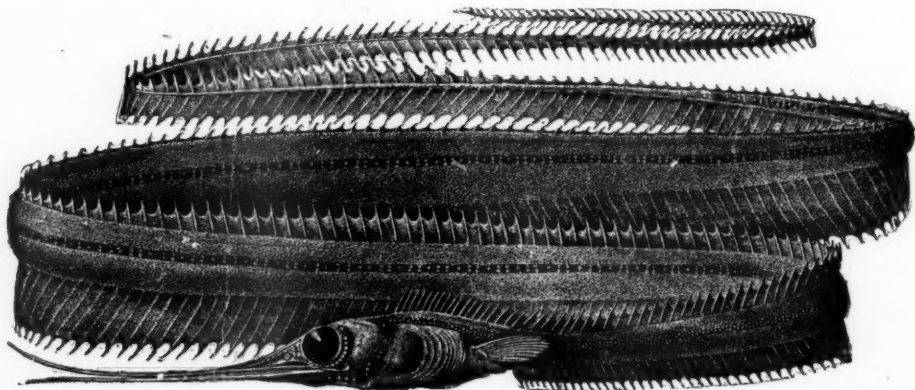
animals, however, have tissues sufficiently watery to equalize the crushing weight of the seas. It is likely that the soft forms which we handle so carefully on deck are, at the bottom, as firm-fleshed as those of shallow water; but whatever solidity of body they have at the bottom is doubtless due to compression. Men ascending lofty mountains suffer in many ways, and sometimes die from lack of air pressure. When animals are dredged from deep water they are always dead, and doubtless die during an early stage of their journey upward.

On some parts of the sea floor are found today vast fields of certain creatures crowded as closely as ever the geologists found them in the deposits laid down by the ancient seas. Frequently the crinoids, living representatives of the stone-lilies of the geologists, are found growing in profusion. Rhizocrinus, a form long supposed to be extinct, has been rediscovered, and the living species dredged up

look very much like those that date back to the Jurassic period. Shells of brachiopods, which are also among the commonest fossil forms of the ancient deposits, have been brought up by the dredge from profound depths.

The colors of deep-sea animals are sometimes as brilliant as those developed under the influence of sunlight, although not so varied.

Deep-sea fishes are, as a rule, dark-colored, particularly those hiding in the ooze of the bottom. Many of the crustaceans, starfishes, and crinoids are quite brilliant. The comparative scarcity of high colors in the majority of bottom animals is doubtless due to the absence of sunlight. It is possible that the brilliant colors which some of them have, were acquired by their ancestors under the influence of sunlight and have not yet become obliterated. It is also possible that the existence of colors is directly related to the existence of phosphorescent light.



NEMICHTHYS, FROM A MILE AND A HALF DEEP, WOULD PASS READILY ENOUGH FOR A SEA-SERPENT IF SUFFICIENTLY LARGE

The myriad deep-sea creatures are as voracious as land animals; they prey on each other, and many interesting finds have been made in the stomachs of the larger fishes, while the less predatory forms are abundantly fed by the inexhaustible rain of small things from above.

Of course, animals of the deep sea cannot live upon the surface, but many remarkable forms have been taken along the slopes of the continents, in water only a few hundred fathoms deep, and have been brought to the surface alive. It may be that large serpent-like fishes live at such depths and have come to the surface at rare intervals. Although the ancient fauna are not well represented, modern deep-sea dredging has demonstrated that some of the ancient types of invertebrates, until recently supposed to be extinct, are still living in the deep sea, and there are no scientific reasons why animals of great size related to the ancient types should not be living there.

OCEAN MONSTERS.....G. F. HOLDER.....NEW YORK TIMES

Those animals of the deep sea which live habitually in water just above the freezing point, in darkness that is profound, are among the most grotesque and singular of living beings. The fishes so far as known, are of small size; but this does not prove that there are no large animals in the deep sea. The method of taking deep sea forms precludes the capture of any except the small and very sluggish ones which lie in the deep ooze, but the time will come when a large dredge will be invented in which the monsters of the deep will be taken, as there are few naturalists who have given the subject any attention but believe there are in the greater depths some gigantic animal which is occasionally seen by those who go down to the sea in ships. The many and oft recurring stories of the sea serpent cannot all be visions, pictures of the fancy. Many of the supposed sea serpents are whales, lines of birds, or patches of sea weed, but it is the consensus of opinion among conservative naturalists that there is some gigantic animal in the deep sea yet unknown to science which occasionally comes to the surface, showing portions of its form, to the amazement of the mariner who may chance to be in the vicinity.

As to the nature of these unknown animals we have several suggestions. Several eel-like sharks have been taken; long serpentine-like creatures that when large must be the sea-serpents of the deep sea, and have convinced observers that the tales which have aroused

the credulity of people are not without foundation, and that this mysterious realm conceals strange and gigantic forms which only rarely rise to the surface. The eel-like sharks found are in some instances luminous, emitting a strange light over the entire surfaces—the light givers of the deep sea.

Another denizen of the deep is the so-called ribbon fish, several specimens of which the writer has seen on the shores of Santa Catalina Island. This creature is one of the most beautiful of all fishes. It resembles a white or silver ribbon, slashed with black. A long fin extends its entire length, and over the head forms a number of plumes or pompons of a vivid red that in long specimens might easily be taken for a mane waving to and fro. That this delicate ribbon fish attains a very large size is generally believed, as good-sized specimens have been captured. Some years ago a fisherman was hauling a net on the coast of Scotland, when it was found that some heavy weight was holding the net back. Additional help was obtained, and a dozen men finally hauled in a monster fish, which was estimated to weigh 800 pounds. It was a gigantic ribbon fish, 30 feet or more in length, so long and heavy that it required the efforts of half a dozen men to carry it along the deck. It was a veritable sea serpent, and extending from its head were tall deep red or scarlet plumes, like fins, which formed a sort of "mane," frequently described as being seen on the typical sea serpent. If these fishes attain a length of thirty feet there is no reason why they may not exceed this, and it is very possible that some of the "sea serpents" which have been observed at various times were gigantic ribbon fishes, which came up from the deep sea and moved along with undulating motion at the surface.

One of the most remarkable as well as gigantic animals of the deep sea is the giant squid—a favorite tidbit of the sperm whale. The size to which these animals grow, their strength, and their hideous appearance places them on a par with many of the weird and grotesque creatures of a past age. The squid undoubtedly attains a length of nearly, if not over, one hundred feet, and pieces have been taken from the stomach of whales which suggested animals far beyond this in size.

No more hideous creature can be imagined. The body is barrel-shaped, the tail like an arrow head, the eyes as large as saucers, black and white, hypnotic and staring. The arms are attached to the head and are ten in num-

ber, from ten to twenty feet long in extremely large animals, while two are from thirty to fifty feet in length, depending upon the size of the individual. The short arms are provided with extraordinary suckers their entire length. The two long ones have them only at the extremities, and they form virtually a pair of pincers, which are shot out thirty or more feet like a flash of light to seize unsuspecting prey, which is then hauled among the shorter arms and held powerless to escape. The mouth is small, but is provided with two large parrot-like beaks. This weird creature, weighing tons, with a power of changing its color like a chameleon, and in some species luminous, lives in deep fjord-like bays and, probably, in the deeper regions of the ocean, as it is rarely seen except when wounded.

The question of large animals of the deep sea is one of the problems of the future, and doubtless in the years to come some trap will be devised which will bring to the surface life of the deep sea, which in form and shape will be as remarkable as the smaller animals which are known to be the light givers of these abyssal regions of the ocean world.

SNAKES OF THE SEA.....BALTIMORE SUN

The first scientific and official report that reached the United States of the existence of great sea snakes in numbers so vast as to challenge credulity was made two years ago by Dr. George F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who saw a wonderful spectacle while passing through the Sea of Jolo.

Between Cebu and Jolo the ship passed through sea snakes for 100 miles. Dr. Becker computes that there were at last 5,000 of them to each square mile and that if the "school" of serpents was as broad as it was long there must have been 50,000,000 of them. In this case, the sea, literally and exactly speaking, was alive with them. Wherever the eye might look snakes were swimming with graceful convolutions, with heads and long thin necks thrust far out of the water in true sea-serpent style.

Utter fearlessness is a distinguishing characteristic of the sea snakes, and it adds no little to the danger that is to be apprehended from them, for it often leads them to attack fishermen or swimmers, and even to climb up the anchor chains and through the hawser holes of vessels and to attack the crews. And as the bite of every one of the fifty known varieties is absolutely fatal there is no little fear felt of

them in the great ocean spaces that are inhabited by them.

There are fifty known varieties of these dreaded creatures, all classified under the general title of *Thanatophidia*. None of them is able to live anywhere except in ocean water. Every variety and sub-variety is as poisonous as the cobra or the bushmaster of Africa. Indeed, with the exception of these two land serpents, there is no snake on dry land that kills so swiftly and so terribly as do the sea snakes. Owing to their fatal weapons and their ease and celerity of swimming there are practically no enemies that destroy enough of them to make any impression on their numbers.

No snake on land except the coral, grass and carpet snake is clad so beautifully as are almost all the *Thanatophidia*. Banded, striped, speckled, blotched, green, olive, yellow, blue and black, they seem the most beautiful things that the eye can hope to see as one watches them "swimming and coiling" far below the surface in the glorious transparency of the deep-blue Indian ocean. No man who has not seen them can form even a conception of their grace and agility. When they are swimming at an ordinary rate of speed they appear to undulate all over. They do not wind through the water as does an eel. Their method of progression reminds the beholder of the locomotion of a caterpillar, with the difference that it is far more graceful, and that, as their bodies move and twist, colors play all over them, as they do on the back and sides of dolphins. But when they dash at prey full speed they move like an arrow, with their heads and necks thrust straight before them if they are swimming under the surface, or if they are darting along the top of the water, with their heads elevated just far enough to clear the crest of the waves. When they are racing along thus their sole means of locomotion is their broad, paddle-shaped tail, which is peculiar to all the sea snakes, and forms the only striking difference between them and the ordinary terrestrial serpent.

This paddle is used like a steamer's screw, and has immense power. Bent sideways it will stop the snake instantly, as if the creature had anchored suddenly. Indeed, when dozing or resting over reefs and in the sea caves that are common in the coral banks they hold fast to the rocks or bottom with their broad tails, and will often sway thus for hours in calm weather.

There are no cases on record of recovery after their bite. Most of their victims are Malay

and other native fishermen and shore dwellers, and physicians rarely get to see the victims. Statistics are not kept in that part of the world, so it is not possible to ascertain even approximately how many persons are killed each year. But travelers know that there is hardly a fishing village that has not its tale of death to tell.

For a time scientists were inclined to the belief that the deadliness of the bite was due not to a venom like that of land snakes, but to some property that caused blood poison, as does the bite of many fishes that are not poisonous in themselves. But the case of a sailor on the British warship *Algerine*, coming under the careful observation of medical men, proved that the snakes are directly poisonous, and that they carry fangs charged with venom just like the cobra.

The sea snake lives entirely in the open ocean. They do not even ascend rivers. Their favorite hunting grounds are the wide and deep arms of sea that separate the islands of China, Indian and South Pacific seas. They do not often haunt the shores, but remain at some distance from land. They can hardly move on dry land, and, after wriggling around a bit and biting savagely and blindly in all directions, they lie still until they perish.

Their range is great. They are found throughout the Indian and Pacific oceans from Cape of Good Hope and Madagascar to the western shore of Panama, and from New Zealand to Japan, in the Bay of Bengal, and the seas around the Nicobars, Molucca, Timor and New Guinea.

MARINE FISH DESTROYERS W. C. McINTOSH HARPER'S

From the earliest spine of the Plagiostome (a kind of shark) in the upper Ludlow rock—one of the most recent of the Silurian system—fishes, which never fail to eat each other, and large fish-destroyers, have abounded throughout the Devonian, Old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, Cretaceous, Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene periods on to recent times. Until those changes resulting in the disappearance of whole families of fishes and fish-destroyers took place, there was no lack of either in those ancient seas. There is no parallel in modern times to this obliteration of race after race of fishes, some of them leaving no successors.

While the gigantic *Dinichthys*—of the Devonian rocks of North America and of the Old Red Sandstone—with its mailed head three feet in length, and jaws armed with for-

midable teeth, and the powerful *Rhizodus*, and perhaps the *Labyrinthodonts* of the Carboniferous system, are examples of great destroyers of fishes in their times, they hold a subordinate position to those which followed in the Triassic seas. Teeming with fishes, as our own now are, those ancient oceans differed in so far as their finny tribes were kept in check solely by their fellows and the predaceous air-breathing reptiles or other types of the period. Especially in that age of reptiles, the Jurassic, gigantic reptilians took the place of the fish-eating whales of later ages, and caused an enormous drain on fish life. These included large crocodilians—eighteen feet long—which ventured seaward to a much greater distance than the living gaviol of the Ganges. Moreover, their number and their gigantic size counterbalanced the agencies man now puts in force against the fishes.

The largest Ichthyosaurs were between thirty and forty feet in length, and occurred in considerable numbers in a comparatively limited area during the long period stretching from the upper Triassic and Rhætic to the Chalk. Fusiform in shape, and some with a long, pointed snout almost like that of the Gangetic dolphin, the head joined to the body without a distinct neck, those giant fish-destroyers were adapted no less for deep than for shallow water, propelling themselves by their powerful tails, which had a vertical fin, and deftly balancing themselves by strong paddles or flippers, in their irresistible chase after their lesser neighbors. In some these paddles were between five and six feet long, larger in the older, narrower in the more recent forms, as if a less purely pelagic habit were indicated. Nor did these reptiles confine their attacks to fishes, but the smaller members of their own race were occasionally seized, to vary their dietary.

The waters of the Cretaceous period witnessed the advent of a great variety of bony fishes (Teleosts), which included all the chief forms now used as food by man. These, and the older types which survived from the former age, afforded inexhaustible nourishment for such as the huge *Mosasaurus*, seventy-five feet in length, which haunted the shores of the sea, and followed its prey by aid of four great paddles formed like the flippers of a whale, and seized it by large, sharp teeth fixed (by nature's dentistry) to the summit of the jaws by bony union. *Pterodactyls* there were also, with a stretch from tip to tip of flying membrane of twenty-five feet. Here, too, occurred *Elasmosaurus*, a gigantic snake-

like creature measuring forty feet in length, from the Cretaceous rocks of North America.

Fortunately these widely distributed and gigantic destroyers of fishes for the most part vanished in the Eocene, yet sharks, voracious rays, crocodiles, sea snakes, and fish-eating birds were very prominent. Even to comparatively recent times huge sharks with conical teeth between four and five inches in length frequented the Pacific, whilst smaller forms everywhere abounded—linking on the old fauna to the new.

In the literature of the present day the group of the modern whales, the largest of all living animals, contains many fish-eating forms—even amongst the colossal whalebone whales—which are known from the Miocene onward.

Foremost amongst these fish-destroyers is the common rorqual, or razor-back, so well known to herring fishermen, and whose presence is rather welcomed on the fishing grounds, since it betokens an abundant capture of herrings. It reaches the length of sixty or seventy feet. The number of herrings devoured by ten or twenty of these finners, or fin-whales—for as many have occasionally been seen on the herring-ground—would nearly equal the catch of the fishermen, and taking the average for a year, would probably exceed it. Eight hundred arctic smelts have been taken from the stomach of one example (Beddard). This whale, apparently by its intelligence and familiarity with the fishermen's ways, is sometimes quite bold, coming close to the boats and brushing the nets as they are drawn to seize the herrings. Their combined tax on the fishes must be enormous as well as constant.

But whilst the activity of the common rorqual makes its presence conspicuous in the shoals of herring, it is far inferior in bulk to the huge Sibbald's rorqual, the Steppireythr of the Icelanders, which attains a length of about eighty feet. Though its dietary is varied consisting of shrimps ("Krill") off the Norwegian shores, it also devours fishes in the arctic seas, and must be placed among the fish-destroyers. The enormous numbers of the arctic capelin necessary to maintain a body of about seventy tons in weight is in itself a striking feature. A few hundreds of these gigantic whales would probably consume as many marine fishes and shrimps in a year as certain enterprising nations bordering on the North Sea. So likewise in proportion would the smaller rorqual, not uncommon off the northeastern shores of Britain, and which

reaches twenty-five to thirty feet. The presence of a white bar across the upper surface of the flipper makes its recognition easy. Fishes form its food. Another large destroyer of fishes is the hump-backed or long-armed whale, which occasionally follows sprats and young herring into estuaries. It differs from the fin-whales by its stouter form, large head, and smaller upper jaw. Its tail is also proportionately broader, and is symmetrically fimbriated on its posterior edge, whilst its flippers are remarkable for their great length and thickness and their pure white color. This whale is usually credited with being neither shy nor fierce, yet it is full of intelligence and of great strength.

But the foregoing forms do not exhaust the air-breathing fish-destroyers of to-day. The great group of the toothed whales, which are as old as the Miocene, is perhaps, from its numbers, even a more formidable and persistent enemy to the fishes. The most gigantic of these, the sperm-whale, need not be considered at present, though it mingles a fish now and then with its staple diet of cuttle-fish. The white whale is a constant fish-destroyer, and though it does not grow beyond twelve or sixteen feet, its numbers in the arctic seas are considerable. The same may be said of the narwhal, schools of which are not uncommon in the arctic waters. Those who have watched hundreds of porpoises feeding on the shores of the Zetlandic bays, and who are familiar with the contents of their stomachs, can estimate the enormous loss this extensively distributed species causes to fish life, even to the most esteemed fishes. A school of caaing or pilot whales two hundred in number will devour an incredible number of valuable fishes in a year, and as they have been known to occur in herds of upward of a thousand, their destructive powers are both constant and prodigious. So also is it with the schools of dolphins, a widely distributed species, and to a large extent fish-destroyers. The toothed whales are in every ocean, and some, like the Gangetic dolphin, or susu, and the Inia of the Amazon, abide in the great rivers.

The sum total of all the losses to fish life by the living whales, not to allude to the hordes of predaceous sharks and dog-fishes in every ocean, nor to the vast destruction of food-fishes by each other, must far exceed the efforts of man. If to this is added the constant drain caused by the innumerable seals, fishing-birds, and sea-otters, the grand total must, indeed, exceed belief.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

An æsthetic love of plants does indeed add a new pleasure to life; but how much richer becomes the enjoyment when we add a scientific knowledge of the properties and function of each organ! We then not only admire the beauty of the foliage and the flower, but our minds are alive to each difference of form and position, and we at once raise the question of the "why and how" and so unfold a long vista of adaptations to surroundings. Flowers naturally, from their beauty, take up the greater part of our attention, but other organs equally demand notice, and, therefore, there need be no apology for offering a number of selections dealing with leaves and their office in securing the well-being of the plant:

LEAVES.....A. T. ERWIN.....20TH CENTURY FARMER

In presenting our subject it may be well to briefly consider first of all the function of the leaf, its work and relationship to the other organs of the plant. Someone has defined the leaf as the lungs of the plant. It would be equally true to define it as the stomach of the plant, since digestion as well as respiration are functions of the leaf. Through the agency of the green coloring matter in the leaf in the presence of sunlight the crude sap of the plant is digested and assimilated. Generally speaking the plant is entirely dependent upon the leaf to carry on this necessary chemical work. It is a highly sensitive organ. A close student of plant growth can readily detect any physiological disorder of the plant system by the appearance of the leaves. A wet, soggy soil is indicated by the bilious appearance of the foliage. From a lack of moisture the tips of the leaf become brown and dead. In many plants the leaves are sensitive to light, cold, etc. From the importance of its work then, the necessity of such a system of culture as will supply and maintain a healthy foliage is self-evident, and the subject is one which should interest every fruit grower. The influence of plant food in the soil bears a direct relation to leaf growth. An excess of nitrogen gives a heavy foliage and wood growth, often at the expense of the fruit. In fact the best fruit land is not the richest one by any means. Compare the rich, black prairie soil of Iowa with the thin, poor clay soil of Missouri, for example. Trees on the latter

have decidedly less leafage and a larger proportion of fruit buds.

ADVANTAGES OF THICK LEAVES.

The variation in the thickness of the leaf is quite noticeable within some groups of plants. A variety of strawberry known as Captain Jack originated in Central Missouri. It possessed a fruit of high quality and for a time had bright prospects. But its weak foliage readily succumbed to the rust, hence it was soon discarded. Other varieties seem especially strong in their resistant power to disease. A number of complaints have been received that, on account of its lack of foliage, the berries of the Clyde were cooked on one side, and fared badly. Under the winter mulch some varieties seem to smother easily, while others have a leathery foliage that will stand a good deal. Often these are the points which have a direct financial bearing on the year's crop. I have spoken of a thick, leathery leaf. Often, however, there seems to be an inherent vigor of sufficient force to resist unfavorable conditions which is not outwardly expressed by either texture or thickness of the leaf, though in a general way a coarse, leathery leaf is characteristic of those groups of plants which are natives of severe climates. It would be a great convenience if we could accept the leaf texture as a guide to hardiness. I am inclined to believe, however, that the characters which I have indicated as being indicative of hardiness are characteristic only of certain broad groups of plants, and the variation within these groups is so infinite that we cannot accept it as a guide to hardiness.

THE RIPENING OF THE LEAVES.

An important relation to the question of hardiness is the process of foliage ripening in the fall. We commonly speak of the leaves as being killed by frost. As a matter of fact, however, the hardening up of the wood cells, the withdrawal of the starch from the leaf to the twig and the dropping of the foliage is an essential part in the life history of many plants.

This round of life is fully as essential to the plants of the sunny south as to those of the frigid north. In the greenhouse we have many plants that flourish best when dried off and given a rest period for a portion of the year. Many classes of plants have a relative definite growth period. The tenderness of many of our southern plants when tried in the north seems probably due to the fact that our growing season is too short and hence they do not harden up their cells and get ready for winter in time. The difference in hardiness between the Chickasaw and Americana groups of plums is well defined. Last season the Americana plums dropped their foliage and passed into the dormant stage from three weeks to one month in advance of the Chickasaw. In fact the latter group really failed to ripen up their foliage properly and the leaves were simply killed by the intense cold while yet in an active growing condition. On the experimental grounds are many varieties which have been partially top-worked with some other sort. Often in such instances the scion of the top-worked variety will continue in growth for two or three weeks after the rest of the tree has quit work and gone to rest.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that a rapid growing winter cover crop seems to have a perceptible and beneficial effect in using up the surplus moisture near the surface and hence causing the wood to ripen earlier. On the other hand there is a possibility of an extreme in having the wood ripen too early. In such a case, if later we have a warm spell with rains, we are likely to have second growth and disastrous results follow.

HEALTHY FOLIAGE NECESSARY.

It is evident that a plant can do its best work only when it possesses a good, healthy foliage. In orchards infested with the apple scab it is equally as important to spray to preserve a healthy foliage as for protection of the fruit. In the season of 1898, the loss through premature dropping of the fruit in certain orchards was excessive. Upon investigation it was proven that this trouble was caused by an attack of the apple scab on the leaves and young stems, thus cutting off the food supply. Also trees that were badly infested lost their foliage in an abnormal manner, while in those cases where the trees were properly protected by spraying the leaf was permitted to complete its work and the cells ripened for winter in a normal

manner. One cannot emphasize too strongly the important work which the leaf has to perform in furnishing us good fruit and hence the necessity of such a system of cultivation and spraying as will best protect the foliage. We should be close students of the leaf-growth and take advantage of any favorable variation.

Professor Erwin deals with fruits, but the care of leaves is equally necessary when we are cultivating for flowers. Especially is such care to be exercised with plants grown in the dwelling house, for, in spite of all the efforts of the most careful housewife, dust will settle on the leaves and so interfere with their functions. The following passage will be found peculiarly valuable to those who endeavor to make their homes bright with flowers and ferns:

AS TO HOUSE PLANTS... M. McCULLOCH WILLIAMS... HOME MAG.

House plants, well chosen and well kept are well-springs of pleasure—this wholly aside from their decorative value. What an eminent French woman says of a baby, "It furnishes," applies with double force to things green and growing. But many things adorable in the greenhouse or thrice adorable out of doors, will not thrive in the confined atmosphere of an ordinary dwelling. Flowering plants seldom give satisfaction—they bud scantily, and if flowers develop they are most commonly but ghosts of perfect bloom. This, of course, in winter—the shut-in months, when the sun is low and weak and nature's impulse to growth at pause. So it behooves to choose well—which is but another way of saying choose mainly green things, and those in thrifty well-hardened growth. If possible, buy plants early in September, before the greenhouses take on artificial heat. Then the plants are accustomed to atmospheric conditions very nearly normal, so will suffer less by the change than at any other time of the year. Plants plunged in the border in their pots are often well worth lifting, re-potting and keeping over. But those which have been planted usually suffer so by transplanting they seldom come to decorative condition before late spring, hence are better left alone.

FERTILIZING.

The average home-maker will do well to restrict her choice of house plants to rubber trees, ferns, palms, and their congeners the dracenas and pandanus. Among palms the round-leafed Lantana Bourbonica is about the easiest kept in good condition, with Kentia Balmorena a close second. Buy young plants, but well-developed; keep the

pots clean outside, forswear jardinières as inventions of the evil one, and set your plants a little way above the floor, especially in severe weather. Even with steam heat there is generally a cold stratum a few inches deep at the floor. Give the palms light in plenty, sunlight if possible. If they are in rapid growth fertilize them every week. If the growth is slow once a fortnight is often enough. Ammoniated bone meal, a heaping teaspoonful to an eight-inch pot, is the best fertilizer for home use. It can be mixed in tepid water or sprinkled upon the top of the pot and lightly scratched into the earth. If the earth sinks enough to admit of top dressing mix a tablespoonful of the bone meal well through a double handful of light earth, and spread around the plant just after watering.

WATERING.

Watering is where more than half the palms go to ruin. Too much water is worse for them than too little. Never leave water standing in the saucer around a palm, but water well when water is needed. Give all the pot earth a thorough soaking. Then let it stand till the top looks a little dry. Too much water, especially if left to stand around the roots, makes the leaves yellow and blight. Too little water in the atmosphere makes the leaf-tips shrivel and turn brown. To prevent it, if there are radiators, keep flat earthen vessels of water upon each. If there are registers, see that the furnace water pan is always full, and further, keep a sponge frequently wetted where the hot air will pass through it into the room. Saucers of water set among the plants tend to help in supplying the necessary humidity.

TREATMENT OF FERNS.

Ferns need much water, many times applied, but are as intolerant as palms of stagnant pools at the root. That is one great evil of the jardinière. Inside one it is next to impossible to be sure a fern is not puddled. Water ferns every day until water runs through the pot, emptying the saucers an hour afterwards. Fertilize at least once a week. Ferns grow majestically if permitted, but very slowly if starved. The bone meal is good for them. So are the washings of a bird cage. But, where practicable, they should have monthly a liberal allowance of liquid manure, made by dissolving a cake of sheep dung, say three cubic inches, in a gallon of boiling water. This can be kept

standing in a back yard or outhouse and applied a cupful to the pot, each cupful mixed with as much tepid water. Plants must be set in air for some little time after the application which is thus impossible in apartments or city houses with restricted yards.

BATHING PLANTS.

Next in importance to watering comes bathing. Ferns especially demand it. The first thing is to sew together the ends of a longish strip of sleazy cloth, perhaps eight inches deep, then make a case for a draw string at either edge of it. Put strings in the cases, and leave the ends so that they can be tied outside. Set the plant to be bathed inside this open-ended bag, tie the upper drawstring loosely around the plant itself, then the lower one around the pot under the rim at the top. Thus the earth in it will be covered completely. Leave bath water until it is tepid; somehow the waste products of the skin have a specific influence on plant growth. Lay the pot upon its side in the bath tub, and splash the water vigorously all over it. Turn it several times, so every particle of leaf surface shall share in the washing. The bag will keep the earth from washing out, and also prevent any loosening of roots in the pot. After ten minutes or so, set the plant upright, draw off the soapy water and shower the plant freely with tepid water, through a fine hose. The bathing should be done at least monthly. Fortnightly will be better. Plants too big to go in a bath tub ought to have leaves and branches sponged off every week, taking care before the sponging to wipe off all dust. Sponge first with tepid soap suds, then with clear water; thus you will banish grime, which is so great a foe to plant life.

INSECT PESTS.

Insect plagues are the bane of house plants. The worst pest of them all, the mealie bug, requires heroic treatment. Bathing keeps him down in a measure, but he is so soft, so unresisting and so numerous, water will not take him wholly away. He is whitish and woolly-looking, and when full grown as big as a grain of wheat. Look out for him in plants buying—and if found, buy some other plant. But if he develops, as is sometimes the case, upon a pet plant hitherto beyond suspicion, arm yourself and go at him. Get first a soft coarse bristled tooth brush, next a big basin half full of tepid Ivory soap suds. Dip the

plant, leaf by leaf, frond by frond, into the soap suds, and brush both sides gently but steadily with the brush. If the mealie bug has a long start, use fir-oil soap. Go over the plant thus about every three days until it is clear of mealies. Waiting a week between brushings gives the pests time to grow and reinforce themselves. In between the brushings it is well to give a full bath without any soap; thus there will be no danger of alkali-burning upon tender tips.

Roses seldom pay for the window space they fill. Red spider is their plague—only to be kept down by plenteous watering, brushing in suds, and smoking with tobacco. Plant lice—aphides—come mysteriously, overrunning a pot in a night. Cut off the tender tips upon which they swarm, and be sure to burn them. Then give the plants a good bath, pots and all. After the pots have drained, scrape off an inch of soil at the top, throw it away, and put in fresh earth, with a little flower of sulphur.

CURRENT LITERATURE has repeatedly appealed to its readers to do something to stop the havoc wrought by selfish and thoughtless persons among our wild plants. Let them meditate on the following extract and then "rise up in their might" and see what each can do in his or her own sphere:

WILD FLOWERS OF NEW YORK.....NEW YORK TIMES

One little arbutus plant blossomed in Bronx Park last spring, but it will never blossom again. Mrs. N. L. Britton, wife of Dr. Britton, Director in Chief of the Botanical Garden, had taken it under her especial care, and tended it as if it were a human. It grew dangerously near a footpath, and she had it sufficiently covered with leaves, she thought, to hide it away from the most observing eyes. But during the fall someone found it, recognized it, and deliberately dug it up and carried it off bodily. Ten or fifteen years ago arbutus and laurel abounded in Bronx Park. Five years ago the arbutus still grew on the steep banks of the river. With the theft of Mrs. Britton's pet plant there is not an arbutus root left in the park. The disappearance of the arbutus from Bronx Park is typical of the fate of all the wood flowers in and around Manhattan.

The arbutus will not bear transplanting. A gentleman who owns a handsome place near Water Mill, being exceedingly desirous of propagating the native wild flowers in his grounds, had sods of arbutus a foot deep and many feet square, transferred bodily to

his grounds. Nearly every plant died. Arbutus is one of the freaky plants of nature, and it has yet to be discovered by botanists just what is necessary for its happiness. It will grow only in certain places of its own choosing, and therefore all the more care is necessary to preserve it where found. It was abundant about Lakewood, N. J., until the passion for sending it by mail set in, and now its lovers have to seek it further and further from the shores of the lake. Its extermination there is only a question of time, and the pity of it is that so few people understand packing it that very little of it reaches its destination in condition to give any pleasure. The Connecticut Legislature has passed a law forbidding any person to uproot an arbutus plant under penalty of \$50 for each offence, and the public there is urged to co-operate with the officers of the law in preventing the extermination of the historic blossom. The Hartford fern has been similarly protected.

Throughout Bronx Park there are signs asking the co-operation of the public with the management in preventing the extermination of the wild flowers of the park. Yet every Friday through the Spring one may walk through the park and see the rocks gay with wild pinks and columbine, and on Monday morning they will be denuded of blossoms. The seizing of bouquets of wild flowers from those having them in their possession, and even the arrest of offenders who pick them do not prevent the depredation. The temptation to those who have escaped from the down town streets in the first spring days to pick the wild flowers is very great and in a way excusable. But it is simply a question of their extermination if sufficient are not left to seed themselves.

A Society for the Protection of Native Plants has been recently formed, which has the endorsement of the botanists of New York. It seeks to educate the public in the matter of indiscriminate gathering, and to prevent the extermination of species for commercial ends.

Perhaps matters would be better if plants growing on a certain place were regarded as the property of the owner of the place, whether cultivated or not. There is too strong a tendency to regard wild things, plant or animal, as Heaven's gift to anyone who comes across them. Let the owners of property take at least as much care of the wild flowers as they do of their rabbits.

Summer Recreation and Sport

OLD BASEBALL DAYS.....CLARENCE DEMING.....OUTING

There was in old England a game of bat, ball, and base-runings called "rounders." There was in New England a contemporaneous and similar game called "base." At about the middle fifties a genius lost to renown compounded the two games and gave us the basic lines of modern baseball. The new sport, with its variety and grace, caught the American taste. By the year 1857 it had risen to the dignity of an association of clubs and official rules. It eclipsed the scientific but torpid English cricket and the more vigorous but less refined "wicket" of Yankee-land. The Civil War hardly gave it pause, and up to 1868, when professionalism and gate money were first officially allowed, the game was sovereign, if not despot, of the American sports of the sword.

The game is still national and popular; but the youngsters of to-day should have seen it as it was in 1866 and 1867, when it reached its climacteric and a frenzy for the game swept the land. Each little village and hamlet boasted its nine, and in the larger towns of the eastern states the clubs were enumerated by the score.

It was on rural fields in the heyday of baseball that the sport, if less refined, was more picturesque. That the game was vocal goes with the saying. In our present baseball day there is the familiar trick of organizing the nine as a kind of "claque" to chatter away the nerves of opponents at the bat. But a generation ago the claque was both spontaneous and noisy, and included spectator as well as player. To dispute the umpire on every close decision was orthodox duty—a fashion not yet outlived—and it made the rural ball game forensic as well as spectacular.

The country umpire, who was usually selected by the home team, merits this specific picture. In the earlier days of the sport he was chosen for knowledge of the rules simply because the opposing bucolic nines had so little knowledge themselves. Later, technical lore became somewhat secondary as a credential, and in the ideal rural umpire was sought a kind of Boanerges—a Son of Thunder, bellowing out his decisions until the welkin echoed, and able on the one hand either to

placate the crowd by good temper or to daunt it with strong speech. That is to say, the umpire of the time and place had to own no middle terms of personal temperament, but be either extremely crisp or superlatively good-natured and tactful.

The umpire's place was usually a point even with the home plate and about twenty feet away. There an armchair was set for him and on sunny days he was entitled to an umbrella, either self-provided or a special one of vast circumference, fastened to the chair and with it constituting one of the fixtures of the game. He had freedom of movement, but the prerogative was rarely used. In his pocket was a copy of Beadle's Dime Baseball Book, then the hornbook of the game, and often in requisition. In his airy perch, shielded by his mighty canopy, the umpire of those days made an imposing figure, bearing his honors with Oriental dignity, though hardly with Oriental ease. A pressing thorn at the umpire's seat of judgment was the right of an offended team to demand a "change of umpire," and such transitions in old rural baseball were not rare.

There were few uniforms in the rural nine, and such as they were they were not uniform. The country player rose to quite a peak of dignity if he could "sport" the old-fashioned baseball cap with its huge visor, or a belt in place of the more useful than ornate "gal-luses." Baseball shoes, for such as had them, were of the homespun pattern, with spikes made by the village blacksmith and set in the soles of ordinary shoes by the local cobbler, who also not seldom tried his hand at covering with calfskin the balls used for practise games, the orthodox "white" ball being used only for match games—often the same ball for two or three matches.

If a country club could secure a fairly level meadow for its play it was in high luck, and the local vagaries of the soil were no small factor in the result of match games. Thus a team wanted to the hard-packed dirt of the village green, and, by ground hits vanquishing visiting teams easily, found grief and rustic Waterloos when, visitors in turn, it faced foes on soft and irregular turf, with grass so lush that it is of record that the ball was sometimes

lost inside the diamond, and a home run scored on the equivalent of the modern bunt. If the home field was bounded by a near fence, thicket, or stream, all the better for the home nine after it had learned the local hazards. These variations of the field made the game fantastic in its changes. Nor was the country editor in a New England town, which boasted for those days a good field, without genuine, if caustic wit, when after an acrimonious victory won on the home grounds he closed his account of the match with the words: "The visiting club labored under the difficulty of playing on a level field and in the presence of gentlemen."

A dinner after the game usually contributed by the friends of the home nine, was for a number of years conventional, and salved many wounds of temper in the actual play. This hospitality was possible when the matches of a season were few, but as games multiplied it was dropped on the ground of expense. Now and then the country teams played for a dinner as the stake of the match—a suggestion from the earlier "wicket."

One or two of the customs of the old game were unique. Such, for instance, was the habit of the better class of clubs of exchanging, just before each match, silk badges imprinted with the club name. The players wore these accumulated trophies pinned upon the breast, sometimes with startling color effects; and the baseball man was proud, indeed, who could pin on the outside of his deep strata of badges a ribbon from the mighty Atlantics, Mutuals, or Eckfords, attesting his worth for meeting giants, if not mastering them. A custom lasting some years, of presenting the ball won in a match to the player making the best score on the winning side, had the odd feature of fixing the "best" score, not by base hits or lack of errors, but by the gross number of individual runs.

The ardent devotee of the baseball of to-day, with its precisions, curved pitching, and close play behind the bat, may smile at the oddities and crudities of the old game.

Yet, were the virtues of the old days in baseball purely legendary, the gray-headed ball player would still love them. Again with memory's eye he would mark the rough diamonds of the shaggy country land, the outgoings in the sunlight and the homecomings under the moon; hear the cheers for victory, and see the forms of the old players against so many of whom in college triennials the Great Umpire has set his final "out" and marked his sad asterisk of death.

THE WINSOMENESS OF GOLF. WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN. ATLANTIC

If, in respect of the sense it gives of one's body and of one's clubs, golf is at least the equal of other sports, it is, I think, clearly the superior of any other I know in the matter of the relation into which it brings one with one's fellow player, whether as partner or as opponent. A principal distinction is that there is no direct opposition of force to force or skill to skill in the rivalry it involves. Save the stymie, there is no occasion when another's play can affect one's own otherwise than morally. Your opponent is never guilty of your cuppy lies; you are never irritated by a direct antagonism, or humiliated by the necessity of yielding to greater physical strength, or tempted to a mean exaltation. It is all of the quality of well-bred argumentation over an impersonal theme. Moreover, the longish intervals between the strokes permit, or rather demand, conversation, which is so seldom possible in games, and the play itself, like a lawyer's brief, is an unfailing conversational resource. The strokes, on the other hand, like the puffs of a smoker, like a woman's crocheting, are capital pause-makers. The opportunities for courteous interchanges, for the shading of compliments and condolences, are many and constant. The very pace one falls into is conducive to companionship. It is certainly easier to talk with one's competitor on the links than with one's companion when one walks for walking's and talking's sake. I am inclined, in fact, to set a match at golf above any other known method of beginning an acquaintance. True, there are always the byes after the match is lost, or the difficult fifty yards from the last hole, where the putt went wrong, to the clubhouse; but one has usually a chance, brisk from one's tub, and restored to good-humor, to redeem one's self, and win the best part of any match, with a jest or a confession or an appreciation, over the Scotch or the tea. The number of such acquaintances that ripen into good-fellowship and friendliness, or even into friendship, must be very great. One of our veterans tells me that the very best thing he wins are not the cups and medals, but friends. If what I have said is true of the thoroughness with which golf tests character, the connection between that demand of it and this compensation needs no elaboration.

After all, however, golf is most rightly considered as one method of returning to nature, and the most reasonable criterion of golf as recreation is the mood and attitude in which

it brings one in touch with nature. Probably the great majority of its votaries find in a fresh concern about nature the principal constant effect of it in themselves.

Though we must concede it accidental, the requirements of the game are ordinarily much at one with the demands of good taste and an artistic sense in the matter of the choice and laying out of a course. No doubt, courses have often been chosen merely for the reason that they were beautiful; but it is true likewise that in any given region the most attractive square mile or more is very apt to prove the best for a links. Every good links must have firm green turf underfoot; it must have vistas; it is better for swells and undulations; variety is essential. In but one respect, and there only superficially, is the artistic sense antagonized; trees are banned from the fair green. They are the worst hazards conceivable, because the most illogical and unjust. The loss, however, is hardly real. Proverbially, the greatest hindrance to the enjoyment of trees is other trees. The last place in the world to go to find trees beautiful is into the heart of the densest wood. Better even this Texas prairie, where I happen to be writing, treeless, and bare as yet of its richly embroidered mantle of spring wild flowers—where people remember their childhood homes in Eastern states most tenderly as tree-clad places, and will always have trees in their pictures, and long backward for them as for no other delight they have left behind. To see trees, one must have at least a clearing, and the lakelike interval of an inland course, the shore margin, if it be a seaside links, is often the best point of view conceivable. For the finest effect of trees, whether they mass in walls and make a skyline or stand apart, singly majestic, is rather architectural than domestic. Who cares for the underside of leaves? A high love would no more invade a tree than a cloud. Mystery is as much a part of its charm as silence is. It should wave before us, come athwart our vision, menace, invite, suggest, lift up our thought—all of which is its function on the border of the course, or crowning the hill near the clubhouse, or sentinelling the drive. If the reader, not yet a golfer, find this far-fetched and fanciful, let me assure him, quite seriously, that golf has helped the present writer to develop a taste for Corot.

That, perhaps, will make it easier for him to bear with me while I add that golf is often the means of awakening a sense of the beauty of wild flowers and many another delicate loveli-

ness in nature. I have known the note of a song-sparrow to arrest a stroke. As for the larger appeals which nature makes to us, the skylines, the sunsets, the fresh green of the landscape in spring, and autumn's red and leafy splendors, I should but hurt my cause by too much protesting were I to attempt to explain how, after years of a mere casement acquaintance with these things, of a laborious and creak-kneed homage, the habit of golf has gradually made me truly aware of them, and of my rights in them and theirs in me. It is a matter of moods, I suppose, and golf permits and induces moods scarcely conceivable in other athletic competitions. It permits one to be contemplative. One can actually play it dreamily.

SOME SWIMMING FALLACIES. PETER S. McNALLY. BALTIMORE SUN

Swimming is beyond a doubt the greatest and most popular of all exercises, yet there are more erroneous impressions about it than about any other sport.

The first and most widely accepted of these wrong ideas is that many people are overcome by cramp while swimming and are drowned in consequence. As a matter of fact there is only one form of cramp that is fatal to the swimmer, and that is cramp in the stomach, which is almost as rare as hen's teeth. Cramp in the stomach, the result of acidity of the bowels, brought on by a bad stomach, affects all the muscles, renders the person powerless and causes the swimmer to go down. Cramp in the leg or arm is painful, but not dangerous. When a swimmer is attacked by such local cramps he will not go right to the bottom without an effort, but will struggle violently and call out. These cramps last but a short time, and can be worked out if the swimmer will stand the brief pain.

The principal causes of the mysterious drownings attributed to cramp are heart disease and apoplexy. Persons with heart trouble, especially valvular affections, are liable to sudden death on receiving any sort of a shock, and such a shock can be furnished by the plunge into water that is too cold. Again, a man swimming on a hot day has his head exposed to the sun, while his body is submerged and is at a lower temperature. The usual breast stroke used requires the head to be at right angles to the body, and the stroke itself acts as a pumping process to force blood to the head, thus assisting in the surcharging of the arteries of the head, which has already been begun by the contraction of the arteries in the other portions of the body by the lower temperature

of the water. These conditions are apt to bring on a violent headache, followed by insensibility, when the body sinks, strangulation takes place and death ensues.

One very generally unknown and misunderstood source of danger to swimmers is the habit of allowing the body to cool off before entering the water, which most swimmers think is just what they should do. The real truth is that you should never enter the water, even when moist with perspiration, unless the body is in a glow, and if it is not already in a glow you should take a short brisk walk or run to get it in that condition. On the other hand, you should not enter the water when overheated or suffering from exhaustion or extreme fatigue.

The reason the body should be in a glow is because the cooling off wastes the energy and removes the armor which nature has provided you with to withstand the shock of the sudden plunge. If you cool off first there is no healthful reaction upon submersion, and that accounts for the lack of invigoration which swimmers sometimes complain of after they leave the water. It is hardly necessary to remark that a swim should never be taken right after a hearty meal or that the body should receive a good rubbing after being in the water.

A very remarkable thing about rescues from accidental deaths, and one which is completely at variance with popular theories, is that the rescued person invariably detests the man who has saved his life. The statements in novels and love stories about the rescued one feeling a lasting sense of gratitude and richly rewarding the hero are pretty, but absolutely wrong. I have drawn the attention of several prominent psychologists to this matter, and they explain it by saying that the person whose life was endangered is so filled with horror over the incident that he or she dislikes every feature connected with it, including the life saver. The unsavory notoriety which sometimes follows a rescue disgusts many of the saved people, who think that the man who pulled them from the water did so to get his name in the paper, never thinking of the fact that if they had not begun to drown he could not have made a rescue. There is also a feeling that their saver could rightfully demand anything they have, and this self-conscious feeling produces a mental reaction which transforms into antipathy the gratitude you might expect.

The best way to make a rescue is to swim on your back, holding the other person on

his back and with his head about the middle of your body. This gives you a hand free, and you have your man in such a position that he cannot interfere with your movements by grabbing your legs. Everybody has heard the tale that a drowning man comes to the top three times before going down forever. That superstition is as widespread as that about the bottomless pond which every neighborhood boasts and it has about as little foundation in fact. A man may go down once and never come up again, or he may come up more than three times. It all depends on the vitality of the individual and his luck in catching his breath as he rises to the top of the water.

It's a pity to explode the stories which have been told about rescuers having to knock out the drowning person, but it must be done, for such a feat is utterly impossible. John L. Sullivan in his palmyest days could not have knocked out an eight-year-old child while both were in the water. In the first place, not one person in a hundred knows exactly where to land a knockout blow, and in the second place, both persons being in a yielding substance which offers practically no resistance as backing for a blow, no man, even though a trained scientific fighter, could deliver a blow in the water hard enough to produce unconsciousness. If the drowning man grabs you, you can make him let go by pressing him hard with the thumbs in the little hollow just where the ear joins the jaw. Pressure there will produce such pain that the victim will involuntarily break the grip on your hand or leg to put his hand up to the source of the pain.

Another fallacy is that drowning people throw up their hands just as they start to sink. That feat is one which only a good swimmer can perform and will not be done by a man who is drowning, because he is not a good swimmer. To throw up your hands out of the water you must tread water.

A peculiar thing about drowned people is that women always float face up and men float face down, which is due to the difference in the construction of the body. Again, women swim with the instep, making a straight backward and forward stroke with the legs, while a man propels himself with the sole of his foot and describes circles with his legs.

Each nation has its own way of swimming, and a man who has studied the question carefully can go to a big public bathing establishment and pick out the nationality of every man in the water by the way in which he handles himself.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

REGISTRATION OF TAILORS FLORENCE KELLY*

The event of the year in the work of the National Consumers' League occurred when the State Factory Inspection Bureau of New York adopted the registration methods used with brilliant success for several years in Massachusetts, and vainly urged upon the New York Inspectors until June, 1901. What had been pronounced impossible from the time of the enactment of the law in May, 1899, was attempted in June, 1901, and in February, 1902, was proved by its results to be eminently successful. The card-index of owners (manufacturers, merchant tailors, retail merchants, and contractors) of materials given out to be made up away from the premises occupied by the owner, grows from day to day in the sub-office at the Factory Inspection Bureau in New York City and embraces already about six thousand names; while the licenses of the twenty thousand groups of tenement house workers are continuously checked against the names of the owners of the goods, in this invaluable card-index.

It is, therefore, possible at present for any one about to order a tailor-suit in New York City, to inquire at the office of the League for a copy of the register of addresses to which her tailor sends his work to be done. This register is open to the scrutiny of an accredited member of the Consumer's League. For the first time in the history of New York City, the information is reasonably certain to be accurate and it is produced at once. Moreover, a merchant on the Pacific Coast, or in Florida, by applying to the League and sending the names of the manufacturers in New York City from whom he buys goods, may secure the same information for the protection of himself and his customers. Hitherto, merchants in distant cities have been able to assert that the manufacturers whose goods they were offering for sale without the label were "all making their goods in model factories, visited by the professional buyer for the merchant at every visit to New York." This statement was difficult to disprove. Now, however, it is possible to reply, "Why, then, do they file with the factory inspectors the addresses of the tenement houses to which they send goods to be made up?"

*Annual Report National Consumers' League, 1902

Of profound importance to the health and welfare of the consumers of New York manufactures in all parts of the country, is this successful conversion of the Bureau of Factory Inspection of the State of New York to the opinion that the Massachusetts methods are applicable to the larger and more difficult field of tenement house manufacture in New York City. To have produced this revolution in the practice of this vitally important Bureau of the State of New York is a feat in the education of public opinion, and in directing its force, well worth the three years' patient endeavor which it has cost.

The advantages, for the purchasing public, of the card-index in the office of the Factory Inspection Bureau may confidently be expected to become more apparent day by day. Purchasers are increasingly alive to the dangers of tenement-made garments. Manufacturers are increasingly eager to assure their customers that all goods are made on the premises. The card-index in the Inspectors' Office enables every customer to test the accuracy of the manufacturers' assertion. Manufacturers cannot afford to be found advertising false or inaccurate representations about their goods. Hence, the volume of goods given out to be made up away from the premises of the manufacturer may confidently be expected to shrink in consequence of the persistent direction of public opinion by the Consumers' League to the registration clauses of the New York State Factory Law.

CHILD LABOR IN THE SOUTH IRENE ASHLY MACFADYEN*

There is but one of the Southern states in which there is a Labor Commission—North Carolina. Mr. B. R. Lacey, as Labor Commissioner, gives in his last report 7,605 children under fourteen employed in 261 mills. Taking this as a general average would give at least 20,000 children under fourteen in the textile mills of the South.

The Cincinnati Post recently sent a correspondent through the South to investigate the subject of child labor, simply as a matter of news, and particularly cautioned him not to exaggerate. Out of at least one thousand children employed in five mills in Columbia,

*American Federationist

S. C., he estimates 400 to be under twelve years of age. Applying this proportion to the above figures, would give at the very lowest computation 8,000 little children, infants between six and twelve, as operatives. He spoke to numbers of children, who said they were seven and eight, and others who were so little that they did not know their own ages.

In Alabama, they estimate that there are at least twelve hundred children, or between 6 and 7 per cent of all the operatives. In Georgia, from compared estimates and actual counts, the proportion of children under twelve to grown operatives appears as between 14 and 15 per cent, while in South Carolina it is at least 9 per cent.

The Associated Press reported the president of the Whitney mills as stating before the legislature that 30 per cent of his operatives were under twelve years, which percentage he says referred only to the spinning room, but that is startling enough. James K. Orr stated that 25 per cent of his machinery was run by children under twelve years. These cold percentages do not give an adequate expression of their meaning. To the horrified visitor the mills appear to be swarming with little children. The light and easy work of which the managers speak is to stand on their feet all day before a spinning frame, where the threads may break at one end or the other or in the middle at any moment, and when the thread breaks the spool stops and the thread is to be rejoined and the spool started again.

A baby has one frame to attend to, but most have two, many have three and some have four or five. The boys are generally doffers or sweepers, that is, they have to change the bobbins on the frames as they become full and substitute empty ones. In the exercise of their work they often run sixteen or seventeen miles a day with their trucks. The little sweeper plies a broom bigger than himself to perform these actions, trivial in themselves, uninterruptedly for twelve hours a day on the average, with only one-half hour for rest and food.

Without regulation of hours there is no reason to prevent the mills working at night and when they can do so profitably they avail themselves of this permission. I have talked with a little boy of seven years who worked for forty nights, in Alabama, and another child not nine years old, who at six years old had been on the night shift eleven months.

In Georgia it is a common sight to see the children of cotton operatives stretched

on the bed dressed as they came from the mills in the morning, too weary to do anything but fling themselves down for rest.

In South Carolina Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, found a child of five working at night in the fine, large, new mills. Only a few weeks ago I stood at half-past ten at night in a mill in Columbia, S. C., controlled and owned by northern capital, where children who did not know their own ages were working from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. without a moment for rest or food or a single cessation of the maddening racket of the machinery, in an atmosphere unsanitary and clouded with humidity and lint.

A horrible form of dropsy occurs among the children. A doctor in a city mill, who has made a special study of the subject, tells me that 10 per cent of the children who go to work before twelve years of age, after five years, contract active consumption. The lint forms in their lungs a perfect cultivating medium for tuberculosis, while the change from the hot atmosphere of the mill to the chill night or morning air, often brings on pneumonia, which frequently, if not the cause of death, is a forerunner of consumption.

How sternly the "pound of flesh" is insisted on by the various employers, is illustrated by the case of two little boys of nine and eleven, who had to walk three miles to work on the night shift for twelve hours. One night they were five minutes late and were shut out, having to tramp the whole three miles back again. The number of accidents to those poor little ones who do not know the dangers of machinery, is appalling.

In Huntsville, Ala., in January, just before I was there, a child of eight years who had been a few weeks in the mills, lost the index and middle finger of her right hand. A child of seven had lost her thumb a year previously.

In one mill city in the South a doctor told a friend that he had personally amputated more than a hundred babies' fingers mangled in the mill.

The average wage in North Carolina of the children under fourteen, is twenty-two cents a day, and in Georgia twenty-five cents is a liberal estimate. The Post correspondent gives a sample payroll, showing an average of \$1.43 a week in a certain spinning room for all children employed. I know of babies working for five and six cents a day. A girl of nine, working at night, when six years old, received twelve and a half cents a night. The two boys who walked three

miles to their work, received twelve and fifteen cents a night.

In South Carolina, the wages paid to children seem slightly higher. It is a significant fact that the last census figures show a drop in the average wages of cotton operatives, during the past twenty years, although there is a slight rise in wages of children under sixteen. These figures also show that a smaller part of the labor of cotton mills was done by men in 1900 than in 1890, while children under sixteen increased over 250 per cent, and women just over 100 per cent in that period.

Child labor has increased beyond all proportion to labor of men and women, and while dividends average 35 per cent and sometimes as high as 80 or 90 per cent, and in Columbia, S. C., run from 18 to 40 per cent; the average wage is steadily dropping.

In one large mill worked by northern capital, in Alabama, a widow and three little children worked for forty-seven cents a day between them.

Common sense tells us that children working ten or twelve hours a day cannot get an education, and experience confirms this. In my personal investigations I scarcely ever found a mill child who could read or write.

A count made a year ago in August showed 567 children under twelve working in eight mills. Of these only 122 could read or write.

Speaking on this subject before the South Carolina legislature, ex-Governor Tillman said that there were in that state 30,000 more negro children than white in the schools. No one who has any idea of the difficulty of the color problem can fail to be startled not only by this assertion but by the fact that, as a correspondent to Commissioner Lacey, of North Carolina, wrote:

"Throughout the South the illiterate negro sends his child to school, the illiterate white man sends his into the mill."

The mills claim to educate the children of the communities under their charge, and in a few exceptional cases they do, but in others their claim is not borne out by facts. In a large mill in South Carolina, where they say they have all school facilities, the entire enrollment of the village, containing between 6,000 and 8,000 persons, was 109 last February, and in another mill making the same claim, there was an enrollment of ninety pupils. They were divided into two classes. When the school was visited twenty-two children were in one of these, only twelve of whom were mill employees' children, and ten had worked

in the mills from one to three years. The teacher stated that the children were frequently sent for by the management to come into the spinning room out of school, and that in one room eight had been so recalled since the beginning of that school term.

LABOR AND SOCIALISM IN ITALY.....NINETEENTH CENTURY

In Italy, of all countries, there is urgent need of the destructive mattock as well as the constructive trowel of reform. For there are upas-trees still there, as there were in Ireland. The cry of distress is loud; and it is provoked by the most extreme need, which there is absolutely no denying. It is on record in the voluminous official report of Count Jacini and his brother Commissioners; in the writings of Laveleye, of Pareto, and others. And it is to be seen by anyone who cares to look about in the poor villages or the neglected workmen's hovels. The distress prevailing is the natural, the inevitable outcome of centuries of division, oppression, and misrule, of the selfish indulgence of the land-owning class, of neglect of popular education in the widest sense of the term, of a policy which advisedly makes the workman's food dear, heavily taxing corn, turning even that first necessary of healthful life, salt, into an unattainable luxury, and thereby filling the lunatic asylums with victims of the horrible disease of "pellagra." It is the natural, the inevitable outcome of a policy which forbids combination among workmen for the most legitimate purposes, such as co-operative supply, labor, common schooling, confiscating the poor people's property and meeting all attempts to retain it by the rude "methods of barbarism" applied by a rough soldiery—all on the absurd plea that some of the Committee of management are professing "Socialists."

All these things hit more particularly the cultivator of the humbler class very hard. He has a grasping middleman above him, grinding his face for rent which, after all, pays the middle man very well, though it leaves the tiller of the soil miserable. And he has an even more exacting person—literally more "exacting"—to deal with in the shape of the "esattore," or tax-collector, who knows no mercy. Let the cultivator fail to satisfy him from sheer inability, and at once he forfeits his house and home. Whole communities are known to have been expropriated, their property being seized by distraint, for unpaid taxes. Not long ago a family was turned out of its little holding for the want literally

of sixteen centesimi (about 1½d.) to make up the complete amount of taxes due! Similar cases have occurred elsewhere. Moreover, there are indirect taxes—on cattle, on farm servants, on credit transactions, on purchases and exchanges, and, on the top of all, a truly exorbitant one on the registration of deeds. Descend in the social scale and you find things still worse—worse alike in town and in country. Wages have been improved here and there by what is called "Socialist" action, that is, by the union of laborers into co-operative societies for the purpose of collective bargaining. But, on the whole, they still continue miserably low. That, of course, benefits the wage-payer—all the more since there is much competition for employment—but at a crushing loss to the wage-earner, who, after all, makes up the bulk of the nation. Day laborers, provided that they can obtain work, which very often they cannot—have to be content with 34 cents a day at the outside in summer, and twenty cents in winter. Women and children have to work in the fields from six to six, with only one hour's rest allowed, at from eight to fourteen cents a day. In the rice swamps they are kept eight hours at work, up to the knees in foul water, and exposed for hours to the scorching rays of the sun, in consideration of the miserable wage of sixteen to twenty cents for women and eight to twelve cents for children—trudging in many cases, five miles and more to their work and back, because the unhealthy atmosphere of the swamps makes the adjoining country altogether uninhabitable. Is it a wonder that, what with this work and altogether insufficient nourishment, taken without the necessary ingredient of salt, they suffer as a class from anæmia and that mortality is great among them? But that is nothing to what they have to put up with in winter, when field-labor ceases and employment becomes scarce. Happy he or she who then obtains intermittent employment at half those starvation wages! In respect of town laborers the condition of things is aggravated by the oppressive "consumo," the local duty levied in 316 towns on articles of food, on the top of the "insensé" tax taken by the State. In 1898 Rome collected in this way 1,768,943 lire on flour alone; Palermo, 2,320,200 lire; and Naples, with its poverty-stricken population, 2,999,408 lire!

You cannot expect the laborer or small cultivator to sit still under such treatment. He will, he must cherish some kind of hope.

Since it is not offered him by the "borghesia," which have for him only the mocking comfort of a reference to Mr. Disraeli's famous "magic of patience," and the roundabout effects of a currency at par in the world's market, he turns for it elsewhere. His reason tells him that it was not God's providence which ordained that bread should be dear and salt unpurchasable, in the fertile country in which the Georgics were written and whose shores are washed almost all round by the salt sea. These are the "tares" that an enemy has sowed among the good wheat of Nature. It was not God's law which condemned him to maize and "pellagra," and prevented him, contrary to St. Paul's injunction, from either "working" or "eating." It was not God's ordinance that while the poor are ground down and have taxes squeezed out of them which they cannot evade, because they would at once be found out, the rich should, as they notoriously do, declare only half their income for income tax, and understate the value on which they have to pay heavy stamp duty in sales by one half, thus "graduating" taxation so as to make it light at the top and heavy at the bottom. There are people who tell them that all these things need not be. And since these people give them hope, they are not disposed to scrutinize very carefully their political theories, their constructive principles. They hear their message, "Cheer, boys, cheer! There's wealth for honest labor!" and are content to follow them.

THE ANARCHIST THEORY W. M. SALTER ATLANTIC

The fact is that the wild acts of anarchists come from a theory of society. The theory is that there should be no forcible rule in society. This means not that there should be no order, no association, but that the order or association should arise voluntarily; that force should not be used. "Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, usurper, and an enemy of liberty," said one of the anarchists of 1886; this is the anarchists' fundamental contention. The rule of one man is generally reprobated in this democratic age; so is the rule of a few, or an aristocracy; but the rule of a majority lingers,—it is a necessary part of the working of democracy. Hence to anarchists there is a stage of society beyond democracy,—anarchy—no rule at all. From liberty they believe that order will come.

To end government itself, even democratic government; to pass to a state of society in which a man shall be no more subject to

political rule than to religious rule, in which "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" shall be obsolete (save as they rest on the individual conscience)—this seems so wild a thought that it is scarcely to be wondered at that wild methods are often contemplated for realizing it. Yet the methods are plainly one thing, and the results are another. Because democracy has sometimes been reached by bloodshed, it does not follow that democracy is a bloody thing; and because anarchy may only be attained by bloodshed, it does not follow that anarchy is a bloody thing. It is conceivable that the anarchist ideal should be reached peacefully; that gradually present political society should dissolve of itself; that laws should become fewer and fewer (as some wish that the tendency were now), until at last no laws were left. On the other hand, it is possible that there would have to be, as there has so often been in the past, contest and a victory in arms. There are actually peaceful, long-range, what are called "philosophical anarchists;" and there are "force" anarchists.

The anarchist believes that everything—even what government now does—might be done by free consent, bargaining, or association, among the people. "Each branch of industry," said one of those hanged in Chicago fifteen years ago, "will have its own organization, regulations, leaders," and "will establish equitable relations with all other branches." If there are educated men desirous of spreading education, they will organize schools; if there are doctors and teachers of hygiene, they will organize themselves for the service of health; if there are engineers and mechanics, they will organize railroads, etc.; so argues Count Malatesta, an Italian anarchist. The process might not be so smooth and idyllic as it is described; yet one is astounded to hear how the disagreements that seem almost inevitable, when men are dealing with affairs, are settled among the Russian peasants without any outside interference whatsoever. The particular occasion I have in mind is when the lands of a commune are divided up, as they are periodically in Russia. The scene is worth describing. The peasants gather, and at first there is utter confusion. There is no chairman, even. The right of speaking belongs to him who can command attention. Sometimes all speak at once, and they shout their arguments at the top of their voices. Moreover, there is no voting. Controversies are not settled by a majority of voices. Debate goes on till some proposal is made that conciliates all. It may

continue day after day. The subject is thoroughly thrashed out until all are satisfied, or at least till they consent; for beneath the apparently acrimonious strife a singular spirit of forbearance reigns. At last a decision is reached, and, in the simple faith of the peasants, is accepted as the decree of God himself. In this way thousands of Russian villages have been managing their petty affairs for centuries. It may be utopian to imagine that the vast complicated affairs of a great modern municipality or a great nation can be managed in this anarchistic fashion, but I do not see how it can be set down as a sheer impossibility. Prince Kropotkin even proposes that the population of London might be redistributed in some such way—"thinning out the slums, and fully occupying the villas and mansions"—not, he explains, by a board of sixty municipal councilors sitting around a table, but by the people themselves, for each block and each street, proceeding by agreement from the parts.

If I am not all wrong in what I have been saying, a conclusion follows. It is that to talk of "stamping out" anarchy is rather simple. Anarchist crime we must make short work with, but the thought that in certain temperaments, under given conditions, leads to it is not so easy to deal with. But we must get at that to make a radical cure. The trouble with many of those who talk about suppressing anarchy is that they do not take the trouble to understand it. They treat it as if it were ordinary vice and crime. They do not realize that it has any intellectual significance. It is well to execute a man like Czolgosz; but his thought, "I did my duty," how will you execute that? The thief, the highwayman, the common murderer, the ravisher, do not ordinarily act from a sense of duty. It may be well to have severer laws (or severer enforcement of existing laws) against violence, or the incitement to violence, or the approval of violence. It may be well to change the Constitution, and make it treason to kill or attempt to kill the President, or any other official of the land (as such). It may be well to require immigrants to declare on landing that they will either become citizens, or will obey the laws of the land while they stay here. But all this would only deal with the surface of the subject. Similar precautions have been taken in other countries, without any appreciable effect. We can hardly go further than Russia, yet what do Russian laws avail? How often, in human history, has force succeeded in suppressing a thought?

The School Holiday Question

By C. Hanford Henderson

In *Education and the Larger Life** "the term education is applied to the whole of life as a process by which we realize the social purpose"—a definition which too many of us accept in theory without an effort for its realization. The book is a tonic to flagging effort and contains many practical suggestions. The following reading is taken from the chapter on Holidays:

At the present time, that is to say, during these years of grace at the opening of the twentieth century, our private high schools are in session for about one hundred and fifty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and our public high schools for about one hundred and eighty days. The private schools begin work about the first of October. They have two days' holiday at Thanksgiving, two weeks at Christmas, two weeks at Easter, and various single days throughout the year. They stop work very early in June, giving almost four months' holiday in summer. As a rule, the more expensive the school, the shorter the total session. The public schools have about the same holidays, but somewhat shortened.

These facts are familiar to all persons who know anything about our metropolitan school systems, and particularly familiar to those parents who are much puzzled to dispose of their children wisely during the long periods of time when there is no school. But the facts are worth reciting when we come to consider the problem of holidays. We should also add the fact that, in spite of this very short school session, many children break down under it completely, and must be withdrawn, while of those in nominal attendance a large percentage are always absent on account of illness and for other causes. In Massachusetts, the actual attendance is 143.5 days out of 180 days.

All of these facts, taken together, present considerable material for thought. And this material is increased when we come to regard the teachers. Although working on half time, as it were, compared to the other vocations, and occupied only half the year, teachers, as a class, present less than normal strength and vigor. So common is the expression, "a broken-down teacher," that it hardly attracts one's attention, and arouses only a very faint

sympathy, the sort of sympathy that we give to old age and other inevitable calamities.

To one who regards education as a practical process by which we realize the social process, it would seem that the process is singularly intermittent to be in activity less than one quarter of the day, and less than one half the year. If the inquiry were not on the face of it entirely absurd, one would be tempted to ask whether the social purpose is likewise intermittent, a fever which comes and goes, and leaves the patient quite incapable of effort during fully three quarters of the waking year.

Or, it may be that the social purpose is divided between the school and the home, giving the lion's share, that is, seven eighths of the total year, to the home. This is a practical view of the matter, but it is not carried out with any degree of practicality, that is to say, it is not carried out morally. If this very big lion's share, the share of a very roaring lion, belong properly to the home, it would seem that by far the more important part of education consists in instructing the home, and that a true state normal school ought to devote seven eighths of its time to the enlightenment of fathers and mothers, and one eighth to the narrower pedagogy of the school. But this is not done, and, as we all know, even in the schools themselves, the question of parenthood and its tremendous social duties is hardly touched upon at all. That is to say, we leave this immense slice of the educational process quite unprovided for, leave it to young, inexperienced, unguided, often wholly uncultivated, persons, and the result is our present mixed programme of experiment and neglect—largely neglect. Now, whether we so esteem it or not, the educational process is bound to cover the whole twenty-four hours. Even in sleep there is no escape.

It must seem even to the friends of the established order that in the official school year the holiday plays an excessive part. From whatever point of view you look at it, a school process, which covers directly only one eighth of the time, which limits itself to seven or eight months out of the twelve, which spills over into the home life not in a coöperative way but as an interruption, which entirely abdicates dur-

* *Education and the Larger Life*. C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. \$1.30.

ing four or five months of the year, cannot be looked upon as a social process of any high degree of efficiency. Yet this practice is so general in America that one is forced to believe that it rests either upon some underlying necessity or upon some principle which commends itself to the judgment of serious minded people. It is our present business to find this out. As far as I can discover, the Saturday holiday is prompted by the feeling that school children deserve some pleasure, and that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; the Thanksgiving holiday, Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday, and the rest are given for the same reason, and from a laudable desire to keep in mind those American sentiments not too prominently exemplified in current political life; the Christmas and Easter vacations have a touch of religious sentiment, though the latter holiday does not always correspond with the festival itself and is becoming, increasingly, merely a spring vacation. They must be counted with the long summer vacation as a necessary let-up in the grind of the school year. The summer vacation has the additional argument that American cities are excessively hot in summer and that the children simply cannot study during the heated term. We may further add that the long vacation gives the children, whose parents can afford it, a chance to get a taste of country life, and that in the country it gives the children an opportunity to help in the garden and harvest field.

It is perfectly true, not only that school children deserve some pleasure, but that they deserve much pleasure, the most that we can bring into their lives. It is perfectly true that even a good deal of work and a very little play makes Jack a dull boy. But pleasure is not a commodity, a sort of sweet bun that you can buy at the baker's for a penny. It is a quality, and like all human qualities has its degrees of moral worth and worthlessness. The factory hand, relieved for a day from the dull grind of uninteresting work, finds it a pleasure simply to lounge on the corner. The laborer, hungry and exhausted, finds pleasure in the warmth and stimulus of a glass of grog. The schoolboy, set free from tasks which he does not care for, finds pleasure in almost any form of laziness or aimless exercise. But all of these are cheap and nasty forms of pleasure, and cannot be seriously recommended in the name of education. Pleasure must be by contrast, but we do not want it to be contrast with undesirable things. We want it to be pleasure when contrasted with all possible ways of occupying

the moment. The highest pleasures for children and for boys and girls are those occupations which, when contrasted with all possible occupations, will bring the greatest amount of gratification. It is a moral world, through and through, and that is best which brings the best result. Otherwise we should have no means of recognizing the best. The aim and proper method of education is to provide the best possible occupations, and being a culture process, the best possible occupations for the present moment. Consequently it makes each day absolutely and literally a holiday. For children we conceive the best occupations to be largely bodily—activity touched with sentiment; for youth, to be partly bodily and increasingly intellectual—activity touched with both thought and sentiment. At their best, the holiday and the school day are identical. How could it be otherwise? Both serve the same purpose—the increase of human wealth—and both mean the best possible spending of the day. There seems to be no theoretical ground for the Saturday holiday; and, indeed, were we truly religious, and did we import into each day its true measure of reverence and love, its true worship of the Spirit, there would be no occasion for the Sunday holiday, since the office of priest and teacher would merge into one. But as this is considerably further on than we have yet got, we may hold it as a goal rather than as a present plan for any large majority of schools.

I am not saying that our present school day is a holiday for either teacher or student. In the very best of our schools it is, but they are exceedingly rare institutions. In the majority of our schools it is very far from being the case. The school day is an admitted grind, and the holiday a blessed relief. If this is the necessary character of school days, why of course the more holidays the better. Instead of two holidays a week, let us have three or five or even seven. This would in all seriousness be an excellent plan, if we then started out to utilize the holidays and to make them serve the social purpose. But it would be a still more excellent plan, and far more logical, if we stopped the shrinkage at once, and turned each school day into a holiday, a day so wisely spent that at the end of it one would be so much stronger and so much more refreshed than at the beginning that one would be still better prepared to meet the morrow, and no let-up would be necessary. This would be infinitely better than exhausting our material and then trying somewhat ineffectively to restore it, and to bring it back to concert pitch.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

THE PHYSICIAN IN THE KITCHEN..... LANCET

The kitchen suggests many therapeutic and pathological problems worthy of medical interest. Exact knowledge of the many widespread beliefs and theories with regard to the effects of different foodstuffs is scanty. We cannot doubt that in attempting to enlarge and to define it, direct or indirect results of importance and utility would be obtained. Supposing experiments were to show that drugs which now are used only in formally prescribed mixtures or pills were capable of introduction into the more welcome output of the domestic kitchen, how grateful an assistance might we obtain. It is often difficult when a medicine has to be taken frequently and over long periods of time to be sure that the patient does not grow careless or forgetful. If, however, instead of taking his draught before, or his pill after, his daily meals, that draught or that pill were, without altering the taste of the dish and without losing its own efficacy, combined with the patient's dinner instead of preceding or following it, we can imagine a far more certain acceptance on his part, and the physician's orders would be more consistently carried out by connivance on the part of the cook than they are with the co-operation of the chemist. Such a relegation of the dispenser's duties to the hands of the chef can only be achieved by familiarity on the part of the medical man with the work of both his subordinates. With the work of one he is, perhaps, fairly cognizant; with that of the other we strongly recommend him to become more intimately acquainted.

MILK CANNOT BE STERILIZED..... MEDICAL RECORD

It has become almost an article of faith with the general public and some medical men that sterilizing is necessary to render milk a suitable food for young children, so that the doubt cast upon the method by certain prominent physicians, and especially by Dr. Victor Vaughan of Ann Arbor, Mich., comes in the nature of a surprise.

Dr. Vaughan, in a paper read before the Section on Diseases of Children at the annual meeting of the American Medical Association, stated he was sure that the sterilization of milk, as ordinarily carried out, and even the

pasteurization is not desirable, but that perfectly fresh milk from the cow, with certain common sense modifications, is the best food for the baby.

In his opinion the high death rate from the summer diarrhoeas, which continues, notwithstanding the sterilization of milk, is due to failures in sterilization. The colon germ is the most frequent bad germ in milk, being almost universally present in market milk. This germ varies exceedingly in virulence. If a colon germ of moderate virulence be taken its virulence can be so increased that .05 cc. will kill a guinea-pig of a given weight in two or three hours.

The colon bacilli, and probably other bacilli, grow rapidly in milk under certain conditions, and there is no amount of sterilization known that will destroy the toxin of the colon bacillus. If some of these bacilli are grown on an agar culture for two or three weeks and then scraped off the surface growth, the germ can be heated to 160° C, or 356° F. in a sealed tube of water, and there will not be the slightest effect produced upon the toxicity of the poison. When, according to Dr. Vaughan, you can get a colon bacillus that furnishes a poison one-fourth of a milligram of which—1-270 of a grain—will kill a guinea-pig, some idea can be formed of the powerful toxin that this germ produces, and the impossibility of destruction by any method of milk sterilization that can at present be practised.

Our aim must therefore be to take care of the milk and to prevent its contamination.

INVESTIGATING THE CAUSES OF CANCER..... LONDON TIMES

An appeal is made for £100,000, so that a continuous investigation of cancer, costing £3,000 a year, may be carried on. About £20,000 has already been promised.

A Medical Correspondent of The Times, in an article on this subject, expresses the opinion that the work in the immediate future will be turned to settling the great question whether the disease, in all or any of its forms, is due to the growth of a minute organism in the part affected. Many profound difficulties must be overcome before this doctrine can be either universally accepted or universally rejected by pathologists.

For present practical purposes, we must bear in mind two things. First, we may be sure that the secret remedies, quack medicines, and the like "cures" for the disease are at best entirely useless, and often seriously harmful; and that to prescribe for the cure of cancer stuff like Mattei's fluids and Radam's microbe killer is to practise on human credulity. Next, we may be sure that, if only all cases of the disease were at once subjected to operation in the very first stage, a very considerable number of them would be absolutely and permanently cured. It is the freedom from pain, the apparent insignificance of the disease at first, that cause the delay till it is too late for surgery to be finally successful.

There is some reason to believe that a tendency or predisposition to the disease may be transmitted by inheritance; but this belief must be qualified by a great quantity of evidence as to the geographical distribution of the disease. The charts and statistics of the disease seem to show that it is in some way related to the soil, and that it prefers clay and alluvial deposits to gravel and elevated land.

Further, there is evidence, not voluminous at present, but not to be disregarded altogether, that it may occur with especial frequency among the occupants of a particular village, or of a particular group of houses; and it has been supposed that the water supply may be in some way concerned with this strange visitation.

But the doctrines that emphasize the influence of environment must be checked by the other facts of the disease; for example, by the fact that it may follow an injury, and by the fact that it may appear as the final stage of slight chronic irritation of the skin or the mucous membrane, and by the fact that it has many affinities with diseases that have nothing to do with environment.

Though the disease, in the vast majority of cases, shows no power of retrocession or of natural cure, and is not altered by any medical treatment, yet a few cases have been recorded, it may be less than one in a thousand, where the disease has at last tended, at least for a time, to "get well of itself." These cases are so infinitely rare that they give no guidance to practice, and no sure help to science; only it is possible that they may, in the end, be brought into line with those researches in immunity and immunization that have done so much good in the treatment and the prevention of certain infective diseases.

There is some evidence, and there may be more to come, that the course of the disease in one of its many forms is or may be influenced by the action of other organs of the body that are remote from the seat of the disease; and that this action is probably a part of the chemistry of the healthy body.

CANCER STATISTICS MEDICAL RECORD

Newsholme, writing in the Practitioner on the statistics of cancer, mentions that in the five years, 1891-5, this disease was responsible in Great Britain for an annual registered mortality of 712, and in 1896 of 764 to every million of the population. It is almost certain that these figures understate the actual death-rate from malignant disease. Cancer causes more deaths every year than any other disease, with the exception of bronchitis, pneumonia, and phthisis.

According to the figures for 1896, one out of every fourteen men, and one out of every nine women, reaching the age of thirty-five years, dies of cancer. In 1881-90 the average death-rate from cancer of males aged twenty-five years and upwards was 9.49 per 1,000; in 1871-80, it was 6.97 per 1,000 of the population aged twenty-five and upwards.

With regard to the effect of occupation on cancer mortality, Tatham's report is quoted, which, for the period of 1881-90, shows that among all occupied males the comparative mortality figure for cancer was 44, among all unoccupied males, 96. The theory that excessive nervous strain and anxious work provoke cancer does not receive support in the fact that the comparative mortality figure for medical men is only forty-three, while it is as high as seventy for brewers. The contrast between lawyers, sixty, and clergymen, thirty-five, is great. Chimney-sweepers occupy a supremely high position in mortality from cancer. The low figure for coal-miners indicates that they enjoy a comparative immunity from cancer, as well as from phthisis. The high figures against some occupations may be attributed to intemperate habits.

The greater increase of cancer mortality among males confirms the view that the registered increase of cancer mortality is in a large measure only apparent. Between 1881 and 1891 the registered increase of mortality from cancer was 69 per cent. among males and 28 per cent. among females. This is explained by more accurate diagnosis, more frequent autopsies, and the fact that cancer in the male is more frequently internal and difficult of

diagnosis than in the female. The question whether cancer is really on the increase could be solved were all deaths accurately certified, and especially if the primary site of the cancer were stated in each case. Major, writing in the *British Medical Journal*, whilst strongly of the opinion that there has been a real increase of cancer, is not prepared to accept the cancer mortality statistics on account of defective death certification. He quotes the fact that during the year 1896 letters of inquiry were sent by the Registrar-General to practitioners with respect to unsatisfactory certificates, which inquiries resulted in as many as 597 deaths being transferred from vague causes to the cancer list in one year.

Roswell Park is convinced that cancer is actually contagious, while D'Arcy Power believes that, under very favoring conditions, it is an infective disease.

The trend of opinion in almost every country would seem to point to the initiation of a really vigorous crusade against cancer, but it would be well if these modern knights of science were to take for their motto, "*festina lente*," and to resolve on a plan of campaign calculated to bring about the best results before proceeding further.

The fight against cancer must be waged on different lines to that against tuberculosis. The origin of cancer, unlike tuberculosis, has yet to be discovered, and the primary and essential object surely is to collect funds in order to prosecute this search to the best possible advantage.

NERVOUS DISEASES AND THE HAIR.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The influence of nervous changes upon the hair has not been fully worked out; but we are familiar with the harsh, dry hair and skin in melancholia, the sebaceous, oily condition of the latter in the dementia of general paralysis, and the upstanding shock of hair and peculiar odor of the skin emitted in certain cases of mania. Woods Hutchinson insists that a due recognition of the "hereditary relationship and common ancestral origin" of the skin and cerebro-spinal axis from the epiblastic layer of the blastoderm has been much overlooked, and also that the dignity and importance of the skin as an organ have not hitherto been fully acknowledged. The vaso-motor flushing of the skin in the mental disturbance of general paralysis, and the pinched, sallow look of melancholia, apart from the many changes that take place in the skin under normal mental states, indicate the

control over it of the nervous system, as also over certain pigmentary changes such as accompany pregnancy, certain morbid utero-ovarian conditions and cachectic states (Addison's disease, cancer, etc.), and over the hair in certain diathetic conditions such as gout when the hair is thick but becomes white at a very early age. One of the most interesting papers by Lister to the Royal Society was an experimental proof that the changes of color in the skin of the frog were due to influences such as would excite the nervous system and that these influences were conveyed by nerves distributed to the skin. Normally the pigment is diffused naturally in the form of minute dark granules suspended in a colorless fluid in which those granules move freely throughout the cell and its branches but when the skin becomes pale as it does under the effect of stimulation or before death, the pigment accumulates in the center of the cell. The aggregation of the pigment molecules can be excited at will either through the nerves directly or in a reflex manner by the stimulus of light upon the retina. Upon those experiments Lister based his conclusion that the cerebro-spinal axis was chiefly, if not exclusively, concerned with regulating the functions of the pigment cells. Further, Von Wittich also demonstrated many years previously to this experiment that the movement of pigment granules was dependent upon the nervous system. It has not been precisely accepted what the organic changes are which occur in the progress of the growth of a hair. A slow permeation of a fluid from the root to the point of the hair has been stated to occur, and when this ceases from any sudden cause, such as the devitalizing shock of a strong emotion, air lacunules occur in the cortical layers of the hair with a consequent appearance of whiteness. Indeed, the air cells so abundantly found in the fibrous or cortical layer of white hairs, and not the absence of pigment only, are said to give them their characteristic appearance although the same appearance may certainly be due to a general lack of pigment—as is noticed in the congenital defect known as albinism. It is noteworthy that although white hair is compatible with vigorous and perfect health, as is witnessed in the winter-whitening of the fur of animals inhabiting polar regions, this is not the case with albinism, which is generally accompanied by a marked deficiency of vital force—deafness often occurring in cats, defects of eyesight in horses, and both combined in

human beings. In the winter-whitening of Arctic birds and foxes this change is an adaptability to environment, enabling them either to avoid their enemies or to deceive their prey, and it is stated to occur instantaneously and to be determined by some sudden natural phenomenon, such as a fall of snow, which has an immediate correlative effect upon the nervous system of the animal, indicating the necessity of an equally sudden adaptation to its changed surroundings. May not such cases as that recorded by Staff-Surgeon Parry (under his actual observation) of sudden blanching through intense emotion be analogous to the change which is known to occur naturally in the lower animals, and thus be one of those reversions which we still meet with in the physical and mental deterioration of human beings, also indicating that a sudden influence through the nervous system is brought to bear upon the organism, necessitating sudden transformation if this organism is to continue its existence under its new environment? Whatever explanation is offered of sudden blanching, which without doubt does occasionally occur, the close physiological connection between the cerebro-spinal axis and the skin, which have a common genealogy, must be borne in mind; also (as already pointed out in the frog) the dominating control of the nervous over the pigmentary system in the batrachian may have a like influence in man. Finally, this nervous control when disturbed may exercise a correlative disturbance upon the baser tissues.

REGULATING THE BLOOD SUPPLY.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Dr. William G. Anderson, director of the Yale gymnasium, has laid the foundation for a great variety of scientific discoveries by a series of experiments relating to the blood supply of the body and its regulation. The experiments are a bold leap for a worker in the field of physical culture to take into the realm of experimental psychology, to which they rightly belong. They had their origin in the conviction of Dr. Anderson that physical culture is the proper means of treating all diseases which spring from improper blood supply such as paralysis, apoplexy and epilepsy. The theory on which he started was that if the blood supply were properly regulated most of the cases of brain or body paralysis could be either prevented or cured.

In these experiments Dr. Anderson has placed more than 150 undergraduates on his muscle-bed. The subject is placed prostrate on

a table, balanced by compensating weights. The man, lying prostrate, can be rolled in any direction by a large or a fine adjustment. Levels, graduated scales, and an indicator for use in making records form a part of the apparatus. The bed rests on very accurately made knife blades and is sensitive to the slightest pressure. The fact that it possesses sensitiveness in the highest degree is seen when it is stated that Dr. Anderson places on the table a subject, balances him exactly and then tells him to answer some questions which require considerable thought. Although the student does not move a muscle the rush of blood to his head, caused by his mental labor in thinking, causes the center of gravity to change. The subject is no longer balanced. His center of gravity has risen owing to the presence of the greater amount of blood. To show the extent to which the center of gravity will rise in cases of this kind Dr. Anderson examined several students before and after their annual examinations. He found that under the stress of such conditions the center of gravity had risen from two to sixteen millimetres or from one-sixteenth to two and one-half inches.

Dr. Anderson has carried out his experiments by working from the opposite side of the question. He tried physical experiments to show that by exercise the blood supply is called from the brain and taken to the lower extremities. The tests were uniformly successful, the center of gravity being tremendously lowered by the exercises taken. A unique feature introduced by Dr. Anderson into this line of experimentation was for his subject to "think out" the gymnastic exercises, instead of actually going through them. Although the athlete did not move a muscle the effect proved to be much the same, the blood rushing away from the head to the lower extremities.

When the deductions made from these experiments are applied to medical problems affecting brain disorders discoveries of a revolutionary nature are expected. A squad of athletes were examined who tried physical culture exercises in a mechanical manner and another who were given exercises which they took special delight in doing. Without exception the tests showed that the center of gravity changed slowly when the exercises were performed listlessly, while in the case of the others the blood supply to the legs and arms was rapidly increased and the center of gravity changed several inches.

A p p l i e d ✧ S c i e n c e : I n v e n t i o n ✧ a n d ✧ I n d u s t r y

STEAM FROM THE EARTH.....T. WATERS.....WORLD'S WORK

The suggestion recently made by Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, of Providence, R. I., that the internal heat of the earth be utilized as a source of industrial power may prove to be practical. The British Association for the Advancement of Science is making a series of measurements of underground temperatures, and Prof. William Hallock, of Columbia College, in New York City, says that the idea is feasible. A comparison of underground temperatures has been made, and a theoretical rate of increase of one degree for every sixty feet has been determined. But there are exceptions to the rule which prove that the earth's crust is hotter in some places than in others. Prof. Hallock lowered thermometers into the wells near Pittsburg and Wheeling, and found an increase of one degree for every fifty feet. The temperature of the Pittsburg well at the bottom is 129 degrees. On the other hand, Doctor Agassiz, of Cambridge Mass., found the temperature at the 4,900-foot level in the Calumet and Hecla mine, at Houghton, Michigan, to be not more than 100 degrees. The heat of the 2,500-foot level in the Comstock Lode is 145 degrees. The Schladebach well shows a temperature of 135 degrees at the bottom, and the Sperenberg well 118 degrees. The Cornwall mines show a temperature of 100 degrees, and at Ronchamp, France, the temperature of the coal mines at 3,609 feet is 117 degrees. In short, it is proved beyond doubt, that although it varies in different localities, the heat of the earth's crust grows gradually greater from the surface inward; and upon this Prof. Hallock bases his argument for a new and universal source of power.

"It is not merely a question of getting steam," he said to me, "it is a question of the quantity of steam that can be had. Hot water is even now drawn from a well and used to heat a dwelling near Boise City, Idaho; and when we pumped out the water which had leaked into the well near Pittsburg, it was so hot that I could not hold my hand in it. Its temperature was about 130 degrees. But while the Pittsburg and the Wheeling wells are capable of heating the water that is left in them over night, even if their depth were sufficient to turn

that water to steam, it would require many hours of waiting, which would rob it of all commercial value. In other words, there would not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining steam from the earth's interior, because that involves merely a little extra labor in boring down into the very hot area, and it is as easy comparatively to bore 10,000 feet as it is to bore 6,000; but in order to give the steam commercial value a method must be provided for dropping the water to the hot area, allowing it time to heat, and yet having it returned to the surface as steam without for a moment interrupting the flow.

"Suppose two holes were bored directly into the earth 12,000 feet deep and, say, fifty feet apart. According to the measurements I made in the Pittsburg well, at the bottom there would be a temperature of more than 240 degrees—far above the boiling point of water. Now, if very heavy charges of dynamite or some other powerful explosive were to be lowered to the bottom of each hole and exploded simultaneously, and the process repeated many times, I believe the two holes might have a sufficient connection established. The rock would be cracked and fissured in all directions as in deep oil wells when they are shot; and if only one avenue were opened between the holes it would be enough.

"The shattering of the rock around the base of the holes would turn the surrounding area into an immense water heater. The water poured down one hole in the earth would circulate through all the cracks and fissures, the temperature of which would be over 240 degrees, and in its passage it would be heated and turned to steam, which would pass through the second hole to the earth's surface. The pressure of such a column of steam would be enormous; for aside from the initial velocity of the steam, the descending column of cold water would exert a pressure of at least 5,000 pounds to the square inch, which would drive up through the second hole everything movable. The problem is therefore a mechanical one, and the chief difficulty would be the connecting of the holes at the bottom. This accomplished, the water heater would operate itself and a source of power

be established that would surpass anything now in use.

"Yet as an undertaking it would not be beyond our present standards of cost or enterprise. Judged by the Pittsburgh and Wheeling wells, two such deep holes would each cost about \$10,000 a mile, so that the plan might possibly be carried out for \$50,000. The benefit to science would be worth many times this amount. It might not be necessary to go down so far. The estimate of depth is based on the Pittsburgh district, but there are many places where the increase in heat would be much more rapid. The Yellowstone Valley would almost surely yield commercial temperatures at comparatively shallow depths."

BALLOONS OF GOLDBEATERS' SKIN. STUART BRUCE. SCIENTIFIC AM.

Perhaps the strongest point concerning the British balloon equipment is the material out of which the balloon is constructed, viz., goldbeaters' skin. The adoption of this material was nothing short of a stroke of genius on the part of Col. Templer and the other officers associated with the balloons, and on the fact of its adoption depended the success of the balloons in the South African war. For some time past toy balloons have been made of this material, and sold in abundance by opticians; but to our government belongs the honor of making large balloons, to carry passengers, of this material. Balloons made of goldbeaters' skin have the advantage of retaining the gas much longer than balloons made of varnished silk or cambric, for there is no varnish in the market that is so successful in retaining the subtle hydrogen, or near the mark in accomplishing this. There is a tradition on the Continent that, in the early days of ballooning, there was a fairly gas-proof varnish, and that the secret was lost. If so, the chemist may do a real service to aeronautics in rediscovering it. Another advantage of goldbeaters' skin balloons is that they do not easily heat, while the ordinary cambric balloons are notorious for heating or getting sticky. The former can be used with much greater safety in hot climates. In the issue of the *Aëronautical Journal* for October, 1899, extracts from the official report of Lieut-Col. J. E. Maxfield, United States Volunteer Signal Corps, to the Chief Signal Officer United States, are quoted, under the title "War Ballooning in Cuba" (p. 83). It is related how the United States Corps, when they wanted to use the old balloon after the landing of troops at Daiquiri, found that the extreme heat had softened the varnish so as to cause

the parts of the envelope to stick together, with the result of scorching, which rotted the balloon. This scorching is almost an everyday occurrence, with balloons made of varnished silk or cambric if they are packed up without attention. Their manipulation requires the utmost care, which in transport cannot always be afforded. Even during manufacture an ordinary varnished balloon may burst into flames if the weather is fairly hot and the ventilation of the factory insufficient. I have myself seen the partial destruction of a balloon of 100,000 cubic feet capacity in a few moments during its manufacture on a warm spring day, in too confined a space. A third but all-important advantage of the goldbeaters' skin balloon is its extreme lightness compared with balloons made of other materials. Here I have a small balloon made of goldbeaters' skin. If this balloon were made of ordinary material, varnished cambric, the gas contained in it would not lift its own weight; make it ten times the size and it would remain a dead weight; but made of this light material, it rises to the ceiling of the room. Thus the use of goldbeaters' skin secures a much smaller-sized balloon for a given lifting power than does varnished cambric or silk. In reference to the report above quoted, Lieut-Col. Maxfield came to the conclusion that balloons employed in military reconnaissance should be at the least 18,000 cubic feet capacity; but our British war balloon can be only of 10,000 cubic feet capacity, and thoroughly efficient. The reduction in the size of the balloon by the use of goldbeaters' skin does not only reduce the size of the balloon, but also the weight of the balloon equipment, when cylinders of compressed gas are taken out to the field of operation, for filling the balloons. According to figures quoted by Lieut. Jones, in a lecture he delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, the balloon of 10,000 cubic feet capacity would require only about 84 steel tubes to fill it, each of these being about 8 feet long, and $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, containing 120 cubic feet of gas, and weighing 70 pounds. If, on the other hand a balloon of 18,000 cubic feet is used, the number of tubes required would not be far short of double the number.

A fourth advantage of the goldbeaters' skin balloon is strength. At first sight the material may seem too fragile, for most persons are familiar with goldbeaters' skin as the thin, transparent plaster which is used for a cut finger. But the desideratum of strength is obtained by combining layers

on layers of the substance to any desired thickness.

The system adopted by our government of compressing the gas in steel cylinders, and taking them to the place of operation, is undoubtedly handier than filling the balloons direct from the manufacturing apparatus, and by the cylinder method it can be done with far greater speed.

TESTING ELECTRIC RAIL ENGINES IN GERMANY.. NEW YORK TIMES

Frank H. Mason, United States Consul General at Berlin, has sent a communication to the State Department on "High Railway Speed in Germany; Electricity or Steam?" He writes of the experiments made over the specially prepared and repaired railway line between Berlin and Zossen to try to accomplish a speed of 125 miles to 150 miles an hour by high-speed electrical traction. The experiments were conducted by a society specially organized for the purpose.

The trials took place in October, beginning at 40 miles, and gradually increasing in speed until on the 3d or 4th of November a speed of 99.4 miles an hour was attained. Then the experiments ceased, because it was understood at that rate of speed the strain on track and roadbed was so great they had to be repaired at night. It was found that the practical utility and safety limit had then been reached with the facilities at hand.

The nearest approach to an official verdict on these trials which has yet been made was a paper read before the Verein fur Eisenbahn Kunde (an association of railway experts) by Gen. Baurath Moritz Lochner, an eminent engineer belonging to the Prussian State Railway Administration, and who in the experiments represented the Government, which had furnished the stretch of military railway line over which the tests were made. The address is withheld from publication, but, may be summarized as follows:

"The line 28 kilometers (17.4 miles) in length, was laid with rails of the old Prussian standard, weighing 33.4 kilograms (70.14 pounds) per meter, (39.37 inches), resting on metal ties. The track has been in use for a number of years, but prior to the experiments it had been put into perfect repair. At ordinary speeds, everything worked perfectly, and no trouble was experienced with rails or motor cars. The side swaying of the cars was scarcely noticeable, not sufficient to cause the slightest inconvenience to passengers. But as a speed of 130 kilometers (81 miles) was ap-

proached and exceeded, new and serious conditions were encountered. The rails and ties both proved too light for such a strain, the tracks began to give way, and the side swaying of the cars increased seriously. The highest speed attained was 160 kilometers (99.4 miles) per hour on two occasions, and, as a result of the conditions then developed, the experiments were discontinued, the net result being that up to a speed of 81 miles an hour, they had been successful and satisfactory.

"But as the pronounced purpose of the trials had been to make tests of speed up to 125 and 150 miles an hour, the actual result spread a chill of disappointment among electricians in this country. The trials had, indeed, shown that a polyphase alternating current, carried on triple overhead wires and taken off by trolleys, could be introduced as high potential into the rapidly moving car, and there reduced by portable converters to a safe and effective working pressure. The trolleys and the motors—one of which was hung on springs, the other set solid on the axle—worked to perfection. There was left no longer a doubt—if, indeed, any existed before—that, given a sufficient voltage, the current could be 'got into the car' for any speed that might be desired.

"The disappointment lay in the demonstrated fact that a large portion of the German railways could not, even if it were desired, be adapted to high-speed electrical traction without being practically rebuilt. While some of the leading lines have been relaid with rails of the new Prussian standard, 44 kilograms (97.4 pounds) to the meter, many of the principal and all the secondary railways are built with rails of the old and lighter standard, which failed so conspicuously at Zossen when the motor car surpassed the speeds which have been approximated in other countries by steam. They are laid to a large extent on metallic ties, which have not proved satisfactory under the severe test of high speed or heavy trains, and the rail joints likewise leave something to be desired from the standpoint of modern improved construction. The Prussian State railways are conservatively and economically managed; they yield a large and steady revenue, which the royal Treasury needs from year to year, and it is clearly seen that any scheme of rapid, long-distance transit which would require the State lines to be torn up, their curves straightened, and their tracks relaid with heavier rails, will have long to wait."

R a n d o m R e a d i n g :

M i n i a t u r e E s s a y s o n L i f e

CASTLES IN THE AIR.....SPECTATOR (LONDON)

"If you want to know what a man is, examine his castles in the air." This *obiter dictum* was uttered some three weeks ago to a friend of the present writer by an old man in a workhouse infirmary. Certainly it is a remark calculated to make one think. Does every one build castles in the air, one asks oneself, even those who have no home but "the house"? If so, the fact must go a long way towards producing that "divine average," that equalization of lots, which some philosophers tell us they observe among men. Personally we have always been sceptical about the comfortable doctrine which declares that happiness is on the whole equally divided. On the other hand, happiness is a difficult matter to judge of. Some unlucky people enjoy the most wonderfully good spirits. Every year seems to bring them fresh misfortune, nothing that they touch succeeds; but as they get older, and the happy chances in the hand of fate grow of necessity fewer and fewer, they seem to get more and more hopeful. Should we find the key to these charming dispositions, could we examine their castles in the air, could we go with them when fancy leads them away from their outward surroundings to an abode where they rule their own fates, where time has no power to discourage, and where there is no difference between "may be" and "might have been"? Is this, perhaps, their real home, the environment which has produced their characters?

So few people show their castles in the air. Now and then a man of letters may institute a visitors' day, and show the public round the reception rooms, but he leads the way past many locked doors. Charles Lamb, for instance, often took his readers into his castle. Indeed, when he wrote *Dream Children* he showed them the passage off which opened the private apartments, but only the passage. For the most part we maintain the "sweet privacy" and if by accident some friend strays with us into the courtyard, in nine cases out of ten he sees nothing which enables him to picture the inside. Only a few sympathetic people well versed in the architecture of the imagination can gather the plan from

the appearance, and so know something of where we spend our spare time. Children alone keep open house in a land outside the limits of the likely, and will show to the humble and circumspect sightseer whatever his maturer eyes retain the power of seeing. Why, one wonders, are people so exclusive when they are "at home," when they sit as kings in their own castles? Is it because, freed from the terrors of public opinion and the restraints of circumstance, they become quite different characters and are rather ashamed of themselves? Not exactly, we think. It is true they are afraid of the contrast between their real and imaginary—or should we say their outward and inward?—selves. But it is for the real person that they fear the ordeal of comparison; it is for him they dread the ridicule resulting from the display of an uncomplimentary resemblance. No one, whether for the moment he inhabits London or the land of dreams, is ever any one but himself, because he never honestly desires to be any one else. What we all desire is to get rid of our disabilities. In real life this riddance is either impossible or else a matter of hard work, and for hard and often hopeless work many of us have no turn. But no sooner does a man shut his castle door behind him than all these shackles fall from his shoulders. He is just as powerful and just as pleasant as he could wish to be; his troubles no longer avail to make him "contrary." This "dweller in the innermost," as Watts calls him, is generally a better, and almost always a simpler, person than those who know only his outward man are likely to suspect. He keeps something of a childish and romantic spirit which the cares of the world have long ago killed so far as his daily life is concerned.

What sort of holiday should we have this year if we could pay a round of visits to our friends' "castles"? We think we should have an amusing, and perhaps a rather surprising time. We might go for a day or two to talk over our affairs with a friend who is a man of business, and find him a country gentleman. In real life he has perhaps never sat on a horse, but in the lands surrounding his castle he hunts three times a week. Perhaps we should

go on to visit our friend the Squire, hoping to enjoy a little shooting, but instead of tramping with us over the stubble he would insist on our accompanying him daily to the Law Courts, where he argues brilliantly to the tune of £10,000 a year. His wig may sit rather oddly upon him, but we shall know he is the same man. How many statesmen and diplomats shall we stay with if we take our imaginary journey, how often shall we rejoice to see England gloriously extricated from a European imbroglio by a friend who never stood for Parliament, and who, perhaps, seemed to us, before we really knew him, to spend most of his time in his consulting-room or on the Stock Exchange? We shall enjoy a great deal of luxury—imaginary incomes run large—but we must be prepared for simplicity as well as grandeur. We may perhaps visit a millionaire, and find ourselves in a cottage in the air; and our host may come home at night, tired and peaceful and hungry, to share with us his tea and herrings, having forgotten his fine new friends, the almighty dollar, and the anxious fluctuations of the European markets. Or do powerful people dream of nothing but power, and shall we find our friend Croesus engaged in winning a battle or sinking a fleet, in writing a poem or painting a picture; intent, in fact, upon touching the heart of the world, and turning it towards himself in enthusiasm or wonder or sympathy instead of ruling it with a rod of gold?

Alas! we shall never go on these aerial travels. How interesting it would be to stand in the place of Providence towards even one human being—to know him through and through as he really is. After all, however, we might be disappointed, for we do all of us know one; we know him at home and abroad, by day and by night, in his earthly tabernacle and in his castle in the air—we go everywhere with him, and what a bore we sometimes find his company!

WONDERING WHY ONE IS BORN. . . . G. STANLEY LEE CRITIC

The real trouble with most of the attempts that teachers and parents make to teach children a vital relation to books, is that they do not believe in the books and that they do not believe in the children.

It is almost impossible to find a child who, in one direction or another, the first few years of his life is not creative. It is almost impossible to find a parent or a teacher who does not discourage this creativeness.

The discouragement begins in a small way, at first, in the average family, but as the more creative a child becomes the more inconvenient he is; as a general rule, every time a boy is caught being creative something has to be done to him about it.

It is a part of the nature of creativeness that it involves being creative a large part of the time in the wrong direction. Half-proud and half-stupefied parents, failing to see that the mischief in a boy is the entire basis of his education, the mainspring of his life, not being able to break the mainspring themselves, frequently hire teachers to help them. The teacher who can break a mainspring first and keep it from getting mended, is the most esteemed in the community. Those who have broken the most, "secure results." The spectacle of the mechanical, barren, conventional society so common in the present day, to all who love their kind is a sign there is no withstanding. It is a spectacle we can only stand and watch—some of us—the huge, dreary kinetoscope of it, grinding its cogs and wheels, and swinging its weary faces past our eyes. The most common sight in it and the one that hurts the hardest, is the boy who could be made into a man out of the parts of him that his parents and teachers are trying to throw away. The faults of the average child, as things are going just now, would be the making of him, if he could be placed in seeing hands. It may not be possible to educate a boy by using what has been left out of him, but it is more than possible to begin his education by using what ought to have been left out of him.

So long as parents and teachers are either too dull or too busy to experiment with mischief, to be willing to pay for a child's originality what originality costs, only the most hopeless children can be expected to amount to anything. If we fail to see that originality is worth paying for, that the risk involved in a child's not being creative is infinitely more serious than the risk involved in his being creative in the wrong direction, there is little either for us or for our children to hope for, as the years go on, except to grow duller together. We do not like this growing duller together very well, perhaps, but we have the feeling at least that we have been educated, and when our children become at last as little interested in the workings of their minds as parents and teachers are in theirs, we have the feeling that they also have been educated. We are not unwilling to admit, in a somewhat

useless, kindly, generalizing fashion, that vital and beautiful children delight in things, in proportion as they discover them, or are allowed to make them up, but we do not propose in the meantime to have our own children any more vital and beautiful than we can help. In four or five years they discover that a home is a place where the more one thinks of things the more unhappy he is. In four or five years more they learn that a school is a place where children are expected not to use their brains while they are being cultivated. As long as he is at his mother's breast the typical American child finds that he is admired for thinking of things. When he runs around the house he finds gradually that he is admired very much less for thinking of things. At school he is disciplined for it. In a library, if he has an uncommonly active mind and takes the liberty of being as alive there as he is outdoors, if he roams through the books, vaults over their fences, climbs up their mountains, and eats of their fruit, and dreams by their streams, or is caught camping out in their woods, he is made an example of. He is treated as a tramp and an idler, and if he cannot be held down with a dictionary he is looked upon as not worth educating. If his parents decide he shall be educated anyway, dead or alive, or in spite of his being alive, the more he is educated the more he wonders why he was born and the more his teachers from behind their dictionaries, and the other boys from underneath their dictionaries wonder why he was born. While it may be a general principle that the longer a boy wonders why he was born in conditions like these, and the longer his teachers and parents wonder, the more there is of him, it may be observed that a general principle is not of very much comfort to the boy while the process of wondering is going on. There seems to be no escape from the process, and if while he is being educated he is not allowed to use himself, he can hardly be blamed for spending a good deal of his time in wondering why he is not someone else. In a half-seeing, half-blinded fashion he struggles on. If he is obstinate enough, he manages to struggle through with his eyes shut. Sometimes he belongs to a higher kind, and opens his eyes and struggles.

With the average boy the struggle with the School and the Church is less vigorous than the struggle at home. It is more hopeless. A mother is a comparatively simple affair. One can either manage a mother or be man-

aged. It is merely a matter of time. It is soon settled. There is something there. She is not boundless, intangible. The School and the Church are different. With the first fresh breaths of the world tingling in him the youth stands before them. They are entirely new to him. They are huge, immeasurable, unaccountable. They loom over him—a part of the structure of the universe itself. A mother can meet one in a door. The problem is concentrated. The Church stretches beyond the sunrise. The school is a part of the horizon of the earth, and what after all is his own life and who is he, that he should take account of it? Out of Space—out of Time—out of History they come to him—the Church and the School. They are the assembling of all mankind around his soul. Each with its Cone of Ether, its desire to control the breath of his life, its determination to do his breathing for him, to push the Cone down over him, looms above him and above all in sight, before he speaks—before he is able to speak.

It is soon over. He lies passive and insensible at last—as convenient as though he were dead, and the Church and the School operate upon him. They remove as many of his natural organs as they can, put in Presbyterian ones perhaps, or Schoolboard ones instead. Those that cannot be removed are numbed. When the time is fulfilled and the youth is cured of enough life at last to like living with the dead, and when it is thought he is enough like everyone else to do, he is given his degree and sewed up.

After the sewing up his history is better imagined than described. Not being interesting to himself, he is not apt to be very interesting to anyone else, and because of his lack of interest in himself he is called the average man.

The main distinction of every greater or more extraordinary book is that it has been written by an extraordinary man—a natural or wild man, a man of genius, who has never been operated on. The main distinction of the man of talent is that he has somehow managed to escape a complete operation. It is a matter of common observation in reading biography that in proportion as men have had lasting power in the world there has been something irregular in their education. These irregularities, whether they happen to be due to overwhelming circumstance or to overwhelming temperament, seem to sum themselves up in one

fundamental and comprehensive irregularity that penetrates them all—namely, every powerful mind, in proportion to its power, either in school or out of it or in spite of it, has educated itself. The ability that many men have used to avoid being educated is exactly the same ability they have used afterward to move the world with. In proportion as they have moved the world, they are found to have kept the lead in their education from their earliest years, to have had a habit of initiative as well as hospitality, to have maintained a creative, selective, active attitude toward all persons and toward all books that have been brought within range of their lives.

OUT OF PAIN.....OUTLOOK

It was a radiant world on which the boy opened his eyes; a world so beautiful that it was impossible to look at it without seeming to see through it a richer and more wonderful loveliness about to rise out of its depths. It was a beauty which made the spirit faint with expectation and the heart ache with a sense of coming joy. In such a world all things were within reach of the eager soul, blithe with the bliss of the morning and eager to share the impulse of life which, like a fathomless tide, crept to the summits of the hills and left verdure and fragrance sweeping on behind it. The boy's eye was clear and keen; he saw at a glance the wonder of things in endless variety and exquisite adaptation. The boy's thought was orderly, coherent, vital; he discerned the marvelous relation of parts to the whole and the glorious unity in which all things were held and harmonized. The boy's imagination kindled and glowed; the vision of an invisible loveliness, a higher and diviner beauty, rose before him as sight and thought brought the visible world closer to his spirit. The boy's will stirred with the slowly rising energy of a force at once concentrated and sustained. He stood there like a noble figure in a garden, touched with the glow of the morning, bathed in light, encompassed with the infinite suggestiveness of a universe in which God's thoughts, sown in the furrows of the sea, the broad stretches of land, the measureless spaces of sky bloomed in indescribable splendor, and on every wind set loose other seeds which should make fragrant the far limits of the universe. This marvelous world was silent, and he had a voice; this sublime mystery waited for interpretation, and he divined its meaning; this measureless force of life needed other wills and minds

and hands, and he waited, eager and impatient, for his place and his task. All things were within his reach; all things summoned him.

He put forth his hand, and suddenly a throb of pain shot through it, and it fell by his side; he stepped forward, and a swift anguish smote him so that he paused, stunned and uncomprehending. These things were so strange in that fair scene, so much at variance with all he saw and divined, that he paused until they should pass; for they could be but fleeting touches of something alien and intrusive. But the pain did not pass; it became more intense. The anguish did not abate; it grew more bitter. Then, when he began to understand that these terrible things were part of the world, that world grew black and horrible before his eyes; the light pierced and hurt him; the beauty stunned and maddened him. He was like one who slowly dies of thirst while the music of running water is in his ears, who slowly starves while fields of waving grain encircle him. In the bitterness of that merciless denial of the claims of his soul for joy and beauty and work, he was ready to curse and die; for his life had turned to pain, and the loveliness he saw seemed a dream of madness.

But he could not die, for he was immortal; nor could he shut out the loveliness of the world, for the image and memory of it lay like a vision in his mind. His will, which would have laid hold of noble tools for noble work, grew strong and stern and steadfast; for the boy, become a smitten and solitary man, was shut off not only from tasks but from fellowship with those who worked. In his loneliness and desolation only the inner voices spoke to him; his companionship was with his own spirit. Presently thoughts began to rise out of the depths of his pain as they had once come to him out of the heart of the beautiful world—thoughts so deep and at times of such awful meaning that they made him forget his pain. And this power to rise out of pain grew with the strength it brought and became a refuge and comfort to him. And as he suffered, silent and inactive, there came to him slowly the knowledge of that world of sorrow into which he had come—so near the world of beauty and yet seemingly so remote from it and so alien; and in that world he was slowly transformed until he saw with other eyes and heard with other ears.

When he found that something was being wrought within him, he became patient and waited; for new hopes were beginning to stir

in his heart and new dreams began to take wing in his imagination. Silent and solitary as he was, these changes were unrecorded and left their traces only in the passing away of despair, the slow incoming of a tenderness, a sympathy, a wistful longing to succor and help, which had had no place in the unconsciousness of his radiant youth. And as the years went by, the tenderness in his soul, born of old-time sorrow, became a passionate impulse, and a great craving awoke within him; and one day he opened his eyes and looked once more, and, behold! the world of his memory had vanished like a dream, and before him lay another world vaster and more awful and more divinely fair, not with the beauty which glows and fades but with that which discloses itself through the revelation of life, with the pressure on the spirit of the shaping hands of care and sorrow and bitter knowledge. And as he looked he was no longer alone, for the world was full of those who stumbled and fell and were heavily

burdened and smitten with great infirmities. And he, knowing the bitterness through which they were passing and seeing the end which was invisible to them, rose from his place and raised one and spoke to another; and for those whom he could not reach he lifted up his voice and sang the great song of love that knows not fear, and the song of consolation which follows it like a beautiful echo. Many looked at him, and, seeing on his face the deep lines of such grief as they bore, were comforted; and many listened, and, hearing in his voice those deep tones which come out of great anguish, heeded and were helped. He, meantime, thought not of these things, but, seeing the unspeakable beauty shining more and more clearly through cloud and storm and ugliness, pushed on eager and joyful, a mighty passion of hope and helpfulness moving with him. And when he paused he suddenly became aware that he too still suffered; but he had forgotten himself.

The Sketch Book:

Character in Outline

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS. . . . CY WARMAN. . . . COLLIER'S

One day an American millionaire was seated alone in a first-class compartment of a first-class car on an European railway. You will observe, if you watch an English engine picking up a string of the light carriages used over there, that the train starts with a swish and swiftness that suggests a balloon as it leaves the earth. As the train bearing the American millionaire was sweeping out of a way station the lone occupant of the first-class car glanced out over the door, the glass being down, and saw a man hanging to the hand-rail outside. His feet were firm enough on the narrow step, and he had a good grip on the hand railing, but the speed of the train would in a few moments be so great that the life of the luckless passenger would be imperilled.

The lone voyager thought he knew the face of the man outside, but he was not quite sure. He knew that the little hard hat the man was holding down with one hand was a Yankee hat. It was at least six months subsequent on the other side, but it fairly screamed, "Made in America." Of course, any man flying a distress signal would receive succor

from the big-hearted millionaire, but blood (and he had spilled oceans of it) is thicker than water, so out through the open half of the door went the strong right arm of the traveler. It caught and gripped the collar of the other man's coat and dragged him over the door.

The rescued one got to his feet, dusted himself, and after the fashion of the comedy tramp in a play, wiped the top of his American hat and began to look about. At that moment his benefactor recognized his find. He knew him personally. They were, if not personal friends, at least business acquaintances.

The reclaimed man, still dusting, began to look about. The millionaire tried to apologize, but the other man only "rubbered," as if trying to find himself. Presently he spoke. "Why, Phil!" he said slowly, still looking the car over, "this is a first-class compartment."

"Yes, Jay," said Phil, "the packing business is good business. I've made some money. I can afford to travel first-class now."

"Well," said Jay, still rubbing his hat, "I presume I could afford it too, but it isn't worth it. I've looked the thing over care-

fully and I've come to the conclusion that it's not worth the price. The difference in the cost is out of all proportion to the difference in the comfort. The best class of Englishmen never go first-class. In fact, when I see a man in a first-class compartment I invariably glance up to see how many diamonds he is wearing."

At that moment the train stopped at another way station. Jay said, "Well," because there seemed to be nothing else to say, stepped out and entered his own compartment in the third-class car.

"I said to myself," said Phil, relating this story, "as Jay walked down the platform, 'There goes a man with money and the courage of his convictions.'"

THE MAN AND THE CAT....JAMES ROBB CHURCHSCRIBNER'S

The cat sat on the rude window-ledge in the cone of light that flared out from the lamp on the table inside, and in desperation patted sharply on the glass with his cold, pink toes, and the man within heard the faint little raps, and, looking out through the rain-blurred panes, saw the shivering little mass of fur, and the pink mouth as it gaped in a plaintive cat-cry for warmth and shelter.

He opened the window, and the cat came in with a gust of rain and wind, and, marching across the table to the man, left on the dry boards the prints of its little wet feet.

He arched his back and lifted a little stump of a tail, and, treading water with his front feet, looked up at the man and said, "I am hungry."

The friendship began there between a lonely man and a forsaken tabby cat, and each was glad of the other's presence and company.

The log-cabin was in the woods eighteen miles from a neighbor, in the valley of the East Fork of the Skokomish, shut in by tall peaks and presided over by giant firs.

The man was much alone, for he was working with a purpose, and a man with a purpose is not very good company.

The cat liked him, purpose and all, and made himself very much at home. He followed him about the clearing, and even to the hole up among the crags, where the man dug out senseless rocks and made loud and startling noises that shook things and scared away the squirrels that the cat hunted.

At night, after supper, he stuck his fingernails in the man's trousers, climbed up his leg to the table, and, folding his arms over

the white star on his chest, shut his eyes to lazy slits and rattled out a drowsy, contented song, entirely unconcerned by the smoke the man blew in his face. And when the light was out, and the man in bed, he would jump down, pit-pat across to the cot, and, walking up and down on the blanket, ask the man politely to let him in; and, if he did not, he would smite him gently on the face with his closed fist, just to show him how disagreeable he might be if he wanted to.

The cat did not altogether understand the man: he did so many foolish things. Where was the sense in digging that black hole in the hills? It was much better fun hunting squirrels. And what was the use of those silly letters the man made so much of once a month? They were always from the same person, as the cat knew from what the man said, and very long and tedious, at least to the cat? But then the man was always pleased with them, and he used to read and re-read them, and go away and work and sing in his hole in the hill.

So they lived for nearly a year, and the man had his letters, and his work in the hill, but he told the cat he was losing heart, and that perhaps the squirrels were of as much account as the long, black tunnel. And then one evening the man came back from his work, and the cat knew that something had happened because he was forced to join in a dance around the cabin on his hind legs, and that is not good for cats, as anyone knows: it addles their brains, and makes them dizzy. And such a senseless reason, too; a lot of little yellow rocks, that gleamed dull in the lamp-light and were not good to eat and too heavy to play with. But the man was pleased, and, therefore, the cat rejoiced with him, and looked as interested as he could at the dull-shining stones.

Time went by, and as the weight of yellow metal in the canvas bag grew, the man became more cheerful, and confided many plans to the cat. He learned that they were soon to leave it all; the cabin with its meager comforts, the wondrous singing firs, forever glorifying their Maker with uplifted arms, the green, sliding river, where lived the fish the cat could not catch, and the mysterious black hole in the hills.

It all had some bearing on the blue letters; but just what, the cat could not quite make out.

Finally they were ready—only waiting for the last blue letter. And then that came

and the cat never understood the rest. It was as fat and crinkly as all the others—no difference that he could see—but there must have been, for the man opened it, singing, read the first page, and stopped so still and stiff that the cat thought he must be hunting, and looked with his green-gray eyes for the game. But there was none, and then fear and pain came in the man's eyes and dwelt there, and he cried out, and the cat was afraid and crawled under the stove and was very quiet.

All day the man sat there, numb and alone in his agony, and the cat watched him as he turned the blue paper with stupid fingers and read and re-read the marks thereon. The light from the window crept across the floor, turning from golden yellow to golden red, to the blue haze of twilight and the gray of early night, and the cat came and cried for his supper, and the man lifted a white, drawn face from his arms on the table and patted the arched furry back and smoothed the round head from which looked the eyes that tried to tell their sympathy.

The cat had his supper, and from his post on the table under the lamp watched the man as he moved over the rough floor, apathetically putting away again the things he had packed to take with him.

At last he sat down with all the blue letters in his lap and read them one by one and burned them in the stove.

It took a long time, for there were many, but at last it was over, and then he mixed himself a drink in the glass, as he did every evening, and sat down at the table in front of the cat to smoke.

The night wore on, and the great north wind came moaning down the gulch, shaking the firs and whining in through the chinks of the ill-built cabin.

The snow came with it and hissed softly on the stovepipe and beat with faint, white ghostly hands on the black, shining glass of the window. The noises of the night came blurred and staggering through the storm: the groan of the fir-boughs as they ground together; the soft rush as some limb cast off the white load that oppressed it, to send it whirling and thudding to the ground; the weird, whining scream of the cougar, the cat's big brother, as he tramped outside in the snow.

And inside, as the tin clock ticked out the hours with uncertain step, the man's eyes blinked and closed, and his head nodded and

sank until it rested on the worn, patched blue sleeve that covered the arm on the table, and the yellow hair and the gray fur mingled and they slept together—the man and the cat. The lamp flickered, and wheezed, and died down, and the cat stretched himself and changed his position, but the man with his arms outstretched to the East, with palms open, as though summoning something gone, asking for something lost, slept on—quiet, rigid, immovable.

HIS FIRST SUICIDE.....EDWIN LEFÈVRE.....McCLURE'S

The General ceased sobbing. His mother was about to retire, and it was no longer necessary for his sorrow to be heard. From sobs he passed to whimpers and from whimpers to gasps. He wiped his nose and sat down to think. It was very uncomfortable, trying to sit down after the unjust punishment, and it made his sense of injury all the keener.

Now, it was as clear as the clearest day in June that he could not possibly have been to blame. When his brother, the Doctor, had bored a hole in the brim of their grandfather's hat and had passed a string through it and had fastened it to the up-curved tail of the Little Lady's pug, the General was discussing with Peter the Gardener the guiltless subject of plums. And if the silly dog had run past them into the lawn where visitors had become horror-stricken at the sight, how could he be held responsible? Only a mother could trace the connection between plums and pug-dogs. But she had said, after her shocked friends left: "Yes, I know Willie is to blame, but you could have stopped him or told me about it. And anyway, I don't want you to bother Peter; and besides, I owed you one for breaking Uncle Jim's watch and putting it in Eileen's doll-cradle, as if she had broken it."

The raking up of ancient history was unworthy. So he told her darkly: "You'll be sorry!" It was all he could say. A man can't threaten his mother. He merely may hint at horrors.

She retorted: "I am sorry. I'm very sorry indeed that I had to punish you. I feel it even more than you because it hurts me here—in the heart."

"You don't feel it in your heart when you sit down," he expostulated. "And when you lick me you always—"

"Go and take a bath," she said hastily; "you look like a tramp," for on the face of a fair boy of ten, tears and dust combining make a melancholy mud.

The General, muttering to himself, went into the house. He brooded over his wrongs and rubbed himself tenderly. As the tub filled he thought and thought. One must respect and obey one's mother; her word was law and the policeman who enforced it was called papa. But mamma ought to be sorry, he thought, not merely say she's sorry, but actually be sorry; the sorrier the better.

The tub was full. He stopped the inflow of water, and sat on the edge carefully, gingerly, mindful of the geography of his aches.

Then, as he looked into the limpid water, he knew the only thing that would make his mother feel sorry—Death!

It was very simple. He would jump into the tub, submerge his head, and not rise again. He would surely drown.

Death was a mysterious thing; but drowning was easy and familiar. He remembered once in the company of his brother Willie, otherwise known as the Doctor, having seen a drowned mouse. It looked bedraggled, limp, wretched; also greatly swollen. Across his throbbing mind there flitted a vision of himself—"drowned to death!" he called it; and swollen. He would not be a nice sight. He would, in fact, be a very un-nice sight—it almost disgusted him, for, when he closed his eyes, he seemed to see himself stark, bloated, with dank hair, grinning ghastly and showing his teeth like all corpses. Shuddering, he moved away from the murderous water.

But he reflected the worse he looked the unhappier it would make his mother. Whereupon he again sat on the edge of the tub, which became, to all intents and purposes, the brink of a fascinating precipice.

Then, before his soul's sight, there was enacted the entire tragedy of his first suicide.

First, he would jump into the Tubific Ocean, sink like lead, and never rise again. In addition, to make doubly sure, he would hold his breath until the end. He would then die.

His mother would wait and wait. The sun would creep along the sky and begin to slide down toward the earth behind the hill; and still nobody saw the General. His haunts knew him not; the Doctor missed him; so did Peter; Eileen asked after him. At length his mother would become alarmed and send people to search for him. They would look everywhere without avail, until one of the servants poked her head into the bath-room and shrieked as she beheld the dead body of the General afloat on the calm surface of the tub—

drowned, mouse-like, bedraggled, wretched; a sight to melt the hardest flint of a heart.

Oblivious of the humidity, the servant would take the poor little corpse in her arms and rush to her mistress.

"Here's Master Jimmy, drowned dead!" he heard the servant exclaim in an accusing voice. Gently she placed the body on the floor, and began to sob. She had loved him, and now, dead, she pitied him. He, too, loved the servant. He wasn't quite sure which of the servants it was, but he loved her.

With a great shriek, full of anguish, but especially full of remorse, the distracted mother would drop beside him and fall to bewailing loudly. It was so heartrending that the General felt sorry he could not be there alive, and at the same time dead, in order to enjoy his triumph and to increase her agony by reminding her of his niceness and of her injustice.

His mother lamented in a voice torn to tatters with agony. He heard her say, "Oh, my son, my son! Is it possible that you are dead—so cold and wet and drowned? Oh, Jimmy, I know I made him drown himself, because I punished him to-day because he was out in the garden doing nothing but talking to Peter. Oh, I wish I had whipped myself first! He was such a good boy, and used to love me so much until I was so mean to him. He told me I'd be sorry; and oh, I am so sorry! I would do anything to make him alive; I would never, never punish him; he could do anything he pleased. To think of my poor little boy, only ten years old, going on eleven, drowning himself because I was so bad to him! Oh, Jimmy, come back to mother and be alive. My darling son, who was so good; and I was so mean! Jimmy, I'll do anything you say, I'll give you anything, if you'll only be alive again! But, no, no; it is too late, too late! He is dead. He is going to be buried away in the earth forever, just as he and Willie buried the dead canary that time—only this isn't playing! I'll never see him again, and he'll never see Willie again, nor play, nor eat nice things, nor anything, ever again! Poor Jimmy! Poor, poor Jimmy!"

The General was gulping painfully, and a big tear started down his moved cheek—he felt so sorry for himself. He was not the first who had wept over his own funeral. His lump of bitterness, saturated with his tears, grew soft and yielding. He began to think he might forgive his mother. Perhaps she—

He changed his position unwarily, and sat on one of his tenderest spots. Unjust brute!

He would be relentless. She'd suffer; she'd be sorry—so sorry.

With a great gasp, that was followed by the sudden stopping of his heart, he jumped into the dread ocean. He sank; he touched the enameled bottom. To insure his speedy demise he placed the palm of his left hand over his mouth, gag-like, while he held his nostrils tightly closed between thumb and forefinger. He would stay under water until death came—death that was to end his troubles and that was to make one unjust person so sorry.

Time passed, and he held his head under water. An hour went by; then a couple of years. Still he was submerged. At the end of the eighth century his head began to explode by degrees—he could hear his skull cracking with the sound of a dog chewing bones. His ears began to pain him. Somebody was pricking his limbs with brushes that had knitting-needles instead of bristles.

He must breathe or die!

He jumped to his feet splashingly; took a deep breath; then another; and a third. Then he thought of what he had vowed to do.

He must not breathe, but die!

Down again to the bottom of the tub, holding his breath grimly; determined to vanquish his stupid desire to breathe. He closed his eyes tightly, so that he should not see Death coming. He was pluckier; he staid two hundred centuries. One after another he repulsed the suggestions of his lungs, of his ears, of his head, to rise to the surface and take a breath—just one little breath, the last. There could be no harm in taking one breath before he died, argued his aching chest. One breath wouldn't save him; he felt as if a thousand breaths would not suffice to fill his lungs. But he fought back the suggestions, did the plucky General, who was giving up his life that his mother might be good in the future to Willie and Eileen, as she undoubtedly would be, having his awful warning ever before her. He was sorry he had not told them of his great self-sacrifice. They might not appreciate it unless they knew what it meant to him.

He felt that he was fainting; in another minute he would be beyond earthly recall. But he welcomed death. Wouldn't his mother feel—

He jumped to his feet and breathed deeply and quickly. He took a dozen inhalations before he thought again of his vow. Not he but it had been drowned, chilled by the water. He became magnanimous; he forgave his mother; he would live: for, after all, his very

existence would be a standing reproach to her.

He dressed himself hastily and was on his way to tell the Doctor all about it, when he met his mother.

"Why, child, you haven't half dried yourself. Come here." And, holding him securely with one hand, she began to mop his face in the indiscriminating and reckless way mothers have.

"You come mighty near being awful sorry," he said mysteriously, while she explored his ear with the towel.

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" she asked, astonished.

"Ouch! Yes'm; something came near happening to-day, and you'd cried ever so much!"

He closed his eyes ecstatically, like an octogenarian telling of a youthful and long dead sweetheart. Then it struck him that the deed would have been very wicked. Slightly remorsefully, he opened his heart to her, and said, "You know, when you punished me and I wasn't doing anything wrong, I felt so bad that I made up my mind to drown myself—"

"Jimmy!"

"Yes'm; and so I filled up the bath-tub and threw myself in. And I thought if I was drowned dead you'd be so sorry you'd whipped me when I didn't deserve it, that you'd never whip Willie or Eileen, and, of course"—with irrepressible triumph—"you couldn't whip me because I'd be dead and buried."

She was very pale.

"Yes'm; and then I thought how sorry you'd be to see me all wet and white and stiff and all swelled up with the water I'd swallow while I was getting drowned, like a mouse Willie and I saw once—say, mamma, I'd look so awful on the floor of the nursery, drowned and dead, and there'd be a great big wet spot where they laid me down, that of course you'd feel terrible and you—you'd begin to cry and blame yourself—"

Her breath caught sharply.

"Yes'm; and so I thought I wouldn't make you feel so bad and so, after I was almost drowned I forgave you—and I didn't drown." She took him in her arms and held him tightly, as if some one were trying to tear him from her by brute force. She was sorry, even if he wasn't drowned, which was delightful to the General. An irrepressible tear fell on his cheek, and he looked up instantly, to find her eyes very wet.

"Don't cry, mamma; don't cry. Say, mamma, you can give me a hundred whippings. if you want to," he said anxiously.

Vanity ✿ ✿ Fair:

Fads, ✿ Fashions ✿ and ✿ Foibles

THE USE OF PERFUMES.....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

The use of perfume is not wholly a matter of taste. The ancients recognized the medical virtues of perfumes and one Latin writer has put on record almost one hundred perfume remedies for various diseases. Among these remedies, violets figure more frequently than any other flower. But the violet essence must be pure and made from the flowers. Nineteenths of the so-called violet essence and violet water are merely chemical imitations, and chemically made perfumes are irritating to the nerves, if not, as in some cases, positively poisonous. Lavender is remarkably soothing to the nerves, and the lavender-scented sheets of our grandmothers were not only deliciously fragrant, but were excellent sleep promoters. Some refreshing perfumes are stimulating, but lavender is said to combine refreshment and relaxation. It would not be the thing for a close and crowded hall, but it is pre-eminently the scent for cool, fresh bed linen. Another perfume with distinct medicinal value is the jasmine. Old writers suggest it as a general tonic and sing its praises loudly; but they add a warning that while jasmine taken alone is a boon, it is in almost all compounds injurious, inducing nerve exhaustion and profound depression.

That question of the compounding of scents was an interesting one to scientists who experimented with it. The necessary civet or ambergris used in the base of all lasting perfume must be carefully added. A trifle too much of it will make the scent distressingly irritant to the wearer, as well as to the unfortunate with whom she comes in contact. The same is true of many combinations of perfume, and several separate scents, attacking a sensitive set of nerves at one time, may induce violent hysteria, though the victim may not be able to understand the cause of the attack. So here is another argument against the indiscriminate and lavish use of perfume. All the laws of good taste cry out against it, but women cheerfully continue to saturate their belongings with perfume under the mistaken impression that they are adding a last touch of daintiness and femininity to their make-up.

Within the last few years there has been a decided increase in the offense. She wears sachet in her frocks. She sprays perfume over her hair. She uses perfume pastils in her bath. She has perfumed creams and lotions and rouge and nail salve. She buys perfumed ribbon. She revels in scented soap. She burns scented pastils or incense in her rooms and she eats perfumed lozenges.

All this is bad enough when elaborately carried out without regard to trouble or expense; but few women are artists in the perfume line. If the perfumes are not of the rarest and purest, they can achieve no desirable result. If the powder and liquid and soap and pastils and all the rest are not identical in scent, they produce a compound that is not pleasant to smell and is harmful to the nerves. It is the rare and exceptional woman who attains subtlety and delicacy in her use of perfumes, if she uses them at all. Far better use no perfume than use any cheap variety. Even among the expensive perfumes there are many that are deplorably poor, and if a woman does succeed in obtaining a really good perfume, she should, of her charity, be considerate in her use of it.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN CHINA.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

The Hon. Chester Holcombe, before the Lowell Institute, recently, spoke of the social life in China, and the unfortunate influence the literary people work over the affairs of the nation. The common people believe that a mule has a soul, but that a woman has never possessed one. It matters little, and cannot be determined whether this theory is the cause or the result of their treatment of the female half of the race. The Chinese statutes require that when a contract of marriage is being arranged the parents shall furnish proof that their son and daughter are neither diseased, deformed, nor under nor over age. And yet, as a result of their discrimination, they are compelled to marry their sons to dull, stupid, uneducated dolts. The division of sexes constitutes the most conspicuous and essential mark of heathenism which is to be found upon the Chinese nation. It forms an absolute and

unlimited partition of the empire into two great classes, and robs each of those advantages and help which the other is primarily intended to supply. It deprives the race of fully one-half of the spirit, incentive and stimulus which result in progress and development. The extent to which this rule of division is enforced is simply astonishing. In families of the better sort the male and female members are strictly kept apart. The different sexes must each have different servants. Even brothers and sisters are not allowed to associate after the boys begin their studies, which is usually at the age of five years.

Mixed social gatherings are not only unknown, but they are regarded with abhorrence, and as proof of barbarism and moral degeneracy in all countries which permit them. Among the higher classes husbands never appear with their wives in the street or in any public place. Those of the working people seldom do, and upon such rare occasions the man invariably walks behind his wife, in order to watch her conduct and see that she behaves in a proper manner. Men are required by the statutes to mourn three years for the death of a father and one hundred days for the loss of a mother. But any husband who should mourn or exhibit any signs of grief at the death of his wife would in doing so disgrace himself in the eyes of his acquaintances and would be expelled from decent society. Undoubtedly many Chinese husbands become devotedly attached to their wives after marriage—they have no opportunity before that interesting event—but it is a breach of propriety and good morals to manifest any feeling of that nature under any circumstances. It is exceedingly indecorous for two intimate friends, when engaged in conversation, to mention the mere existence of a female relative of either. Men who have grown gray together under relations of the greatest intimacy will inquire about and discuss the qualities of the male members of the family of each, but they may never mention the female members. That common question, "How is your wife?" becomes a gross and unpardonable insult, even between close friends. Chinamen never mention, address or appear to see any member of the other sex, excepting such as are within their own households. And in order to avoid the embarrassments of chance or casual meetings every Chinese gentleman must simulate a cough when he approaches the entrance to the residence of a friend, in order that the female inmates of the establishment may be given full

opportunity to disappear. To fail in furnishing this evidence of bronchial trouble would show a serious lack of good breeding.

AS SEEN BY ENGLISH EYES.....LONDON MAIL

The American woman is like the American Beauty rose, a peculiar product of her own country. Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, once said: "You can't understand why America has reached her present position in the world until you know the American woman; then you wonder why the country is not even greater than it is."

Primarily the women who live in the United States have a firm conviction that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. And as they like to rule, they start by rocking the cradle.

To rule their menfolk they realize the necessity of attracting the eye, and they deliberately set out to make themselves as prepossessing as possible. They copy the Frenchwoman's mode of dressing and the Englishwoman's method of caring for her physique, and then add a touch of originality by teaching themselves how to talk intelligibly on every subject. They are particularly proud of this last ability, and by no means resent an insinuation that Shakespeare prophetically sketched the character of Katharine as partly typical of the present-day American woman. Only they would not call themselves shrews. They simply say it is their duty to "call down," as they slangily express it, the American man.

To be slangy in the use of expressions is the American woman's way of showing that she lives in a republic where all can do as they please.

And yet republican simplicity does not by any means appeal to her. She is the royalist of America. Anybody with a title attracts her as a magnet attracts a needle. She makes little distinction between a Duke of innumerable ancestors and one who has bought his title with some property. What she wants is to have the other girls in her set associate her name with some one of noble title, for, to her mind, noble titles always stand at the head of society, and society ranks above everything else with the average American woman.

A firm believer in athletics is the American woman, and despite the perennial jokes of the comic papers, she understands a game when she goes to see one. At college she gives as much attention to sports almost as does her brother, and she refuses to confine herself to

such innocent pastimes as basketball, croquet or tennis. She plays football, though, it must be confessed, with rules a trifle modified, and she plays baseball, and has her eight-oared and four-oared crews, too.

Perhaps it is this consciousness of her ability to understand the whys and wherefores of masculine sports that gives the American woman her air of independence in everyday life. She needs no escort in going to the theatre at night. When she wants to undertake a journey, the only thing she consults is her pocketbook, and she does not ask her big brother to accompany her as a bodyguard. She might ask some one else's big brother, and she could do so without risk of criticism, for it would all be a matter of course, and no harm could come where none was intended.

Usually the American girl when she goes abroad is not seen to the best advantage. She

has read too much of what people think of her, and usually what people think of her is flattering.

So if she were criticising a counterpart of herself at home, she would fall into slang again and say, "Her head was getting too big for her bonnet."

She does not attempt to conceal her belief, born of long reading of the newspapers of her native town, that "America is the greatest place on earth," and that other countries are to be visited, as is the Sahara Desert, just for curiosity's sake. She will admit that Englishmen are better looking than the men where she came from, but then she will say that "good looks don't cut much ice" with a sensible woman like herself. Generally speaking, she sails back home more than ever convinced of the superiority of the great United States.

Literary Thought and Opinion

HISTORY IN FICTION.....N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

Ruskin long ago pointed out how helpless are scientific historians as against brilliantly imaginative literary men. The former have the ear of scholars; but the latter have the ear of the great public. There is something rather pitiful in the minute and protracted labor of an historical investigator who patiently establishes a fact only to find that his demonstration is whistled down the wind by millions of intelligent men and women who accept the very opposite of the truth because they are under the spell of a brilliant romancer. Livy's charm of style and half-poetical picturesqueness of narration have proved more powerful even to this day than Niebuhr's destructive analysis of the early Roman legends. Schiller's genius has established William Tell as an historical personage in spite of all the investigations of Kopp and Vischer. Sir William Wallace is bound to remain a romantic national hero because poets and novelists, from Blind Harry down to Jane Porter, have made him seem so; and against this literary tradition modern investigators will strive in vain to prove him to have been a perjurer, an intriguer and a cattle thief.

The helplessness of prosaic fact in the presence of fascinating fiction has, however, sel-

dom had a better illustration than that which has been afforded in the past few years by the researches of M. Funck-Brentano in his attempts to sift out the veracious from the impossible elements which make up the accepted popular belief with regard to the Man with the Iron Mask, and to the Bastille. The truth about the former is undoubtedly that he was an Italian of no historical importance whatsoever, but one whom very special reasons made it inexpedient to put to death and unsafe to set free. This is all there is to it, when you get down to the facts of history. But in opposition to history the brilliant pens of Voltaire, of Saint-Michel, and of Alexandre Dumas have constructed a legend which will probably receive general acceptance until the end of time. With regard to the Bastille the facts show it to have been a rather honorable place of confinement and one which at the time of its destruction contained only a handful of ordinary prisoners who were perfectly well treated. Readers, however, of Dumas and of Dickens, not to mention minor writers, will always think of it as an abyss of nameless horrors whose victims were slowly tortured to death with every possible refinement of cruelty.

Of, course, in all these cases, the fictitious narrative is the one which in itself is the more

picturesque and therefore the one most likely to remain fixed in the reader's memory. The stories of Horatius at the Bridge and of Camillus and the Gauls are strikingly dramatic. The nursing of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf naturally appeals to the fancy of those who delight in Kipling's picture of Mowgli and his brother-wolves. William Tell splitting the apple or refusing to bow to Gessler's cap is too good to be a myth. No girl who has once wept over the pages of *The Scottish Chiefs* is ever going to abandon Wallace and Helen for any such trifling reason as historical evidence.*

There is, of course, another side to this whole question. If literature often perverts historic truth, it also sometimes (and very often) teaches it. Even when it does not teach the truth it creates an interest which may lead to a desire for truth. And for that matter it is better to have a definite conception of important periods of history and of epoch-making historic characters than to know nothing of them whatsoever. The England of *Ivanhoe* is not altogether the England of history; but every reader of *Ivanhoe* has learned an immense amount of history before he lays the book aside; and what he has learned will never be forgotten. How many Americans would have any definite impression of Louis XI. if Scott had not written *Quentin Durward*, or of James I. if he had not written *The Fortunes of Nigel*? Scott's departures from historic truth are generally due to his invincible optimism. His own nature was so generous and so chivalrous that he imparts to almost every period and person whom he describes a touch of these same qualities. Scarce a single character whom he has drawn is destitute of some redeeming virtue. Even *Henbane Dwining* has intellectual courage and a devotion to science; even *Richard Varney* is loyal to his master after his own fashion; even *Rashleigh Osbaldiston* is a brave swordsman; and for what he does, he possesses the excuse of at least a fancied injury. And so it goes. If the account were balanced it would probably be found that literature has done much more to help historical study and to promote historical knowledge than to obscure and discourage them; and therefore it is only a pedant who will sneer at the historical romance on the ground that it misleads the reader and sometimes perpetuates mere fictions in the place of fact.

GREATNESS IN LITERATURE....W. P. TRENT....INTERNATIONAL

The use of the word "greatness" implies standards of comparison, which may be individual or collective. It is clear that a poem or other piece of literature may be great to me and not to the rest of the world, or that it may be accepted as great by a majority of critics and readers and not seem at all great to me. Furthermore, a piece of literature may be great to contemporaries of its author and by no means great to posterity, or vice versa—although, as a matter of fact, it seldom happens that posterity sees real greatness in what did not profoundly appeal to contemporaries. It often sees interest, charm, but rarely greatness.

From these facts we infer that collective standards are not of paramount value when they mean merely that a majority of contemporaries think a book or writer great, but that they do gain tremendous value when they have been held by a number of generations. For example, it is probably not wise, but it is certainly permissible, to affirm that Tennyson is not a great poet. It would be the height of unwisdom to maintain that Homer is not a great poet, provided we admit his existence, or to announce as Joel Barlow, our own half-forgotten epic poet, once did, without Plato's excuse, that Homer has exerted a most immoral influence on mankind. But while this is true, it is equally true that our individual standards are of paramount importance to us. If we cannot for our lives see that the *Iliad* is great, we are reduced to three unpleasant modes of procedure—we either stifle our thoughts, or pretend to admire what we do not, which is unedifying conventionality or rank hypocrisy, or else we proclaim our disagreement with the world's verdict, and run the risk of being sneered at or called stupid for our pains.

Such being the case, we may infer that it is a matter of some importance, if we care for literature at all, for us who study or read books, to put our individual standards as far as possible in accord with the collective standards. In this way we shall approximate true culture; to apply Matthew Arnold's words, we shall learn to know and agree with the best that has been thought and said in the world about literature. This is not all of culture, but it is a most important part of it.

But what has all this to do with the question of "greatness in literature?" This much at least. Greatness implying standards of comparison, those standards being individual

and collective, and the collective being the more important of the two, but the individual nearer to us, it seems to follow that we ought first to examine our own ideas of "greatness in literature," then consult the chief critics to determine what writings the collective wisdom of mankind has pronounced great, and finally try to corroborate and enlarge our own ideas by means of such consultation and of wide reading. In this process we start with what is nearest to us, our own feelings and thoughts, and widen out our conceptions until we embrace as much of the universal as we can. This appears to be logical and to be analogous with other mental processes.

Now how do we as individuals use the term "great" in literature? We use it loosely, but no more loosely than we do in other connections, and presumably we all use it mainly of things or persons that do something, not of things or persons that are on the whole quiescent, no matter how full they may be of potential energy. The great statesman, for example, is to each of us the man who accomplishes something in the sphere of politics, not the man who has merely the potentialities of success. And he must accomplish something which in our view is large, important, influential, comparatively permanent, more or less original, and unique, or we shall not call him great. Do we not apply the term in literature in some such way? The poem or the poet, the book or the writer, must actually do something with us, and that something must be large, important, influential, comparatively permanent, more or less original, and unique. Obviously there are two spheres in which this, large, important something may be done,—the sphere of our emotions and the sphere of our intelligence. One book stirs our feelings deeply and permanently; another opens out a range of new ideas which make an impression upon our lives; we call both these books great, and rightly.

But in case the book we have accidentally read and thought great is condemned by the critics, or not even mentioned by them, what are we to conclude? That we were entirely mistaken? That is scarcely necessary. The book has done great things for us, and is really great thus far. We may be the one reader out of a thousand for whom the author was writing—his fit audience, though very few. It may be because the book or poem suited a transient mood. It may be because it suited our special epoch of life, or our class instincts and prepossessions, or what not.

Here we have one reason why books are immensely popular with one generation, yet are scarcely read by the next. Generations change—progressing in some ways, losing in others, but, as we trust, on the whole progressing. What wonder, then, that the book that exactly suited our fathers, but did not go much below the surface, so as to touch uniquely and profoundly permanent ideas and emotions, should be unread to-day!

Are we not led to conclude that there is a relative "greatness in literature," as well as, what we may call for convenience, an absolute greatness, and that we can safely use the word "great" only in connection with works that have stood the collective standards successfully? It seems better for practical purposes to emphasize the latter conclusion. Let us call that "great" which has produced large, important, influential, permanent, original, and unique results both in ourselves and in a majority of readers and critics, past and present. Let us put in a "perhaps" or a "probably" or some other qualification before the word "great" used of any living writer, except, perhaps, in the case of an author like Count Tolstoi, whose chief works have been long before the world, and have attained that cosmopolitan fame which is no bad substitute as a criterion of merit for the fame awarded by time. This may seem cold and heartless and pedantic, but it surely raises the dignity of literature, and gives us a better chance for free and honest contemporary criticism.

THE PLAGIARY OF ROSTAND.....CHICAGO CHRONICLE

Balcony scenes, duels and false faces, the traditional properties of playwrights and dramatists since Comus first knit the low-heeled sock or Thespis donned the buskin, were given to a private owner when Judge Kohlsaat in the United States Circuit Court decided that scenes in *Cyrano de Bergerac* were infringements on the copyright of *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. Richard Mansfield and A. M. Palmer were enjoined from producing the Frenchman's drama.

Cyrano de Bergerac, pronounced by literary lights to contain more passionate feeling and artistic expression than any other play since *Romeo and Juliet*, was said by the court to be based on *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*, a howling comedy. Inspiration for the balcony scene, the lovemaking by proxy, the wordy duel and the false nose and other incidents of the play, the decision

maintained, were drawn by Rostand from the pages of 'Gross' manuscript.

Parallel columns in which a resemblance was indicated between the tragedy and the comedy formed the chief evidence on which the case rested. Thirty "identical phases in plot" were pointed out by Master in Chancery E. B. Sherman, to whom the case was referred in July, 1899. They ranged from superficial resemblances to the structural ideas.

One resemblance pointed out was that in each play the favored suitor is successful in his quest, but this point is submerged in the fact that the duel and balcony scenes in both plays are similar, while Mr. Gross' Bluegrass and M. Rostand's Cyrano were both the possessors of grotesque noses.

The report of Master Sherman set forth that in 1875 Mr. Gross first conceived the idea and plot of *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. In the latter part of 1878 the play was so well perfected that it was shown to several actors, playwrights and theatrical managers for criticism and with a view to its production on the stage. Manager Palmer was said to have seen the manuscript in March, 1879, when he was having French plays adapted for the American stage.

In 1889 Mr. and Mrs. Gross visited the Paris exposition. They also went to the Porte St. Martin theatre, then under the management of Constant Coquelin, and after some conversation relative to his play he left the manuscript with the manager for examination.

In 1896 Mr. Gross' production was published by a Chicago firm and was regularly copyrighted. It was also published simultaneously in Great Britain and a performance of the play was given in London in the same year. Only 250 copies of the book were published by the Chicago concern, and most of these were distributed among theatrical and literary people, among whom were Richard Mansfield, A. M. Palmer, William D. Howells, Lyman J. Gage, Sir Henry Irving, Augustin Daly, Joseph Jefferson and Robert G. Ingersoll.

While again in Paris in 1897 Mr. Gross called at the Theatre Française and submitted a copy of his book to the manager. The manager accepted the book and discussed the matter with the author.

In the preliminary hearing of the case Rostand swore that he conceived the idea of *Cyrano* in 1895 and that M. Coquelin was given his part to memorize in November of that year. He also denied all knowledge of Mr. Gross up to the time of the beginning of

the action on the copyright. In answer to the charge that he might have appropriated the large nose which made *Cyrano* famous, he said:

"Big noses are to be found in all parts of the world."

Master Sherman reported that it is clear from the evidence that M. Rostand was mistaken as to there having been any conference between him and Actor Coquelin regarding the play in 1895.

"It is also certain," he says, "that his statement that the play was completed early in 1896 is wholly incorrect."

The master points out other discrepancies in the statements of these two witnesses.

In each play the balcony scene is considered the pivotal point, and in each the suitor insists on the heroine's giving him a kiss, a demand which precipitates a discussion of osculation.

GROSS' PLAY.

WHETSTONE.

But, oh, how I'd like a kiss.

VIOLET.

Kissing is an idle fashion but lightly spoken of by our best authors, and well missed by young misses. But to my secret. This morn my uncle told me in the orchard that he had chosen for me a lover—a most substantial gentleman, a very merchant prince—

[Pauses.

WHETSTONE.

Go on; give me all your secret.

VIOLET.

Why, thou art he in name and title; but I know thou art not, from thy discord in guise, speech and action; and thou dost carry out a jest too literally with thy contraries.

WHETSTONE.

I swear I am the real he. See, here is my album! (Opening album.) Here is my picture in my shirtsleeves, before my store. See the sign above the door: Hercules Whetstone's Gigantic Store. Here's my banking-house. See, see! Now, do you believe and love me? Be

ROSTAND'S PLAY.

CHRISTIAN.

[under the balcony].

A kiss!

ROXANE.

[drawing back].

What?

CYRANO.

Oh!

ROXANE.

You ask * * * ?

CYRANO.

A kiss! The word is sweet.

I see not why your lip should shrink from it; If the word burns it—what would the kiss do?

Oh! let it not your bashfulness fright;

Have you not, all this time, insensibly,

Left badinage aside, and unalarmed

Glided from smile to sigh from sigh to weeping?

Glide gently, imperceptibly, still onward—

From tear to kiss—a moment's thrill!—a heart-beat!

ROXANE.

Hush! Hush!

CYRANO.

A kiss, when all is said—what is it?

An oath that's ratified—a sealed promise,

A heart's avowal claiming confirmation—

A rose-dot on the "i" of "adoration"—

my wife and I'll bind the bargain with a kiss.
VIOLET.

Surely thou art the prince of jesters; and if it's thy humor, in part I'll not deny thee; but no maid should bind a bargain with a betrothal kiss until she knows the true worth of it. Hast thou any castles in thy domain?

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE NOSE.

Both plays hang by the nose, so to speak, but whereas the nose of Cyrano is a natural protuberance, that of Bluegrass, in *The Merchant Prince*, is obtained from a dealer in costumes. In making their plans for laying siege to the heart of the adored one the principals in each play meet at an inn to perfect arrangements. The idea of the abnormal nose as a striking feature is thus expressed.

GROSS' PLAY.

BLUEGRASS.

Peter, have you a rainbow suit?

PUNCH.

Mine dear friend, I've just what will suit you. I made it for a gentleman just like you, but it rained and he didn't call for it.

BLUEGRASS.

He was only a fair-weather beau, but I'll be a rainbow as well. [Punch shows him the suit.] That will suit. Now show me a mask. [Punch shows him a mask.] Why, it has a nose upon it like a barn gable.

PUNCH.

Mine friend, a big nose makes a strong character [laying his finger along his nose.]

BLUEGRASS.

Its cheeks are smooth as a boy's.

PUNCH.

Mine friend, how would a rainbow look with a beard on it? Oh, mine friend!

A secret that to mouth, not ear, is whispered—
Brush of a bee's wing, that makes the eternal—

Communion perfumed like the spring's wild-flowers—

The heart's relieving in the heart's outbreathing.

When to the lips the soul's flood rises, brimming.

ROSTAND'S PLAY.

RAGUENEAU.

Marry, 'twould puzzle even our grim painter Philippe De Champagne to portray him! Methinks, whimsical, wild, comical as he is, only Jacques Callot, now dead and gone, had succeeded better and had made of him the maddest fighter of all his visored crew—with his triple-plumed beaver and six-pointed doublet—the sword point sticking up 'neath his mantle like an insolent cocktail! He's prouder than all the fierce Artabans of whom Gascony has ever been and will ever be the prolific alma mater! Above his Toby ruff he carries a nose!—ah, good my lords, what a nose is his! When one sees it one is fain to cry aloud: "Nay 'tis too much! He plays a joke on us!" Then one laughs, says: "He will anon take it off." But no!—M. De Bergerac always keeps it on.

GROSS' PLAY.

SCYTHE.

Time! One, two—fire!

WHETSTONE.

Patagonian bat!

FOPDOODLE [pronouncing calf with a broad sound of letter a.] Unutterable calf!

BLUEGRASS.

A foul! a foul! I claim a foul.

SCYTHE.

Upon what do you base your foul?

BLUEGRASS.

Upon the letter a in calf. In place of rightly firing calf with the Italian sound of a, as in bah, he wrongly fired calf with a broad. Therefore he fired a broadside, with sound the same as in ball. I claim the foul is sound.

SCYTHE.

Let me examine your weapon [examining Fopdoodle's dictionary]. I plainly see a calf with two little dots like budding horns above the letter a, denoting the Italian sound, and as you wrongfully fired broad a and as broad a in your weapon is denoted by two little dots below the a, I rule you struck below the belt, and hence a foul.

SCYTHE.

Reload. [They reload.]

Time! One, two—fire!

FOPDOODLE.

Impecunious porcupine!

WHETSTONE.

Hypothecated buzzard!

SCYTHE.

Time! One, two—fire!

WHETSTONE.

Categorical catamount!

FOPDOODLE.

Bog-trotting bullfrog!

BLUEGRASS.

Foul, foul, a most terrible and bulldozing foul—a double-bar-reled fowling piece; a two-bullet foul.

Near the end of both duel scenes lanterns are introduced, Cyrano crying, "Take this lantern," and Tom, "The lightning has blown my lantern out."

ROSTAND'S PLAY.

CYRANO.

I gayly doff my beaver low.

And, freeing hand and heel,

My heavy mantle off I throw,

And I draw my polished steel;

Graceful as Phœbus, round I wheel,

Alert as Scaramouch, A word in your ear, Sir

Spark, I steal— At the envoi's end I touch!

[They engage.]

Better for you had you lain low;

Where skewer my cock? In the heel?

In the heart, your ribbon blue below?—

In the hip, and make you kneel?

Ho for the music of clashing steel,

—What now?—A hit? Not much!

'Twill be in the paunch the stroke I steal,

When, at the envoi, I touch.

Oh for a rhyme, a rhyme in O?—

You wriggle, starch-white, my eel?

A rhyme! a rhyme! the white feather you show.

Tac! I parry the point of your steel;

—The point you hoped to make me feel.

I open the line, now clutch

Your spit, Sir Scullion—show your zeal!

At the envoi's end, I touch!

[He declaims solemnly.] Envoi.

Prince, pray heaven for your soul's weal!

I move a pace—lo, such! and such!

Cut over—feint! [Thrusting.]

What ho! You reel? [The viscount staggers, Cyrano salutes.]

At the envoi's end, I touch!

B r i e f * C o m m e n t : L i t e r a r y S a y i n g s a n d D o i n g s

Mighty indeed is Chicago; Boston has ceased to have any literary potentiality, and New York acknowledges herself humbled, for Gross of Chicago has been proclaimed. The judgment of the world's literary tribunal has fallen before the stirring judicial ruling of the United States District Court; and Judge Kohlsaas has put to shame the wisdom of the critic and the judgment of the French Academy. We have come to expect such disclosures from the great mighty center of the west, a city which has ever been full of surprises, which it has had the rare generosity not to conceal. It has not been so very long ago that M. Hugues le Roux chose this same city as the trumpet to proclaim to the world that he and not Daudet wrote the famous story—*La Belle Nivernaise*. Nevertheless, in spite of such a startling disclosure, we acknowledge ourselves surprised, not that a parallel between *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* was discovered, but that an original for *L'Aiglon* was not found at the same time. The United States District Court and Judge Kohlsaas may have seen startling technical similarities in the text, but the query that will come to the reader is, did Rostand get his felicity of phrasing and delicacy of poetry and rich romanticism, and dramatic technique also from Mr. Gross of Chicago? Until this is proven, whatever may be the judicial decision, the judgment of the literary man will be very conservative in convicting M. Rostand.

—There is good news for those who love to read in bed. This most exquisite of all luxuries has, like most of the rare joys of the world, been under the Puritan ban of censure. Dr. Carl Seiler, an oculist of repute, now comes forward and not only says that there is no harm in this charming pleasure, but even advises those with weak eyes to read habitually in a recumbent position. The psychological reasons which the doctor gives should be quoted:

The recumbent posture allows more rest and repair of all the bodily structures than the sitting. Wherever possible we bring gravity into play to relieve congestion. It has long been recognized that throwing the head back brings gravity into

play to empty the veins overfilled by prolonged eye work. Why this is not carried to its logical conclusion is a mystery. It is plain that placing the head in a horizontal position absolutely meets the whole problem of relief of congestion by gravity.

Dr. Seiler should be regarded in the light of a real benefactor.

—The Saturday Review of London is holding a symposium upon the question of girls' books. We cannot say what the young English Miss delights in, but we regret that the question here in America is all too sure. Nothing is more pitiable than the way in which the girl of sixteen or eighteen "devours" the current novel, unless it be the gushing manner in which she speaks of it and its close ally, the popular play. It might almost be said that the popular novel and the popular play have destroyed that ingenuous age of the poet, "sweet sixteen." A vulgar sophistication which would be humorous were it not painful, now grasps the tender maiden and she apes her elders in flippancy and consciousness of dress and manner. Most of all she lets the novel or drama play upon her feelings with sad effect upon her character.

—There has never been a time when so many books have been read and probably so little gained from them, as the present. A rather vivid searchlight upon the intelligence of the ordinary reader might be gained from a curious list of misnomers which, according to the *New York Times*, absolutely occurred in our libraries. A lady inquired for Hawthorne's "House of Seven Fables." An attractive young woman wished Crawford's "Via Crucifix." Another lady desiring a juvenile book, asked for the "Heavenly Twins." This recalls the fact that several years ago when Ibsen's social drama, *A Doll's House* was performed in one of our "literary centers" several women brought their little children to see it.

—The Coronation in London seems to be playing sad havoc in the literary world. First the publishers could not sell any books, and now the standard writers of short stories claim that magazines are refusing their work, and giving as a pretext, that no one will read periodicals during the coming season, so that

stories by unknown people, which are cheaper, serve just as well to fill up space. The way of the author seems very devious and fraught with vicissitudes.

—In this connection a little paragraph which recently appeared in the London Black and White seems very fitting indeed:

Not long ago I knew of a lady novelist who has written numerous books, some of which, and one in particular, rank with the best historical fiction of the last ten years, yet this poor lady was actually without bread. I know personally not a few authors of genuine literary gifts whose life is one continued struggle with grinding poverty, and only last week I had a letter from a writer whose name stands on many beautiful books and whose work is of real literary value, but who assured me he had not made £20 this year, and being a man with a considerable family, he was in desperate straits. It is difficult to explain these cases, numerous though they be, and one can only suppose that they are examples of the lack of that business capacity and journalistic instinct for supplying just what is in demand. But one might multiply such stories without end and leave the would-be author undaunted. To the outsider, literary men are a priesthood, and the glamor of the calling attracts them at all costs.

—Another story of mysterious authorship and certainly striking caption is running serially in the Century, and is promised, before many months, in book form. The Confessions of a Wife is the happy title of this tale. Mary Adams, the name of the mysterious author, is supposed to be but a pen name, and it is hinted that only the editor himself knows who she is, and he but vaguely since all correspondence with her is carried on through her lawyer. If this book does not have a phenomenal sale, it will not be the publisher's fault.

—Good Words, the English publication, received 1,047 odes in its prize contest, offering £75 for the three best Coronation odes. The geographical distribution of the poems is varied and curious and includes: Great Britain and Ireland, 641; Canada, 91; New Zealand, 71; Victoria, 59; India, 33; Leeward Islands, 24; New South Wales, 20; South Australia, 14; Jamaica, 13; Cape Colony, 11; Tasmania, 11; Trinidad, 10; Newfoundland, 8; Natal, 6; Queensland, 5; Ceylon, 4; France, 4; Barbadoes, 3; Western Australia, 2; Windward Isles, 2; Italy, 2. This country sends only one ode, as do also Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium, Hong Kong, British Honduras, Burmah, the Malay States and Norway. What a delightful treat for the editors who will have to read these poetic effusions!

—The recent awful destruction of St. Pierre turns attention to Defoe's imaginary account

of the destruction of this same island. Defoe's description, which appeared in Mist's Journal, was vivid enough to meet even present conditions. He thus relates the catastrophe: "On the night of the said 26th (1718) about midnight, the whole Island of St. Vincent rose up in the air, with a most dreadful eruption of fire from underneath the earth and an inconceivable noise in the air at its rising up, that it was not only blown up but blown out of the very sea with a dreadful force, as if it were torn up by the roots, or blown up from the foundations of the earth." This is a curious example of "yellow journalism," which dates back two centuries and even a more curious example how truth occasionally duplicates fiction.

—With the July number. The Forum, one of the best known of our American magazines, will become a quarterly instead of a monthly magazine.

—One of the numerous clan of successful novelists has compiled what he calls: "The Author's Triumphant Progress: With Financial Details."

1. He writes a book.....	\$00,000	\$00,000
2. He serializes it	5,000 to	25,000
3. He takes royalties	10,000 to	50,000
4. He sells it abroad	1,000 to	10,000
5. It is dramatized and he gathers in more royalties, say	5,000 to	30,000
6. He lectures on "How I Did It," to the tune of	2,000 to	15,000

Total \$23,000 to \$130,000

"Nobody has done all these things yet," says the compiler, "but various people have achieved some of them. There will yet come some genius who will so combine financial ability with art as to include the whole list.

—The Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston announces the publication of a new magazine to be called Handicraft. The editor is to be Arthur A. Carey, while as associate editors he will have the assistance of Charles Eliot Norton and H. Langford Warren, both of the Harvard Fine Arts Department.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Century points out a similarity between the famous night-scene on the battlefield of Wagram in L'Aiglon and the description of the field of Waterloo in Les Misérables. Poor Rostand seems to be having a hard time of it these days. Nevertheless, Mr. Aldrich hastens to say: "I am convinced, however, that the conception of the incident was in the main original with Rostand and perhaps not even indirectly suggested by the elder poet."

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

To have three books launched simultaneously is indeed a distinction for any author. And in having this honor shown her, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick is certainly to be congratulated.

It was the Dull Miss Archinard that signalized Miss Sedgwick's first plunge into literature. This was written simply to please her sisters, and without any thought of publication. Indeed Miss Sedgwick had for several years written stories for the pure enjoyment of the writing, and had consigned them to the fire after their completion. It was due to an enthusiastic friend who carried the manuscript of the above novel to a London publisher, that it was accepted. Up to that time Miss Sedgwick had been studying art in Paris. The flattering reception of her first novel incited the young author to a further literary flight, which resulted in a second novel, *The Confoundings of Camelia*.

For one so young—Miss Sedgwick is still in her twenties—she displays a finished style and a sureness of touch that is quite remarkable. Moreover it is good to see that she avoids the beaten track of most of the young writers of to-day, and carefully steers away from the historical, romantic, exciting themes. Instead, she shows a good power of analysis and no small degree of knowledge, which are bound in time to produce great work.

Miss Sedgwick was born in Englewood, New Jersey, but since childhood has lived in England or France; which accounts for the fact that the themes of all her stories have thus far been laid abroad. She is at present visiting her native land.

—Henry Harland, one of the first writers of pure English to-day, is an American. He was born in New York, in 1861, and is the son of Mr. Thomas Harland of Norwich, who was famous in his time as a lawyer, and also as a mathematician of remarkable ability. The wonderful proportions of the old gentleman's head are still remembered, and the descriptions of him remind one of the famous mathematician and classic, Richard Porson, of Oxford celebrity. Henry Harland studied both at New York College and at Harvard. At the age of nineteen Mr. Harland went to Europe, residing at Rome and London, and from there, under the name of Sidney Luska, he

published several clever stories of Jewish life, with which he was familiar from having been brought up in the Jewish quarter of the city—indeed so admirable and intimate is his portrayal of Jewish character and customs in such books as *As it is Written* and *The Yoke of Torah*, that many have concluded that he himself is of Hebrew origin, whereas he is of New England stock and the godson of one of America's foremost poets and men of letters, Edmund Clarence Stedman. In London he became connected with the famous monthly *Yellow Book* and its young school of genuine litterateurs and artists. Though many of Mr. Harland's early books have had considerable sale it was not until the publication of *The Cardinal's Snuff-box*, two years ago, that it was discovered by the critics and by the public, that he was not only a writer of good stories, but that he had learned to convey those stories in English that would give them immortality, as types of the language of the finest "letters" of to-day.

—A new novel by E. F. Benson, to be called *The Book of Months* is announced. The curious title is justified in that the story is the supposed autobiography of a man for a year. It is also said that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the noted English actress, will produce Mr. Benson's play in the fall.

—On May 25, Julia Ward Howe, a woman famous alike for her writing and her deeds, celebrated her birthday in Boston. Though eighty-three, Mrs. Howe is strong and hearty, in full control of her mental and physical powers.

—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has gone to England for at least a six months' stay. The notices which the English papers are giving to his return recall how great was Mr. Le Gallienne's vogue a few years ago, and how since then it has fallen off. The reason is probably that in choosing the journalistic field the author, while he has gained greatly financially, has suffered quite as much artistically. It is to be hoped that Mr. Le Gallienne may return again to his first efforts, and give us the fulfillment of their very great promises.

—Very charming indeed is Mr. Owen Wister's dedication of his book, *The Virginian*, to President Roosevelt: "Some of these pages you have seen, some you have praised; one

stands new written because you blamed it; and all, my true critic, beg leave to remind you of their author's changeless admiration."

—It will be interesting indeed to see Miss Elizabeth Robin's new book, *The Magnetic North*. Her well-known story, *The Open Question*, showed force and power. It will be strange if her new work does not accentuate these characteristics. Miss Robins, by the way, has again, after her illness, returned to the stage.

—From a delightful volume, *Little Pilgrimages Among the Men Who Have Written Famous Books*, comes this anecdote of Mark Twain's first effort as a lecturer:

He committed his lecture to memory, and was entirely confident of success; still, desiring to forestall even the possibility of failure, he arranged with some friend of his—Major Pond has forgotten her name—to sit in a box and start the applause if he should look in her direction and stroke his mustache. "Instead of failing, however," the major reports, "the lecture started propitiously, and that caused Mark to forget his instructions to the lady. By and by, unconsciously, when the audience was filled to the neck with pleasure and sore with laughter, he unwittingly turned to the box where his friend sat and pulled his mustache. At the time he was saying nothing particularly good or funny, but the anxious lady took his action for the signal, and almost broke her fan on the edge of the box in a fury of applause." It took all the nerve which Mark had accumulated among the gamblers and crevasses of the Mississippi to pass through the embarrassment.

—Both Bret Harte and Paul Leicester Ford seem to have left a number of manuscripts, so that we are likely to have quite a little of the posthumous work of both. Mr. Harte had virtually completed a number of parodies on popular novelists and their work, some of which have already appeared. Among those satirized are Rudyard Kipling, Hall Caine, and Conan Doyle.

—Booth Tarkington is very soul sick. Popularity and society have begun to wear on him, and he "renounces and denounces" them. There is something quite bucolic in his words:

I am very, very tired of it all. I want to get away from society. I don't want any more dinners or balls, or dances or receptions. I just want the rest and quiet of the country—the kind that only the country will give.

When I was a boy the dearest thing in my heart was the visits I used to pay to my grandfather's country home, near Greensburg, down in the very heart of the 'Hoosier Schoolmaster' country. Everything around the place had something to do with that wonderful story of Edward Eggleston. My grandfather used to tell me about it. It was down in Decatur county that I got my basis for 'The Gentleman from Indiana.' Some of it happened and some didn't. I won't say which is which.

But all along I have wanted to get back to the country. I am surfeited with society—sick of it. I denounce it and renounce it. I think that should be emphatic enough.

No young man can devote himself to society entirely and at the same time develop the best that is in him. Society is altogether too light, hollow, insincere. It ought to be changed, made over with new plans and new laws. It ought to be more natural. Its artificiality is sickening. It is bad enough here, but it is worse in larger cities. In New York it is the worst in the world.

This is a trifle hard on society, and it is rather severe on New York.

—Mme. Sarah Grand is the most recent recruit from the ranks of women novelists to the drama. Together with Miss Harriet Jay she has just completed her first play.

—It was a very delicate compliment that the youth of England paid to Jules Verne in presenting him with a gold-headed walking-stick. The money was collected by the "Boys' Empire League." It is fitting that he who has given so much pleasure to boyhood should be now thus remembered.

—"Linesman," two of whose graphic descriptions have appeared in *CURRENT LITERATURE* is soon to publish a book. The author's real name is Captain Maurice Grant. If his book be but up to the standard of his articles it will be a rare treat.

—A new historical novel, by Stanley J. Weyman, is forthcoming during the next few months. Next fall Zola's new book, which will deal with Zionism, will be published in serial form.

—Speaking of literary centers, Mr. Frank Norris in the *June Critic* denies the claim of New York thereto. Mr. Norris says:

It is true that the great publishing houses and magazines are in New York; but by far the larger number of the "best men" do not live in the place. One may see all of them in New York, on different occasion; but they are there only on business. Their trips are flying trips; their interests are not identified with the city or its people; and they do not exert the slightest influence upon it. It is a mistaken idea this, that New York teems with the important personages in the world of letters. And it is wrong to suppose that the influence of the place itself conduces to the production of the finer, truer, and more enduring types of literary men. Hardly a single one of the writers of the American classics comes from New York. And of the latter day masters there are no more than two or three at the most who are New Yorkers either by birth or by adoption. Paris is a literary centre, and London, but not New York. Of course a certain number of writers of successful fiction do live in the place; but they do so—and I have heard many of them express themselves upon the subject—they do so under protest, and only count the days till they can get away.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

THREE BOOKS BY MISS SEDGWICK Very unusual, indeed, is the simultaneous publication by one firm of three books¹ from the same author. This phenomenon has, however, just taken place in the case of a little known and rather young author. Two of these books are, to be sure, reprints, but the third, *The Rescue* is new to book form, though it has been published serially in the *Century Magazine*.

A very curious problem is suggested by these books. They are all distinct and original, and yet they are all similar. This puzzles for a time until it is discovered that the same set of characters under different names and in different phases of action goes through all three books. Hilda Archinard, Mary Farley, and Madame Vicaud are at bottom the same person, though differentiated in age and condition. Clara Vicaud is a phase of Katherine Archinard and is a half sister to Camelia. Of the men, Perior, Damier and Peter Odd are all distinguished by a vague similarity and half quixotic traits of character. This peculiar likeness in character might even be traced to plots. Self abnegation, sacrifice and reward seems to be the formula. In every romance, too, there is an especially noticeable disparity of age between the lovers. These three books are virtually three phases of one book. This is said in no sense of disparagement, for each of these stories is highly interesting and in no way affects the pleasure of reading the other.

Miss Sedgwick is a rather peculiar writer, suggestive at times of Jane Austin, at other times of George Eliot, and at rare intervals of George Meredith. In the rude outlines of her plots she is sentimental, but this sentimentality she lifts by her realistic treatment into something akin to romance. She has a tendency towards bookishness at times, and never is quite able to forget her love of art. On the whole, it may be said that these three books are far ahead of the ordinary novel of the day.

¹The *Confounding of Camelia*. Anne Douglas Sedgwick. N. Y., The Century Co. \$1.50. *The Dull Miss Archinard*. Anne Douglas Sedgwick. N. Y., The Century Co. \$1.50. *The Rescue*. Anne Douglas Sedgwick. N. Y., The Century Co. \$1.50.

A GOOSE GIRL

"I am very tired of people, and want to rest myself by living awhile with things," writes the heroine of *The Diary of a Goose Girl*.¹ She does get away from people, and meet "things" in the shape of a poultry farm and quaint rustic personages. The book is full of purity, freshness and charming unconventionality. It can be recommended highly for those going away on summer vacations, while to those who remain in the hot city it will prove a delightful rest and refreshing pleasure.

S. R. Crockett has written another tale of adventure and daring deeds, with the scene laid among his favorite people, the romantic, picturesque people of far-away Galloway.² It is a good tale of life in a wild, canny country, life in which a man must stand forth as he is, without pretense and without guile, a life which sooner or later tears the mask from every face and brings each person to his rightful level. The creation of Joyce Faa is one of Mr. Crockett's best pieces of work, this character playing a striking part in the romantic story. The author must try again, however, if he would out-do the ever fresh and fascinating *Red Axe*.

HERALDS OF EMPIRE

Once again has the author of *Lords of the North* invaded that mystic region of snow and frost which seems so dear to him and filled it with people of interest and character. The smoking sea, the "white silence," the "powers of evil and darkness," all seem real and life-like in this charming tale of surreptitious fur-trading at the time when the name of the Hudson Bay Company was a synonym for wealth, power, and a life of romance. *Heralds of Empire*³ is a charming novel, unique in its setting, striking in its conception, and original in its execution. The character drawing is particularly well done, and the personality of Pierre Raddison stands out as a clear-cut cameo against the dark background of his surroundings.

¹The *Diary of a Goose Girl*. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

²The *Dark o' the Moon*. S. R. Crockett. N. Y., Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

³*Heralds of Empire*. A. C. Laut. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

ROMAN BIZNET: A NOVEL

The production of a first book is said to be the most anxious work of the young author. Doubtless in many cases there is a cause for anxiety—not so in the case of Roman Biznet.¹ The author of this novel may feel that she has no cause for self-reproach on the account of this work. It is a well-written, interesting and worthy piece of writing, far better than much of the more strenuous tales that are being launched into the world by unknown authors. This writer, a young Smith College graduate, has chosen for her theme not the struggles of man with nature and savage elements exteriorly, but his fight with his own savage nature within his breast. The book is really an absorbing study in heredity, done by one to whom this study has evidently been more than a whim, and illumined by a deep and gentle philosophy, as rare as it is delightful.

MR. CABLE'S LATEST

Mr. Cable never better illustrated the subtlety and charm of his art than in his most recent effort, *Bylow Hill*.² The story "per se" is an over-drawn picture of insane jealousy and weakness of character. Yet, by the grace of his style, Mr. Cable lifts this melodramatic theme into something quite beautiful, something which has real vitality. The story is, to confess the truth, somewhat thin, but full of pleasure for those exquisitely beautiful scenes which Mr. Cable can draw as no one else can. Elsewhere in the magazine we give one of the episodes from this book which will convey its character and charm.

A BOOK OF LOVE-MAKING

The author of *The Lover's Progress*³ has chosen to hide his identity in a book which purports to be of the nature of an autobiography. This history of the amours of a man who considers himself of a romantic nature makes quite a dainty reading. In the preface the author declares that he has taken the facts and incidents of his own life and fashioned them into a form fit to present to the public. Then he has hidden his identity, by publishing anonymously! This is a course that seldom fails to arouse interest and curiosity in the reader, and lends to the different incidents depicted that glamour which comes from the uncertainty in the reader's mind whether they are of a nature real or fictitious.

¹Roman Biznet. Georgia Wood Pangborn. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

²Bylow Hill. George W. Cable. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

³The Lover's Progress. Told by Himself. N. Y., Brentano's.

AN ACTRESS AND HER NOVEL

Miss Morris evidently thinks that the stage is fraught with dangers for the young girl. In her latest book¹ she tries to give a picture of this life, together with a word of warning. It cannot, in justice, be said that this story is up to Miss Morris' previous standard. It is episodic and melodramatic and does not give the great view of the stage life which would be expected from the pen of such an author. It is, however, more than worth the reading, and at times shows Miss Morris at her best.

TWO VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES

Mr. Bullen has given in his *Deep Sea Plunderings*² a number of thoroughly good sea stories which are told with nice restraint and pathos. All of these sketches are good and full of interest. It is not hard to see wherein Mr. Bullen's popularity lies. It is in the power to tell a story without exaggeration and to make the unusual seem natural. The book is refreshing and interesting and full of the spirit and glamour and mystery of the deep sea.

Quite the opposite to Mr. Bullen's stories are those by A. E. Watrous, entitled *Young Howson's Wife*.³ These little sketches are quite masterful in the way they depict a deep silent emotion and convey the workings of the mind and heart. Mr. Watrous shows himself well learned in the art of suggestion and a keen observer of human actions. He seems to know perfectly what most authors find so hard to learn, what to leave unsaid.

MISS PETTICOATS

Miss Petticoats⁴ gets its name from the fact that the mother of the heroine called her endearingly "mon petit cœur." This French phrase the old sea captain translates vulgo, Miss Petticoats. This is a very fair index to the book itself. The scenes are incongruous, though interesting. The characters are creatures of a single emotion, though possessing plenty of that. The story is a curious mixture of the drawing-room and the factory, the pulpit and the club. It is certainly an "unusual" tale, and it certainly possesses action and force. By far the best thing in it is the character of the unconventional minister.

¹A Pasteboard Crown. Clara Morris. N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

²Deep Sea Plunderings. By Frank T. Bullen. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

³Young Howson's Wife. A. E. Watrous. N. Y., Quail & Warner.

⁴Miss Petticoats. Dwight Tilton. Boston, C. M. Clarke. \$1.50.

A KENTUCKY FEUD John Kennadie,¹ by Ripley D. Saunders, is an admirable story, the basis of which is a Kentucky blood-feud. The father of John was killed in cold blood, before John's birth, by the brother of his wife, a Latham and one of a family with whom the Kennadie's were at feud. The widow finds herself living with her little son, John, in the same locality in Arkansas with Hugh, the son of her brother who has died. She alone knows the story, but she confides it to the old school-master when John has to be placed under his care. All her loving energy is turned to making the cousins love each other; but, ignorant of their relationship, they fight schoolboy battles, fall in love with the same girl, and seem to be following a fate that sets them one against the other in all things. At length, John hears from a wanderer from Kentucky that the father of Hugh was the murderer of his own father. He takes up the feud and blood is shed. All, however, comes right for John in the end, and in the meantime he has made his mark as a poet. The characters of the gentle mother, the old school teacher, and Betty Thorndike are well drawn, and the storms of rivalry and passion of the cousins are well described. The volume is a welcome addition to the literature of village life.

STEPHEN HOLTON How far vices can be eradicated by means of fiction is a debatable question, but one thing is certain, that in selecting the eradication of a vice as the "purpose" of his novel the author severely handicaps himself. He places himself in much the same situation as the cricketer whose only effective hit is "to leg" and who, therefore, feels bound to "pull" every ball, no matter how it is delivered to him. Charles Felton Pidgin is in such a case in his story of Stephen Holton.² The story is told with all the insight into human character which characterizes the author's previous works and with all the power of delineation of which he has shown himself capable. It is undoubtedly a powerful narrative and will be read with interest, although it may not be accorded the high position of Quincy Adams Sawyer.

THE GOD OF THINGS There are many views of the nature of the marriage tie, from the loose one which regards it as being as easily discarded

as an old garment to the strict sacramental position held by the Church of Rome. It may be questioned whether unanimity on the subject will ever be arrived at by the Protestant and Catholic bodies of Christendom. Florence Brooks Whitehouse has made this the theme of her novel, *The God of Things*.¹ The scene is laid almost entirely in Egypt, but the chief characters are Americans—a man, Philip Morrison, whose wife has left him, and a girl, Dorothy Dike, a Roman Catholic, ignorant of his true position, who instinctively grows to love him and finds happiness in the thought that at no very distant date they will be married. The story is an interesting and touching one, whatever we may think of a man who wins a young heart without placing his peculiar position before her; and the pictures of life in Egypt are well drawn with an evident knowledge of its scenes and conditions.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE The fertile field of the age when the kingdom of Assyria was at the zenith of its power has yielded *The Gate of The Kiss*,² by John W. Harding, and the volume is one which well deserves a place among historical fiction. It tells how Naph-tali, a Sweet Singer and warrior of Judah, falls into the toils of Miraone, a courtesan and a spy of Sennacherib, in the city of Jerusalem; how, for love of her, he becomes unwittingly a traitor to his country; and how he is enabled to carry out his revenge by a slave of Miraone, Vashti, who has fallen in love with the lofty person and spirit of her mistress' husband. There are many scenes described with great power; the cold-blooded treachery of Miraone, the impassioned love of Naph-tali, the self-effacing passion of Vashti, are the groundwork of many thrilling incidents; and the half-savage, half-civilized life in Jerusalem and Babylon is depicted in a way that shows careful study of the times.

THE JIMMIES Lilian Bell, in *Abroad With the Jimmies*,³ has given us a very readable account of a tour in Europe, extending from London with the boat races at Henley to Moscow with an interview with Tolstoi. A quiet humor and an affected Bohemianism give sparkle to the volume, and there are many raps over the knuckles for the English and

¹The God of Things. Florence Brooks Whitehouse. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

²The Gate of The Kiss. John W. Harding. Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co. \$1.50.

³Abroad with the Jimmies. Lilian Bell. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

¹John Kennadie. Ripley D. Saunders. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

²Stephen Holton. Charles Felton Pidgin. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

European who, in spite of "the American invasion," have not yet succeeded in learning the American way of doing things. The interviews of the authoress with Max Nordau and Tolstoi are peculiarly interesting, and it is evident that of the two she prefers the former. The chapter on The Passion Play is worthy of note and the reader will enjoy the scenes at Salzburg and Vienna in which one of the party at least plays with the edged tools of flirtation. Intending tourists, also, may take a lesson from Miss Bell's Shopping Experiences, and so save themselves from being entirely ruined by European extortion.

FASHIONS IN LITERATURE Under this title Charles Dudley Warner has gathered together fourteen of his recent essays on subjects of literary, ethical, and educational interest, making a volume that should find a ready welcome on the library shelf of any discriminating reader.¹ The initial paper, from which the volume is named, is an exceedingly interesting study of the moods and modes of contemporaneous writing, and treats of the subject with a thoroughness and an authority which have ever been conceded to be Mr. Warner's. Those who see dire ruin and loss of literary standard in our present day prolific production of reading matter—not to call it fiction—should read this essay and be reassured. Its frank treatment of fact and its logical optimism cannot but appeal to the most fearful.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS It would be hard to conceive of a more delightful series of reminiscences than those of John Russell Young,² one of the most eminent journalists of the nineteenth century. In the course of his career Mr. Young met a number of most prominent men, with many of whom he came to be on intimate terms. Especially enjoyable is that description of

Dickens' visit to the United States and the dinner which was given him in New York. Some idea of the real interest of this book may be gained from a bare list of some of the men of whom Mr. Young gives anecdotes, stories or descriptions. Most prominent, perhaps, of these are Bayard Taylor, James Russell Lowell, Walt Whitman and George W. Curtis. Mrs. Young deserves the gratitude of the public for having edited these recollections of her late husband and given them to the world.

ON IRRIGATION "Home-making is the aim of this book"¹ says Dr. Newell in his opening chapter, "the reclamation of places now waste and desolate and the creation there of fruitful farms, each tilled by its owner, is its object." This is indeed a truthful epitome of the author's work. It is a practical trustworthy guide, a real contribution to the subject of irrigation and a worthy offering in a high cause. Elsewhere in the magazine we quote from this treatise a short excerpt which suggests something of the tenor of the whole.

TOLSTOI ON RELIGION There is very little to say concerning Tolstoi's book, What is Religion,² save that it exemplifies the best and strongest in the author. There could be no more striking answer to the accusation recently made against the great Russian reformer than these words from his pen. They show him to be an almost literal follower of Christ. The whole book seems to be an elaboration of Dante's word: "Many cry Christ, Christ, who on the day of judgment will be as far from Him as one who knows not Christ at all."

Following is a list of books received in this office between the tenth of March and the tenth of April:

¹Fashions in Literature. Charles Dudley Warner. N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

²Men and Memories. John Russell Young. Edited by May D. Russell Young. N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely. 2 vols, \$5.00.

¹Irrigation in the United States. Frederick Haynes Newell. N. Y., Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00 net.

²What is Religion? Lyof N. Tolstoi. N. Y., Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60c. net.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Essays and Miscellany.

Among the Waterfowl: Herbert K. Job: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1 35
Deer Family, The: Theodore Roosevelt and others. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 2 00

Guide Book to Hygienic Diet: Sidney H. Beard; N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 00
Home Thoughts: Mrs. James Farley Cox: N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co. 1 20

- Life at West Point: H. Irving Hancock: Illustrated: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....\$1 40
- Practical Forestry: John Gifford: With many illustrations: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....1 20
- Principles of Sanitary Science and the Public Health: Wm. T. Sedgwick, Ph. D.; N. Y., The Macmillan Co.....3 00
- Trolley Exploring within Thirty Miles of New York: Compiled by Cromwell Child: Brooklyn, Daily Eagle.....10
- Trust, The: Its Book: Edited by Jas. H. Bridge: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co.....1 20
- William McKinley: Memorial Address: John Hay: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.....28
- Fiction.**
- Amor Victor: A Novel of Ephesus and Rome, 95-105 A. D.: Orr Kenyon: N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co.....1 50
- Blighted Rose, A: Joseph F. Wynne: Detroit, The Angelus Pub. Co.....1 50
- Bylow Hill: Geo. W. Cable: Illustrations in Color, F. C. Yohn: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 25
- Col. Harold de Lacy: Frank A. Douglas: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co.....1 50
- Courage of Conviction, The: T. R. Sullivan: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 50
- "Cupid's House Party": Justus Miles Forman: N. Y., Town Topics Pub. Co.....50
- Desert and The Sown, The: Mary H. Foote: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....1 50
- Gate of the Kiss, The: A Romance in the Days of Hezekiah, King of Judah: Boston, The Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
- Girl of Virginia, A: Lucy M. Thurston: Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald: Boston, Little, Brown & Co.....1 50
- Hearts Courageous: Hallie Erminie Rives: Indianapolis, The Bowen Merrill Co.....1 00
- Hindersers, The: Edna Lyall: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....1 00
- Iron Hand, The: A Story of the Times: Howard Dean: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....1 00
- Judith's Garden: Mary E. Stone Bassett: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
- Love Never Faileth: Carnegie Simpson: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell & Co.....1 25
- Margaret Bowlby: Edgar L. Vincent: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
- Miss Petticoats: Dwight Tilton: Boston, C. M. Clark Pub. Co.....1 50
- Mr. Whitman: A Story of the Brigands: Elizabeth Pullew: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
- My Captive: J. A. Altsheier: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....1 50
- My Japanese Wife: Clive Holland: N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co.....1 50
- Myra of the Pines: Herman K. Viele: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.....1 50
- Not on the Chart: A Romance of the Pacific: Chas. L. Marsh: N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co.....1 50
- Pasteboard Crown, A: A Story of the New York Stage: Clara Morris: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.....1 50
- Prince of Good Fellows, A: Robert Barr: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.....1 50
- Red Anvil, The: A Romance of Fifty Years Ago: Charles R. Sherlock: N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co.....\$1 50
- Remedy for Love, A: Ellen Olney Kirk: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....1 25
- Singular Will, A: George C. Marsh: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co.....1 50
- Spenders, The: Harry Leon Wilson: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co.....1 50
- Strangers at the Gate: Samuel Gordon: Phila., The Jewish Pub. Co.....1 50
- Suitors of Yvonne, The: Rafael Sabatini: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....1 50
- Those Black Diamond Men: Wm. F. Gibbons: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co.....1 50
- Two Renwick's, The: Marie Agnes Davidson: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co.....1 50
- Uncle Jed's Country Letters: Hilda Brenton: Illustrated: N. Y., Hy. A. Dickerman & Son.....50
- Way of the West: The, General Chas. King: N. Y., Rand McNally & Co.....50
- Welsh Witch, A: Allen Raine: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.....50
- Virginian, The: Owen Wister: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.....1 50
- Zanee Kooran: A Romance of India in the Time of the Great Sepoy Rebellion: Frederick O. Sibley: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co.....1 50
- Poetry.**
- Armageddon: Valentine Brown: Portland, Oregon.....2 00
- Fragments: Hallett Abend: Linneus, Mo., Bulletin Printing House.....1 20
- Line-o'-Type Lyrics: Bert L. Taylor: Evanston, Wm. S. Lord.....50
- Poems: John McGovern: Evanston, Wm. S. Lord.....1 00
- Poems: Robt. Underwood Johnson: N. Y., The Century Co.....1 20
- Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Junior: Wallace Irwin: S. F. Elder & Shepard.....50
- Sonnets: Hallett Abend: Linneus, Mo., Bulletin Printing House.....1 20
- Historical and Political.**
- Boer Fight for Freedom, The: Michael Davitt: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co.....2 00
- Cuba and Porto Rico: Robert Hill: N. Y., The Century Co.....1 50
- Lee at Appomattox and Other Papers: Charles Francis Adams: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....1 50
- Naval Heroes of Holland: J. A. Mets: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....1 50
- True Napoleon, The: A Cyclopaedia of Events in His Life: Chas. Josselyn: N. Y., R. H. Russell.....1 50
- Religion.**
- Christendom Anno Domini: 2 vols.: Edited by Wm. D. Grant, Ph. D., with Introductory Note by Pres. Chas. C. Hall, D. D.: N. Y., Chauncey Holt: \$2.50 till July 1, thereafter. 3 50
- What is Religion? Lyof N. Tolstoi: N. Y., Thos Y. Crowell & Co.....60

Among the July Magazines

In Harper's this month are some engaging color pictures by Louis Hitchcock, illustrating the story by Benjamin Ridgely, entitled *Summer Life in Andalusia*, and also piquant pictures in red and black illustrating a short story of some humorous French characters and a cat. The fiction in the magazine should make it much sought after by summer vacationists, while the articles afford an opportunity for popular reading on the more serious themes. Among these latter is one on *American Private Forests*, which comes from a member of the Bureau of Forestry and is a welcome addition to the literature on the subject. Prof. George Edward Woodberry, of Columbia University, has a paper on the *Beginnings of American Literature*; Simon Newcomb writes of the achievements of astronomers of to-day and Vance Thompson gives a description of *Falconry* as it is now practised. Some *Vegetable Air-Ships*, by A. J. Grout, tells, with graphic illustrations, of the methods of nature in the propagation of species in some of our common flowers and plants. In the *Real D'Artagnan*, Charles Sellier has attempted to show how much the real life of the real Count D'Artagnan has been retained in Dumas' novel. The following bit is characteristic and interesting:

But Dumas's romance is not so far from historical accuracy as might be imagined. It is known that the tale is founded on an anonymous narration, published at Cologne in 1700, under the title of *Memoirs of M. d'Artagnan*, and that Courtils de Sandraz was the author.

The commencement of Sandraz's memoirs, as well as the astonishing epic of Dumas, shows us young d'Artagnan leaving the ancestral home for Paris, taking with him ten crowns, a little good advice, and a sorry nag, which arrived at Blois in an exhausted condition. The company at the public-house laughed at the queer couple, which so incensed the future captain that he drew on them in rage, and was promptly clapped into jail, where he lost both steed and baggage. Once at Paris, he met M. de Tréville, a fellow-Gascon and lieutenant-captain of the King's musqueteers, to whom he had letters of introduction. He soon formed the acquaintance of three young men of Béarn (which province was neighbor to his own), Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, and fought his duels in their company.

The episode in which Dumas makes him play the chief part—the mission of d'Artagnan to England, sent by Anne of Austria to bring back the gift of Louis XIII., a diamond necklace, which she had imprudently given to Buckingham—is due entirely to the imagination of the romancer. D'Artagnan's journeys to England had quite other motives.

—The *World's Work* presents, as one of its leading articles, an account of the new Naval Academy, with a description of what the historic institution will be when the contemplated improvements, to cost, \$8,000,000, shall have been instituted. The paper is from the pen of Commander Richard Wainwright, the Superintendent of the Academy. Under the heading, *The Philippine Problem*, a presentation of the thoughts of the most prominent political figures in the country is given, President Roosevelt's Memorial Day oration and Senator Hoar's recent eloquent speech in opposition to the Philippine Bill being two of the papers in this valuable symposium. Some *Living American Historians* by H. Morse Stephens is an able account of a class of workers, vitally important but ordinarily little reckoned amongst our literary producers. The Rev. David M. Steele gives some peeps behind the scenes in his own profession in an interesting account of *The Profession of Ministry*. A *Giant Kansas Farm*, *The President's Busy Office*, and *How Cables Unite the World* give an idea of the wide diversity of subjects of a *World's Work* nature, which is well borne out by Mr. Sam P. Verner's account of his successful education of two Central African Cannibals. Mr. Verner, at present a member of the faculty of the Stillman Institute, Alabama, has penetrated the depths of the dark continent, whence he brought these two lads, one the son of a cannibal Prince, the other the son of a tribesman fisherman. Full of charm and romance is Bailey Willis' account of the northwest boundary, a subject which is treated in more than one magazine this month. Mr. Willis, a geologist of the United States Geological Survey, has been all along this fairy borderland and his words bring real pictures to the mind of the reader. A rather unusual number, although a pleasing one, is a compilation by George Perry Morris of sentences of praise used by various university presidents on the occasion of presenting honorary degrees. These little speeches in brief afford a curious character study of well known men of to-day.

—A full length portrait of Lord Kitchener makes a striking frontispiece to Pearson's. An appreciation of the man and a review of his life by T. W. Williams is one of the more worthy articles in the magazine. There is a

curious paper on Tails—a rather nondescript subject, but one in which the author has found occasion to speak instructively of the part played by that appendage in the animal kingdom. Two articles of more than passing interest deal with two distinct phases of mountain life. One is an account of the soldiers of the Swiss Alpine mountains and their wonderful manœuvres above the clouds, and the other is a tour of the earth's volcanoes, under the felicitous heading of *Where the Earth's Crust Is Weak*. The fiction is important in that it includes the opening chapters of a new serial by H. Rider Haggard, entitled *The Pearl Maiden*, which if it fulfils its early promise, will be in Mr. Haggard's best style.

—Mabel Nelson Thurston has contributed the novelette to the month's *New Lippincott*. It is a love story entitled *On the Road to Arcady*, and is written in the form of a diary kept by one of the lovers. There are many stories. *The Love of Denys de Vaudrencœur* is from the hand of Beulah Marie Dix, one of the authors of *The Beau's Comedy*. *At Fiddler's Bridge* is a humorous story in negro dialect, while *A Sovereign Remedy* is the story of a strong young doctor's love. Of the thirteen well written numbers that make up this magazine none is more worthy of attention than the account of the laying of an ocean cable from continent to continent, done in the right vein by Percie W. Hart. It is the story of successful undertaking in an enterprise, the romance of which must appeal to all who have romance within them.

—The initial number of the *Atlantic* is of the nature of a philosophical treatment of a certain phase of American life. It is written under the heading, *On Keeping the Fourth of July*, and includes a somewhat "heart to heart" discussion with the editor. The article is followed by one on *Certain Aspects of America*, in which the theme is broadened and the discussion brought to bear on some of the questionable results of our commercial progress. A conception of the writer's idea may be gained from the following extract:

We have all learned by heart the Declaration of Independence, snatches from old speeches:—"Give me liberty or give me death;" tags from the Latin "*Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni*;" and maxims concerning inalienable rights, natural justice, God's will,—maxims whose use is confined to speech,—come from the memory trippingly to the tongue. Put us to action, make us do some political act, such as to adjust our relations with Cuba, and we uncover another set of maxims, those whose use is confined to action: "the industrially fit ought to survive," "the elect of God are revealed

by economic superiority," "success is justified of her children," "the commandments of the majority are pure and holy." If we are taxed with the discrepancy, we stare, and repeat the contrasted formulae, one set in words, the other in actions; we are conscious of no inconsistency, we will give up neither. This is not a case of hypocrisy. We believe what we say; for belief with us is not necessarily a state of mind which compels action to accord with it, but often an heirloom to be treated with respect. Look at our Christianity: we honor riches, oppress our neighbors, keep a pecuniary account with righteousness, nor could even St. Paul persuade us to be crucified, and yet we honestly insist upon calling ourselves Christians.

Of biographical interest are the *Walks with Ellery Channing*, which the reader may take under the guidance of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and certainly no more charming guide could be asked. The paper is made up of extracts from a hitherto unpublished diary kept by the poet-essayist in the form of manuscript notes. It might as well be entitled *Walks with the Poet Emerson*, for it breathes the soul and the personality of that man in every line. Also valuable are the insights into the character of Walter Pater given in a lengthy discussion of him by Edward Dowden. The author has struck a happy vein in the handling of his theme and the result is a paper that can fail to appeal to but few. *Race Prejudice in the Philippines*, and *Two Years' Legislation in Porto Rico*, the first by James A. LeRoy and the other by William F. Willoughby, have an interest both historical and political. Mr. Willoughby's summary of the effect of the Americanization of the little Island which we took into our keeping is worthy of weighty consideration. Dear to the heart of the out-of-door man should be *The Marsh*, by Dallas Lore Sharp, with its accounts of the winged creatures of the salt sea meadows, while the boat enthusiast will be just as happy with Mr. W. J. Henderson's happy article on *Sailing*. Fiction is not neglected: A new serial is started in a novel and pleasing manner, by giving a prologue entirely of letters. Bettina Von Hutton is the author and *Our Lady of the Beeches* the title. The letters are those that passed between an interested woman and an author to whom she was not known. Besides this, the chief piece, there are a number of short stories sufficient to please every taste.

—McClure's is a presentation of the ideal July popular monthly. It is filled with stories good to read on the piazza at the seaside, or lying full length on the friendly green. Not that these pages are crammed with the light, frivolous matter commonly called "summer reading," for they are not; but the contents is

of a variety so interesting and so timely as to delight and hold the attention, even at a time when one is apt to go off castle-building or bird-nesting in the leafy world about him. The Over-Sea Experiments of Santos Dumont is the title of a serious treatment of an airy subject, which is illustrated with some uncommon photographs of the airship in flight and—in the sea! There are two papers on the late Admiral Sampson, one from Ex-Secretary of the Navy Long, and the other from Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N. There is an article on the Philippines by a man who should know what he is talking about, by Dr. Henry C. Rowland, twice acting assistant surgeon of the army in the islands. Cyrus Townsend Brady has written again of the Great Northwest, the following excerpt being the description of a forced march taken from his account of Clarke's capture of Vincennes:

Plunging into the icy water, Clark led his men, carrying their rifles and powder horns above their heads, over the bottoms until they reached the channel of the river. They had built a rude canoe and a small raft on the bank, and now standing up to their waists in water, they removed the baggage from the packhorses, ferried it across one channel, built a rude scaffold of driftwood and logs, upon which they stowed it, swam the horses over the second channel, loaded them again, drove them through the flood until they reached the other fork of the river, where they repeated the process, and at last got an emergent, through water-soaked ground. The passage took two days.

On the 17th they reached a river, well called the Embarras, which flows into the Wabash a short distance below Vincennes.

* * * * *

At this juncture the spirit of some of the Creoles gave out. The desire to retreat was communicated even to the Kentuckians, and the whole enterprise trembled in the balance. Clark, however, was equal to the occasion. The story goes that in one of the companies there was a big six-foot-two-inch sergeant, from Virginia. A little drummer boy, whose antics and frolics had greatly amused the men, was mounted on the shoulders of the tall sergeant. By Clark's command, the drummer beat the charge, while the sergeant marched into the water.

"Forward!" thundered the commander, plunging into the icy flood. The men laughed, hesitated, and followed to the last man.

For two more days they struggled on through the waters, until, on the 23d, they captured a canoe with some Indian squaws in it, in which they found a quarter of buffalo and some other provisions. Broth was soon made and given to the most exhausted of the little band.

The fiction is none the less charming. Those who read Beyond the Confines of Consistency in a recent number will be glad to find another chapter of Emmy Lou's life in A Ballad in Print O' Life, by Geo. Madden Martin. There are several short stories, Booth Tarkington con-

tinues The Two Vanrevels and Norman Duncan has contributed another of those beautiful tales of the deeper side of the life of the fisher folk of Newfoundland.

—The opening article of the Century has a short story by the late Paul Leicester Ford, a story of a lover stronger than circumstance. Mary Adams has continued her Confessions of a Wife and the interest does not flag. The Cook and the Convict, a West Indian sketch, is one of the Century's humorous contributions, as is also The Little Unpleasantness at New Hope, by Harry Stillwell Edwards. Louise Collier Wilcox has a more serious story, while Will Harben has written a funny story of love in the mountains. Ray Stannard Baker's paper on the irrigation of the Great Southwest is illustrated with some plates from drawings by Maxfield Parrish. These plates, finely engraved, are unusually beautiful. Two articles of scientific interest are those on some Curious Electrical Forms, by Anabel Parker and illustrated by recent photographs made by Mr. Burton Kinraide, and the discussion of The Volcanic Systems of the Western Hemisphere, from so high an authority as Robert T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey. The Strange Experiences of a Blue Jay Family; and A Campaign Against the Mosquito, by Dr. L. O. Howard and Henry Clay Weeks, are both timely and interesting. From the latter the following bit is taken:

Three years ago the whole press of the country would not have printed in a month a column of matter on a subject that is now treated in serious and able articles daily. The contrast in the popularity of the subject is strongly shown by the press clippings of that time and the present, and while much of the writing is what one aptly terms "mosquito stuff," it all doubtless helps in the battle that is now on, the watchword of which is, "The mosquito can and must be exterminated." This possibility and necessity have been strongly urged by some writers for many years, notably by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who has persistently endeavored to make serviceable his wide information on the subject by visits and lectures through the country. Of his recent book on "Mosquitos" an enthusiastic man of letters says: "For the insurance of peace and comfort it is worth all the systems of philosophy published during the last fifty years, and for pleasurable exhilaration I would back it against a hundred thousand modern novels taken at random."

—In Country Life in America, A Plea for the Pony by John Burns is illustrated by many pictures of society children on their favorite little mounts. The Beagle, by James Wolson, is a discussion of these little-known members of the canine family, and is illustrated with

photos by A. R. Dugmore that, in themselves, tell the story of the Beagle. The Japanese Garden in America is an exposition of what can be done in picturesque landscape gardening, and like all the papers in *Country Life*, it is exquisitely illustrated. A discussion of the humming bird is given under the title *The Life of the Ruby Throat*, and a little sketch of an Angora cat ends the volume.

—It makes one wish to go a-swimming to read Leon Vandervort's story, *When Man Turns to the Waters, in Outing*. This is a tale of swimming and swimming ways, and it brings the splash of the water and the excitement of the sport home to the reader. A. C. Laut, author of *Heralds of Empire*, is at home in the snow-covered North again, when he writes the story

of the Buffalo runners, a story which, alas! ten years from now will probably be that of a vanished race. There is an article entitled *About the Cougar*, from the pen of Franklin W. Calkins, which covers the life of this kingly beast, as the author has known it. The article is illustrated by full page and vignette drawings by Chas. Livingstone Bull, which in themselves lend it an artistic merit. The studies of motion in the cougar are particularly well done. J. Parmly Paret has written a paper on *Recent American Development in Lawn Tennis*, which in view of the coming attempt of the two English cracks, the Doherty Brothers, to wrest our national championship from us, should be widely read.

Magazine Reference for July, 1902

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Actors' Church Alliance, The Arena
 *German Drama of To-day Cornhill
 Lost Art Revived, A Everybody's
 Perfumed Art of Pastel Portraiture, The Metropolitan
 Revival of Feminine Handicrafts Everybody's

Biographical and Reminiscent.

Channing, Ellery, Walks with Atlantic
 Dreer, Dr.; The Famous Bibliophile Criterion
 Field, Eugene, The Humorist Century
 Fisk, Minnie Maddern Metropolitan
 *Forgotten Art Critic Gentleman's
 Godkin, The Late Edwin Lawrence Critic
 Heinze, F. Aug.—Copper King Ainslee's
 Lincoln, Abraham, Recollections of Criterion
 Man of the Hour, The (Kitchener) Pearson's
 Marquis of Salisbury, The Century
 *Marquis of Salisbury, The Good Words
 Pater, Walter Atlantic
 Personal Recollections of Carlyle Century
 Rhodes, Cecil Cosmopolitan
 Ruskin, Memorials of, Hoffman Munsey's
 Sampson, Rear Admiral Wm. McClure's
 Sampson's Naval Career McClure's
 Some Living American Historians World's Work
 Van Anderson, Helen Mind

Educational Topics.

Boston Schools 100 Years ago New England
 New Naval Academy, The World's Work
 *On the Education of the Upper Classes Gentleman's
 Thomas Jefferson and Higher Education New England

* Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

*Two Little Known States of South America

Chambers's

Essays and Miscellany.

*Alaric Watts and Wordsworth Cornhill
 Beginnings of American Literature Harper's
 *Buying of Pictures, The Chambers's
 Chloroform—Its Uses and Dangers Munsey's
 Dancing Flowers and Flower Dances New England
 Dante and Beatrice Cosmopolitan
 Disclosures of the Unattached Critic
 Does a Horse Calculate His Leap? Metropolitan
 Elizabethan Dedications of Books Harper's
 *Etymology in Carpet Slippers Chambers's
 Fastest Sprint, The Outing
 History as It is Written in Fiction Metropolitan
 How Fashions are Set Cosmopolitan
 *In the Editorial Chair Cornhill
 *Job Charnock Blackwood's
 Landor's Poetry Atlantic
 Lenox in Literature Critic
 Literary Landmarks of New York Critic
 Luxuries of the Millionaire Ainslee's
 Making Wall Street Safe World's Work
 Manners of the Past, The Harper's
 Military Manœuvres Above the Clouds Pearson's
 *Old Annals Gentleman's
 On Keeping the Fourth of July Atlantic
 On Reading Books Through Their Backs Atlantic
 Plays of Eugene Brieux Atlantic
 Plea for the Pony, A Country Life in America
 *Plethora of Poets, The Cornhill
 President's Business Office, The World's Work
 Pride of Life, The Arena
 *Purchasing of Antiques, The Chambers's
 Railroad Superstitions Munsey's
 Real D'Artagnan, The Harper's

Relation of Athletics to Art.....Outing
 Rest and Fatigue.....Ainslee's
 *Romance of Genealogy.....Gentleman's
 Ruined American Eden, A.....Munsey's
 Sketch of Russian Literature.....Critic
 Social Life at the White House.....Era
 Summer Life of the Diplomats, The.....Criterion
 Truth About Yellow Journalism.....Criterion
 Ways of Words in English Speech.....Harper's
 *With Dickens in Hatton Garden.....Chambers's

Historical, National and Political.

Abraham Lincoln the Reincarnation of Thomas
 Jefferson.....Metropolitan
 *All British Cable, The.....Chambers's
 *Around Woolwich Rotunda.....Chambers's
 China's New Rebellion.....Era
 *Coronation Vestments.....Good Words
 Death Throes of the Confederacy, The
 Woman's Home Companion
 *Delhi—1857.....Chambers's
 Eruption of Mont Pelée.....Cosmopolitan
 Fighting Life in the Philippines.....McClure's
 George Rogers Clark and the Great Northwest
 McClure's

Independence Hall of To-day, The
 Woman's Home Companion
 *Napoleon: The Last Word.....Gentleman's
 Nicaragua or Panama?.....Arena
 Opinion of an American in the Philippines

World's Work
 Passing of the House of Hanover, The.....Munsey's
 Philippine Problem, The.....World's Work
 Present Political Outlook, The.....Arena
 Prince Louis Napoleon and the Nicaragua Canal
 Century
 Renewal of China, The.....Era
 *Roman Reminiscences.....Blackwood's
 *Rossbodontal Avalanche.....Blackwood's
 *Scottish Artillery.....Blackwood's
 Senator Hoar's Speech.....World's Work
 Two Years' Legislation in Porto Rico.....Atlantic
 World's Great Disasters, The.....Everybody's

Religious and Philosophical.

Growth of Christian Science, The.....Era
 Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe.....Mind
 Layman's View of Immortality, A.....Mind
 Mental Facility.....Mind
 Ministry as a Profession, The.....World's Work
 Spiritual Life, The.....Mind

Scientific and Industrial.

*About Aluminum.....Chambers's
 Art of the Needle Point, The.....Munsey's
 *Astronomy without a Telescope.....Knowledge
 Bridging the Depths.....New Lippincott
 Campaign Against the Mosquito, A.....Century
 Curious Electrical Forms.....Century
 Electric Fountain, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Fight Against Small Pox.....Ainslee's
 Giant Kansas Farm, A.....World's Work
 Gulf of Fire, A.....Harper's
 How Cables Unite the World.....World's Work
 *Minute Marvels of Nature.....Good Words
 Mont Pelée.....Metropolitan
 Over-Sea Experiments of Santos-Dumont, The
 McClure's
 Revival of Skilled Hand-Work.....World's Work
 Some Vegetable Air Ships.....Harper's
 Strange Story of Printing Telegraphs, The
 Everybody's

*Vibration from London Railway.....Knowledge
 Volcanic Destruction in Martinique, The

World's Work
 Volcanic Vents of the Globe, The.....Metropolitan
 Volcano Systems of the Western Hemisphere

Century
 *Way with Weeds, The.....Good Words
 Whale Oil and Spermaceti.....New England
 What the Astronomers Are Doing.....Harper's
 Where the Earth's Crust is Weak.....Pearson's

Sociological and Economic.

Certain Aspects of America.....Atlantic
 Children of the Slums, The.....Metropolitan
 Civil Service in the Philippines.....Atlantic
 Educational Experiments with Cannibals

World's Work
 Foregleams of the Fraternal State.....Century
 Lifting up the Liquor Saloon.....World's Work
 Negro: Another View, The.....Atlantic
 Our Farmer Aristocracy.....Ainslee's
 Problem of Life in New York, The.....Munsey's
 Real Issue of the Coal Strike, The.....World's Work
 Whitman's Note on Democracy.....Arena
 Why I am Opposed to Anarchy.....Arena
 Woman, Man and Poverty.....Mind

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors.

About the Cougar.....Outing
 *Across Russian Lapland in Search of Birds

Knowledge
 Along the Northwest Boundary.....World's Work
 American Country Clubs.....Munsey's
 American Private Forests.....Harper's
 Anglers of the Wharf.....Outing
 Beagle, The.....Country Life in America
 Breeding and Showing of Dogs, The.....Outing
 *Brigandage in Sardinia.....Good Words
 Catching Shad for the Market.....Outing
 *Cave Exploring in England.....Good Words
 Chat About Camping, A.....Outing
 *Cricket Twenty Years Ago, and Now.....Badmington
 Delights of Salmon Fishing, The.....Everybody's
 *Etiquette of Games, The.....Badmington
 Falconry of To-day.....Harper's
 Folk of the Cumberland Gap, The.....Munsey's
 Great Lakes, The.....Ainslee's
 Historic Town in Connecticut.....New England
 Japanese Garden in America.....Country Life in America
 King's Highway, The.....New England
 Making a Country Home

Woman's Home Companion
 Midsummer Fruits.....Country Life in America
 *Migration of Birds, The.....Chambers's
 *Montenegrin Sketches.....Blackwood's
 Nathan Hale's Own Country.....Era
 Norwalk, Connecticut.....New England
 *Owning Race Horses.....Badmington
 Recent American Development of Lawn Tennis.

Outing
 Sailing.....Atlantic
 Strange Experience of a Blue-Jay Family, The
 Century
 Summer Days on the Mirimachi.....Outing
 Summer Life in Andalusia.....Harper's
 Tails.....Pearson's
 Trolley-Park, The.....Cosmopolitan
 When Man Turns to the Waters.....Outing
 Wonderland of America, The

Woman's Home Companion
 World's Bathing Places, The.....Munsey's
 Wyndhurst.....Country Life in America

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

SPRING.....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Feller's lazy
In this mazy,
Hazy, daisy
Atmosphere;
Falls to wishin'
He was fishin'
In a river cool and clear!

"PLAY BALL".....DENVER POST

"Play ball!" The old cry echoes o'er the peaceful vale of Cherry creek, and from the bleachers comes a roar as rows of rooters spring a leak! The batter grasps the willow club, the pitcher strikes an attitude, the catcher gives his hands a rub, the umpire stands with keen eyes glued upon the play: the ball has gone, and once again the season's on!

'Way up the telegraphic pole the eager small boy perches high, and in the fence each knotty hole—and they are many—frames an eye. The score card merchant's voice rings out, the voice through all the winter dumb, the peanut venders loudly shout, the kid proclaims his chewing gum, and that same cushion man is there to save our pantalletes from wear.

The knocker with his noisy knock, the kicker with his mulish kick, the talker with his bally talk upon the seats as flies are thick. The ladies in their smart attire, enthusiasm in their eyes, are there in bevvies to admire and laud the players to the skies, and spank their dainty hands when one of handsome figure makes a run.

The old excuses now are fed to bosses from employees' lip: The grandma on her dying bed, the wife at home down with la grippe. That dying grandma will be spied beside her grandson sitting there, the sick wife by her husband's side, and how those frauds will blush and stare to catch their employers' eyes lit up with half-amused surprise!

The game is on, the season's here, the stricken ball cuts through the air, the batters fan the atmosphere, the runners round the bases tear, the umpire calls the strikes and balls, puts runners out when they are in, nor heeds the rooters' angry squalls that they will kill him sure as sin! The season's here, the same old muss, and on the seats the same old us.

THE EPIDEMIC.....WASHINGTON EVENING STAR

Lady met a brigand,
Captive she was took;
People raised a ransom—
Goin' to write a book.

Love-sick girl got jilted
Sought a distant nook;
Brooded on her troubles—
Goin' to write a book.

Man, he thought he'd travel,
Took a flying look
At some foreign countries—
Goin' to write a book.

Fellow took a fancy
To be turning crook;
Trampin' didn't pay him—
Goin' to write a book.

Millionaire an' pauper,
Valet, maid an' cook,
Everybody's got it—
Goin' to write a book.

YE HAPPY FARMERS' LIFE.....PORTLAND OREGONIAN

Of all ye Lives I wot of
Ye farmer's is most Blest.
He tills ye Soil with sturdy Toil
And wastes no Tyme in Rest.
He rises in ye Morning
When half-past Two has struck,
At Tenne he hittes ye Bedde again,
If yet he has good Luck.

He journeys to ye Stable
And milks two dozen kine.
At half-past Four he hungers sore,
And for ye Food does Pine.
Of fried Pork Chops and Coffee
He gladly does partake.
And to complete ye Meal does eat
Ye luscious Buckwheat cake.

He rises from ye Table
And Follows forth ye Plowe,
But leaves his Place full soon to chase
Back home ye straying Cowe.
Returning to ye Meadow
He labors hard till noon,
And then does munch a Bite of Lunch,
Which he dispatches soon.

All day he gaily labors
In the Field and Stable-Yard,
Nor weary grows as on he goes,
Nor finds his Work is hard.
He beds down all ye Cattle,
When roosts ye tired Lark,
A sickly Glim he takes with him
To light him after dark.

From one Year to another
He Harvest sows and reaps,
He lives and thinks and works and drinks
And also eats and sleeps.
What work he has not Tyme for
Is managed by his Wye.
All must concede 'tis good to lead
Ye happye Farmer's life.

PING-PONG POEM.....PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN

I know I must be wrong,
But I cannot love ping-pong;
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.

THE CRAZE.....BALTIMORE AMERICAN

The shades of night were falling fast
As to the dining-room there passed
A youthful pair, who gaily bore
A box on which was this—no more—
"Ping-pong."

They cleared the table with a swish
From doily down to butter dish;
Then through the center stretched a net
And soon the ball the racquet met—
Ping-pong.

"Try not the game!" the house-maid cried,
"The dinner is ready now," she sighed,
"And I must put it on the board."
The young man turned and fiercely roared:
"Ping-pong."

The cook strode to the open door,
And cautioned them to cease once more,
"The roast," she urged, "is sure to burn."
The maiden gasped: "I'm bound to learn
Ping-pong."

The family lurked in the hall,
And moaned: "Are we to eat at all?"
But still they heard the ping and pong
That made the cadence of a song—
Ping-pong.

And back and forth they smote the sphere,
Until the dawn of morning clear,
The father, mother, sisters, too,
Wailed hungrily: "Alas! We rue
Ping-pong!"

* * * *

One day the searchers, out of breath,
Found all these people starved to death;
The cook, the housemaid, beau and belle,
The family—and—sad to tell,
Above them pinged the pongful knell:
"Ping-pong!"

T r e a s u r e ♡ T r o v e : O l d ♡ F a v o r i t e s ♡ R e c a l l e d

JUNE.....HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes, and mine
The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights,
And scents the fragrance of the blossoming vine.
The foliage of the valleys and the heights!
Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;
The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;
I am the mother of all dear delights;
I am the fairest daughter of the year.

A LEGEND OF THE BREGANZ.....ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there—and silence
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town.
For Breganz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers
From off their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadows
For ages on the deep.
Mountain, and lake, and valley
A sacred legend know
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Breganz lay.

She spoke no more of Breganz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented
To the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children
Would, clusteringly, round her stand,
She sang the ancient ballads
Of her own native land.
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley,
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered 'round;
All talk of flax or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted—
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!"

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Breganz, our foeman's stronghold,
Breganz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Breganz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes;
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pastures and the plains;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Breganz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven, the church-bells chime;
"Oh, God," she cries, "help Breganz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells ringing,
Or lowering of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the reins;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Breganz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gates of Breganz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Breganz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Breganz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Breganz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when to guard old Breganz
By gateway, street and tower,
The warden paces all night long
And calls each passing hour—
"Nine, ten, eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of fame!)
He calls the maiden's name!

C h o i c e ✂ ✂ V e r s e

A SYRIAN NIGHTCLINTON SCOLLARD.....SMART SET

The night hung over Hebron all her stars,
Miraculous processional of flame,
From the red beacon of the planet Mars
To the faint glow of orbs without a name.

The jackals held wild orgy 'mong the hills,
From slope to slope their cries shrill echoing;
Until we yearned for the sweet peace that fills
The home-land valleys on the eves of Spring.

About us we could mark the olives stir,
As the wind rose in frosty puffs and jets;
And far below, from out the purple blur,
We saw uprear the great mosque's minarets.

There, cenotaphed for centuries untold,
The bones of Isaac and of Joseph lay;
And brodered cloths of silver and of gold
Were heaped and draped o'er Abraham's crum-
bled clay.

Strange, ah, how strange this shifting life and
death!

Ne'er was the thought more deeply on us borne
Than where these patriarchs once drew vital
breath,

Loved as we love, and mourned as now we
mourn.

Others will come as we, and see, and pass,
And vainly strive to pierce beyond the bars;
But none shall read the mystery, alas,
Till night o'er Hebron cease to hang her stars.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWNBLACKWOOD'S

The purple night-pall softly breathes, the veldt
stirs in its sleep;
The stars, with paling fires, essay their ebbing
watch to keep;
O'er slumb'ring friend and watchful foe faint
zephyrs croon their round;
The ghostly hour before the dawn throbs dull
with pulsing sound.

Before the sentry's aching eyes dim shapes begin
to loom;

A thousand men seem gath'ring there, wrapt in
that velvet gloom.

Chill Fear is gnawing at his soul, but chillier still
the clasp

On steel-tipp'd rifle grimly held within his guar-
dian clasp.

* * * * *

Hark! What is that? Do muffled oars upon the
river ride?

'Tis but the plash of rising fish that herald morning-
tide.

And whence that light? A firefly's flare that
skims the gaining breeze.

A mounted man? The "Cossack post" beneath
yon clump of trees.

How long, O Lord, how long, until the sun, that
set so red

Last night upon the battle field, once more shall
lift his head?

How long before his warming rays shall give the
new day breath,

And light the waiting world again—to Life—
perchance to Death?

Far better, far, the Mauser's roar, the pom-pom's
yapping bark,

The bellow of the Creusot, than this waiting in
the dark!

The singing lead, the screaming shell, are easier
far to bear

Than this eerie, weary watching for the foeman
in his lair.

"Halt! Who comes there?" The ready steel
springs swiftly to the guard—

Come friend, come foe, it is a MAN who keeps the
camp in ward.

"Relief at last!" That golden sphere that climbs
the orient sky

Has killed the hour before the dawn—the dread-
ful vigil's by.

A SONG OF AUTUMNERNEST MCGAFFEY.....MIRROR

Justice and Truth at last
Virile shall come again,
Brushing aside the Past
Giving new life to men;
When the pine leaves grow yellow,
When the flint shard turns mellow.

Charity's self shall come
Eager to serve and aid;
Lips that were once all dumb
Will tremble with pity swayed
When the flint shard grows mellow,
When the pine leaves turn yellow.

Love, from his throne exiled
Flower-crowned shall return;
Fate will be reconciled,
Hearts will have ceased to mourn;
When the pine leaves grow yellow,
When the flint shard turns mellow.

Hope, with her harvest train,
Shall follow the Maytime's breath,
There will be sun and rain,
Nevermore blight nor death;
Man at peace with his fellow;
When the flint shard grows mellow,
When the pine leaves turn yellow.

PERFUMEFRANCES BURDET MONEY-COUTT

In love's delightful hours
We passed the mignonette,
And plucked the blue-eyed flowers
That bade us not Forget;

But now the blue-eyed flowers
We pass and nor forget;
The scent of those dear hours
Comes back with mignonette.

I n ✂ ✂ D i a l e c t : S e l e c t i o n s i n C h a r a c t e r V e r s e

DREAM-MONEY.....FRANK J. STANTON.....NATIONAL

(From "Comes One With a Song.")

De ol' owl holler, en de ol' owl scream,
En I wants dat money what I see in my dream;
Oh, my honey!

I wants dat money—
Dat money what I see in my dream!

De graveyard rabbit by de ol' mill stream,
En I wants dat money what I see in my dream;
Bless God, Honey!

I wants dat money—
Dat money what I see in my dream!

Ol' witch ridin' on a paille moonbeam,
En I wants dat money what I see in my dream!
Bless God, Honey!

I wants dat money—
Dat money what I see in my dream.

TAGUE FARRELL.....JAMES RILEY.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Of all the min that's goin' now, an' facin' what's
before,

Tague Farrell brings the sunshine an' laves it at
yer door.

His stick's put out before him, an' his hat's set
hard behind;

It pintin' to the trouble that has gone an' left
his mind.

Ould times are here respectable, these later days
to mind,

To see Tague Farrell button up his coat agin' the
wind—

The coat that brushed till bare o' thread, bends,
as it says, "Ould Shtyle";

For what cares Tague for fashion as he walks his
merry mile.

The world's way to Tague's been far, I met him
long ago,

He laughin' to his broken shoe, a-lettin' in the
snow.

His heels that scorned misfortune then, an' his
two Irish eyes,

Since that long day have gathered in the silver
of the skies.

His stick p'int's on before him an' his hat sets
hard behind;

"The two," says you, "wud his ould shoe, re-
lievin' all his mind."

And so he walks forninst the sun, that, list'nin'
to his vyce,

Opens forty roads to fortune, sayin' "Farrell,
take yer ch'ice."

PASTERIN' TIME.....I. JAY POTTER.....CRITERION

I swan! ef 't don't saye en ther paper,
Thet Cuby's goin' ter cut a caper

On ther twentieth er May.
Thet's aour ole pasterin' day!

I guess I wuz er smallish feller
W'en, fust, I heerd aour ole keows beller—
Beller 'n blare, like awl possest!
Seemed we'd never git no rest!

Erlong en spring they'd beller faster,
En' blare, ter be turned aout ter paster—
'N' we'd let 'em hev ther way
'Bout ther twentieth o' May.

You never seed sech grateful creeters
Ez them ther keows wuz, cum ter meet us,
W'en ther settin' ov ther sun
Showed 'em day wuz gittin' done.

Day arter day them keows grow'd sleeker,
Nite arter nite my arm grow'd weaker,
Kerryin' in them full milk-pails,
Rich 'ith creme—blarst ther ole tales!

Ole Unkle Sam's er wise ole farmer,
He's guv ole Cube ter Gin'ral Palma;
Cuby's goin' ter hev her way
'Bout ther twentieth o' May!

I wunder ef, en stormy weather,
Ole Cuby 'n we 'ill git tergether?
'Spose she'll wait till then ter larn
Thet et's warm en aour ole barn!

EDWARD AND THE CORONATION...L.O. REESE...S. F. BULLETIN

'E is wishin' it was hover. 'E is worryin' a lot;
'E is 'avin' nightmares lately and 'is bloomin'
'ead is 'ot;

"Wot's the use of coronation?" 'ear 'is Royal
'Ighness say,

"W'en they bore you, doncherknow, an' take your
happetite away!"

Oh 'e 'as the tribulations of a modern Henglish
Job;

For they wakes 'im hup at night to fit his coro-
nation robe;

And in fawncy from the future 'e can 'ear the
bloomin' cheers

Knock the sacred h'ear-drums loose within 'is
Royal 'Ighness' h'ears!

Cawn't go ridin' in the Row, for there's a bloke
come in to see

Wot's the style of garter wanted to go 'round 'is
sacred knee;

There's a servile knave all loaded down with
saffron-colored stuff

Wants to be the Grand Purveyor of 'is Royal 'Igh-
ness' snuff!

'E is wishin' it was hover. 'E is worryin' a lot.
'E is 'avin' lots o' trouble an' 'is bally 'ead is 'ot.
There's enthusiasm slashin' all the bloody country
o'er—

But 'is Royal 'Ighness secretly considers it a bore!

I n a M i n o r K e y : S o r r o w , S e n t i m e n t , T e n d e r n e s s

TO FRANK R. STOCKTON.....CHARLES HENRY WEBB*

(Guest of the Authors' Club, Jan. 31, 1901.)

Who makes this bee-line from the Valley,
Forsaking his rudderless Grange,
And steers a straight course for the Authors',
Engaging our hearts at close range?

As shy as the fawn whom you startle,
And modest way down to the ground;
But brave as the stag if you rouse him,
And clean as the tooth of a hound.

Who is he, I ask you, this ranger
Who plays such queer pranks with a Horn,
And seems to have bees in his bonnet?
By my faith, 't is the Bee Man of Orn!

And with him strange people, not strangers,
Are out—and you'd say out for larks;
With a broom Mrs. Aleshine is rowing—
Mrs. Lecks wears black stockings, for sharks.

Some signal or other is flying
From the wreck of the good Thomas Hyke;
But the last of these curious launchings
Speeds hopelessly by on a Bike.

Still breathless we watch the arena
Where a wedding march waits, or a dirge,
For a youth to unfasten the portal—
Will a Lady or Tiger emerge?

But of all the Wizard's creations,
Though I ramble and roam with the rest,
Let me live with Old Pipes and the Dryad
The dearest and sweetest and best.

O wonderful weaver of fancies,
O wonderful teller of tales—
A King in the Kingdom of Laughter,
And a Prince, but never of Wails!

One cannot always be clever;
The brightest at times may be dull;
But here we've a wag with a record—
For all that's not clever is Null.

And long may he wave and ne'er waver
In this travail for Woman and Man;
And live—if he can not for ever,
At least just as long as he can.

THE HOUSE AND THE VINE. . S. W. GILLILAN. . LOS ANGELES HERALD

The house is old—its windows racked;
Its doors are falling down;
Where once the dainty tintings were
Is now a faded brown.
The steps are rotting; in the porch
Great gaping holes are seen;
The roof-tree's broken; with thick mold
The boards are fairly green.

The yard is filled with weeds and trash,
The walk is crumbling fast;

The trees and shrubs are broken—all

Their beauty-days are past.
The sagging rails tug at their posts
As though they fain would drop.
Aye, all is drear and desolate
From floor to chimney top.

And yet about the crazy door
And round the tottering stoop
Clambers and clings a tendriled vine
In many a verdant loop;
And on that vine bright blossoms glow
And smile through all the day;
From every dainty flower the bees
Sweet burdens bear away.

The broken house—a ruined man
With blighted life and fame;
Soul-windows dimmed, a tarnished coat—
A more than tarnished name.
The clinging vine, a woman's love—
Perchance a mem'ry dear
Whose fragrant blossoms bless the world
Through all the changing years.

A LITTLE GIRL DYING....B. P. NEUMAN....OUTLOOK (LONDON)

Like some large flower that bends its head and sways,
Too heavy for the slight and yielding stem,
Her head drooped on the pillow, whence the gaze
Of her large eyes met mine; I read in them
Some thought unspoken. Did she shrink in fear
Of the dark valley? Nay, for rod and staff
Were hers. I bowed my head the words to hear:
"Please bring a book," she said, "to make me
laugh."

O spark divine, that canst inform with power
The feeble flutterings of this mortal breath,
Shine clear and strong, that in the appointed hour
I, too, may smile into the face of Death!

OMENS.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

You knew not how I loved you. How could you
know, indeed;
While I was living carelessly and gave so little
heed
To that which made my happiness, your presence
day by day!
I never knew the half myself, until you passed
away.

But oh, to live without you, while days and months
go by,
To miss your shielding guidance, the approval of
your eye!
To listen in the silence for a voice I hear no more,
Or the echo of a footfall upon the soundless floor!
Ah, dearest, in that better home, I hope you may
not know.

The sorrow I am feeling, which you would pity so;
But, oh! that I could tell you—perhaps the angels
will—
How much, how much I loved you, and how I love
you still.

* From Lead and Line.

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

[Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.]

858. Will you kindly tell me where I can find a poem called (I think) the "Legend of the Date-palm." I never have seen it, but many years ago it was a prize declamation at an academy I attended. The young gentleman who then recited it is now dead, and I have never been able to find any one who could give me the required information.

I recall these lines:

In a pleasant southern city,
Half-way down a shaded street,
Stands an aged, time-worn stranger
Wafting fragrance, strange and sweet:
"Antoine's date-palm," so they call it
And, like Druid's tales of old,
'Mid the time-worn, quaint traditions
This old legend still is told.—A. F. J.

859. Can you outline for me the essential principles of Walt Whitman's versification? For instance, the excerpt from—When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed, printed in your editorial columns some months ago. The great beauty of these lines is patent, but in the absence of both rhyme and meter I am unable to analyse their poetic construction. In Whitman's poetry, are the lines determined by any recognized system, or are they arbitrarily fixed by his own feeling?—Ralph E. Bicknell, Colorado Springs, Colo.

[It is hardly within the province of this department to give the treatise asked, which could scarcely be done justice in a short paper. The writer is referred, for a full and interesting treatment of this subject, to Richardson's American Literature (I Vol. Popular Edition), published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.]

860. Can you tell what negro who became widely known (perhaps is yet living) as a speaker had great trouble in learning the alphabet and did not accomplish it till he was about nineteen years of age? A story has been told of this man relative to this difficulty something like this: The man who was attempting to teach the young man would point out the characters, name them and have the negro repeat them after him. But after three or four letters had been thus gone over and on returning to the first one the negro would always answer the question, "What is this letter?" with "I dunno, boss," then, when told again, "Yes, yes, dat's A." So it went on for some time, no progress being made till the young teacher was almost hopeless. But one morning the negro came into the study room all excited and jubilant and cried out "I know 'em

all now, boss," and said all the alphabet and recognized every letter. To the teacher's inquiry of what had happened the negro replied, "I dunno, boss, somethin' done gone broke loose up here," tapping his head.

If you can give me the negro's name and where I can find something more about him I shall esteem it a very great favor.—H. M. Stout.

861. Do you know of any man who has ever been a street waif in a large city and has since risen to a high position?—Lydia Wheelock, Cumberland, Wis.

862. Can you tell me through Open Questions where I can find a book called Songs for Gold Locks? It is a child's book of poems, one of which is Granny Cricket's Wash Day, another The Ginger Bread Man.—Mrs. J. W. Jones, Olney, Md.

863. Will you kindly inform me through Open Questions of the name of H. Rider Haggard's publishers? Also the number of books that he has written, and where I can get an account of his life and writings.—Clayton I. Ward, Lockport, N. Y.

[An account giving the salient facts of this author's life can be found on page 737 of Vol. II of the supplement to Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, which is in every public or school library. But accounts may be found in any dictionary of authors or literary encyclopedia. Mr. Haggard has produced some fifteen volumes, the most popular of which are She, A History of Adventures; King Solomon's Mines; and Allan Quatermain. These books were first published in England but have been published in many American editions by different houses. Copies of his works may be obtained from any reliable book-dealer.]

864. Some six or seven years ago I saw a poem in the Sunday Telegram of Providence which, I believe, was entitled Hunting the Wild Turkey. The first stanza, if memory serves me rightly, ran as follows:

Jack, do you remember that day in December,
Snow-sleeting, and drizzling, and murky?

When through woods fairly reeking with mist,

We went seeking wild turkey?

I have never seen it since and do not know whether it was a reprint or not. I would like to get an entire copy of the poem if possible.—John F. McCan, Providence, R. I.

865. Can you tell me where I can find the following selections, Matilda's Beau, Joe Lincoln, A Close Call, O'Hara Baynes, The Tay Party, Shan Bullock Old Man and Jim. This is not Riley's

poem but an incident of an oil well discovered on an old man's estate and Jim's return home from the city when the old man struck it rich.—F. J. Miller, Philadelphia.

866. The extracts from Sonnets to a Wife, which you give in your April number, are so beautiful in the main that certain grammatical errors therein come with something of a shock to one who believes that poetic license conveys no right to violate some of the plainest rules of the language. For instance, the expressions in

Verse III, "with you and I,"

Verse VI, "for you and I,"

Verse XVII, "so does the perfume and the joy,"

terribly mar the otherwise perfect lines. It is to be hoped that such errors may be corrected before the book goes to print.

The last extract above given recalls also a similar error in the Recessional which you published in March:

"The tumult and the shouting dies"

"Dies" is necessary to the rhyme but it might have been written, without destroying the sense or metre and with great advantage to the grammar:

"The tumult ends, the shouting dies."

This error has been so often commented on that one wonders why it has not been corrected in later editions of the poem. —S. R.

New Mexico.

868.—Current Literature. Will you please tell me through your Open Question page, if Hu-ston is, or is not, the correct pronunciation of Houston Street, N. Y. City.

(2) Also the proper way to pronounce the Alamo, (in Texas).—W. E. R., Coalgate, Ind. Ter.

[Houston is commonly pronounced in New York City as if it were spelt How-ston. Inasmuch as there is no arbitrary rule in regard to the pronunciation of proper names, that given the name in the locality in which it is most used is usually considered correct; i. e., correct for that locality. In Texas, and throughout the South and West, the name of the city of Houston is pronounced Hū-ston, giving the full value to long "u," and not pronouncing it either How-ston or Hoo-ston.

(2) Alamo is pronounced as it is spelt, Á-la-mo, with the accent on the first syllable.]

869. Can you tell me where the poem, of which the following are a few lines, can be found or who is the author. It was published in the Chicago Record in 1892, but I am unable to get the paper.

The news came into Cripple Creek from Colorado Springs

How peace throughout the east had gathered
Up its traps and wildly taken wings.

* * * * *

And Mr. —rose and said, "I move you gents,
That Cripple Creek is in this thing
right from the commence."

* * * * *

—G. W. Johnson, Seattle, Wash.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor wishes to repeat what has been often before stated in these columns: That under no circumstances can he enter into correspondence by mail concerning any matter of Open Questions. The large number of letters received, containing queries and answers, makes personal correspondence impossible. Therefore, except when writing for information which is being held for the inquirer, do not address personal letters to the editor with stamps enclosed for a reply, for, with the exception noted, there will be no reply.

The editor asks that the inquirers under the following numbers send stamped and addressed envelopes for the replies held in this office for them.

Answers to queries Nos. 444, and 458; 472; 474; 504; 511; 514; 570; 582; 612; 620; 636; 643; 660; 665; 677; 682; 700; 715; 721; 768; 776; 778; 780; 796; 821; 829; 835; 843.

Address all communications to

The Editor, Open Questions.

839. I have read with interest in the Open Questions department of Current Literature for April the notes upon the poem *The Long Ago*. The writer of that beautiful poem, Mr. B. F. Taylor, told me some years ago of the writing of it, and the circumstances attending. His wife was very ill. He was worn with watching at her bedside night after night—toiling hard during the day for a livelihood. In the mood of mind begotten of these conditions he went into another room for a little rest, and then and there the inspiration came to him and in a few minutes the poem was written. I am sure that those who admire the piece will love it the more when they know how it came from a heart full of sadness and anxiety.—M. De Loss Jump.

843. In the May, 1902, number of Current Literature the missing stanzas of a poem on Motherhood are requested. I send them herewith as I copied them from an old scrap book. They are there credited to Appleton's without any author's name.—Rilla A. Pettis.

[Thanks. The poem is held for the inquirer.]

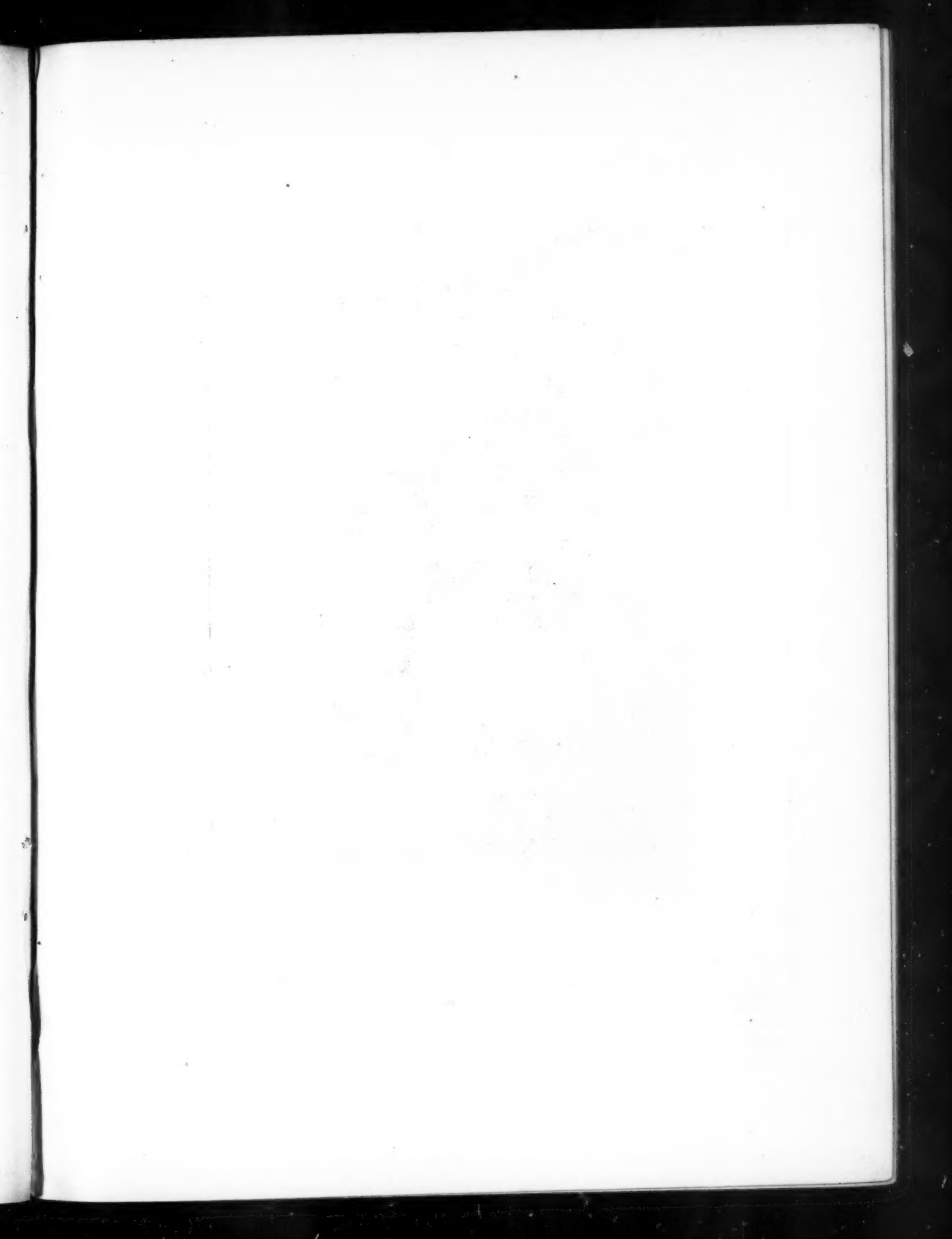
847 and 843. In the May number I find a request from M. G. Holstein, Saranac Junction, N. Y., in regard to a quotation from Whittier. He will find the quoted lines in *The Witch's Daughter*. They are not, however, quoted exactly as written. The same poem has also been published under the name of Mabel Martin. It can be found in any edition of Whittier's complete poems.

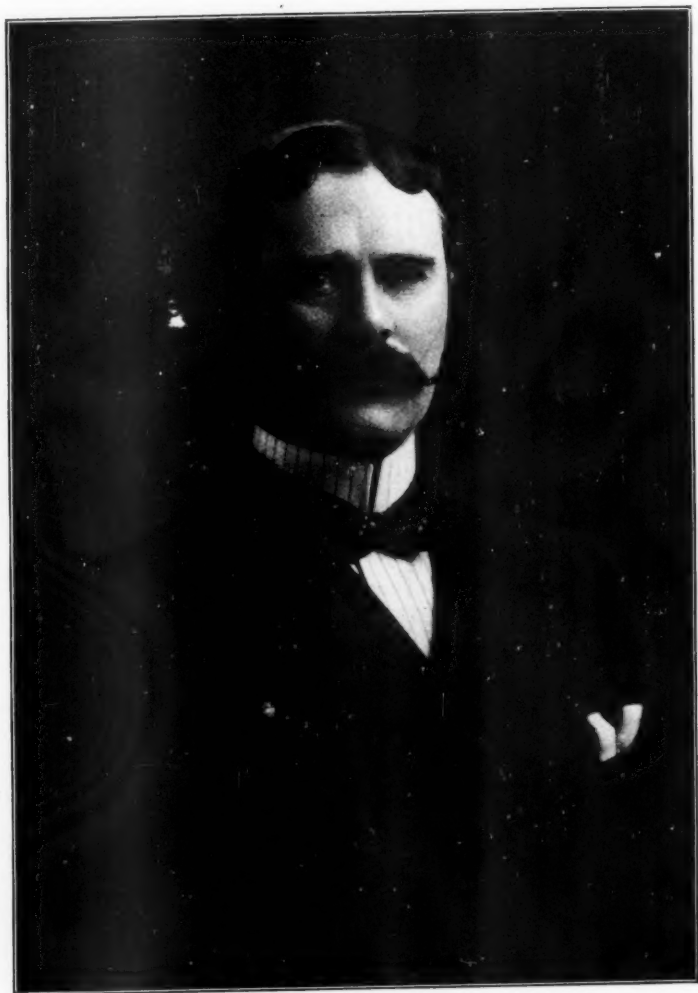
In regard to the poem *Motherhood* it can be found entire in the Magazine of Poetry for the year 1895. I cannot, now, give either authorship or the remainder of the poem, as my magazines for that year are loaned, but if no clearer information is given on the subject, I will get the poem and make a copy of it.—Mrs. Arie Foster Jones.

856. In answer to 856 would say that lines quoted are from Swinburne's poem "*Dolores*. (*Notre Dame de Sept Douleurs*)."

The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice.

—Emeline H. Mann.





OWEN WISTER
(See Gossip of Authors)